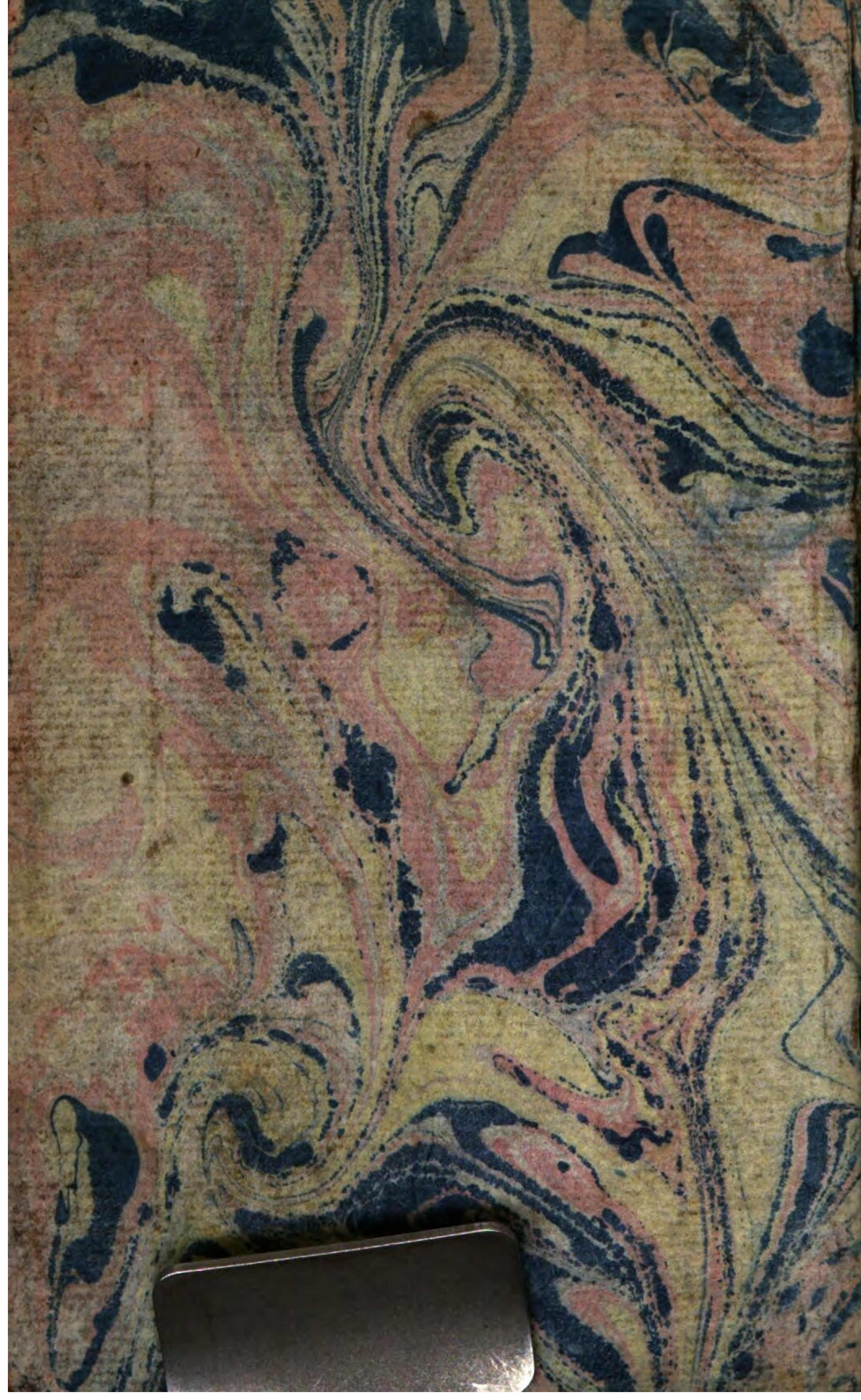




St. James Dr. H. J. 1871
a. Anna

<36629694680016

<36629694680016

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

m

Leleg m.

490

6/10

Miscell.

Auct. Angl.

Library

THE
LILLIPUTIAN LIBRARY,
OR
GULLIVERS MUSEUM
IN TEN VOLUMES.

CONTAINING
LECTURES ON MORALITY SURPRISING ADVENTURES
HISTORICAL PIECES REMARKABLE LIVES
INTERESTING FABLES POETICAL PIECES
DIVERTING TALES COMICAL JOKES
MIRACULOUS VOYAGES USEFUL LETTERS.

The whole forming
A
COMPLETE SYSTEM
of JUVENILE KNOWLEDGE
for
the AMUSEMENT and IMPROVEMENT
of all
LITTLE MASTERS and MISSES,
Whether in Summer or Winter, Morning,
Noon or Evening

by
LILLIPUTIUS GULLIVER
Citizen of Utopia and Knight of the most noble ordre of
human prudence

VOL. VI—X.

BERLIN

Sold by CHR. FRIDR. HIMBURG. 1782.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

THE

POETICAL

FLOWER-BASKET;

OR,

THE LILLIPUTIAN FLIGHT

TO

PARNASSUS.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

THE

POLITICAL

FLOWER-BASKET;

OR,

THE LILLIPUTIAN FLIGHT

TO

PARADISE.

P R E F A C E.

NOTHING can be more useful to little Masters and Misses than the perusal of well-chosen poetical pieces, since it brings them to an easy and fluent mode of reading, and gives them an idea of the harmony of syllables, far better than can be expected from the constant perusal of prose authors.

With this view, the *little* Gulliver has travelled over all the poetical regions, and has cautiously collected the choicest flowers of the Muses, and placed them in his *Flower-Basket*, to gratify the smell and taste of his pretty little pupils.

To convince my readers, that I am none of those who wishes to confine all his happiness to himself, I do hereby freely invite all the Masters and Misses of the great

347 A 3 city

city of London, and of all cities and towns in the whole world, to come and smell at my *Flower-Basket*. These are not like the flowers that grow in our gardens; for they, being plucked in the morning, frequently wither before night, and are too intoxicating to be kept in our chambers; whereas those which compose my *Flower-Basket* never lose their smell or beauty, and at no time prove offensive; but the longer they are kept, the more beautiful they become, and, instead of intoxicating the head, expand the mind, and enlarge the heart.

THE
POETICAL FLOWER BASKET.

PART I. CHAP. I.

The Story of INCLE and YARICO.

YE Virgin train, an artless dame inspire,
Unlearnt in schools, unblest'd with
natal fire,

To save this story from devouring fate,
And the dire arts of faithless men relate.
A youth I sing, in face and form divine,
In whom both art and nature did combine,
With heavenly skill to mingle every charm,
As Gods of old did fair *Pandora* form.
Stranger to virtue, this deceiver held
The box of mischiefs in his breast conceal'd;
His outward form each female heart inflam'd,
His inward beauty lurking av'rice stain'd;
Insatiate love of gold, and hope of gain,
Encourag'd him to cut the yielding main.
By winds or waves, or the decrees of
heaven,
His bark upon a barbarous coast was driven;
A 4 Possess'd

Possess'd by men who thirst for human blood,
 Who live in caves or thickets of the wood:
 Untaught to plant, yet corn and fruits
 abound,

And fragrant flow'rs enamel all the ground;
 Distress'd, he landed on the fatal shore,
 With some companions which were soon no
 more;

The savage race their trembling flesh devour,
 Off'ring oblations to the infernal pow'r.
 Dreadfully suppliant human limbs they tore,
 Accursed rites! and quaff'd their streaming
 gore.

Immortal *Jove* stoop'd from his azure sky,
 Grieving a form so like his own should die,
 On the fair youth mercurial speed bestow'd,
 Swifter than thought he reach'd the mossy
 wood;
 Beneath a nightly shade he panting lies,
 Screen'd by all-pitying *Jove* from hostile
 eyes;

Yet gloomy sorrows and unmanly fears
 Swell'd his sad breast, which he bedew'd
 with tears;

When lo! a negro virgin chanc'd to rove
 Thro' the thick mazes of the nodding grove,
 Whose glitt'ring shells and elegant undress,
 With various plumes a noble birth confess:

With

With reverential fear the well-shap'd maid
Thought him a God, and low obedience paid;
His face like polish'd marble did appear,
His filken robe, and flowing flaxen hair
Amaz'd the nymph; nor less her sparkling
eyes,

And naked beauty, did the youth surprise.
Low at her feet in suppliant posture laid,
With speaking eyes, he thus address'd the
maid:

O let soft pity touch that lovely breast?
Succour a man by various ills oppress'd;
Such finish'd grace does through your per-
son shine,
Sure 'tis enliven'd by a soul divine.

The tender negro look'd a kind reply
Thro' pearls of pity, dropping from her eye;
With hands uplifted, did the Gods implore,
That her relentless countrymen no more
Might stain their native land with human
gore.

He seis'd her hand, with tender passion
press'd,
While copious tears both love and fear
confess'd:

The pitying maid view'd him with yielding
eyes,

And from each bosom mutual sighs arise:

His safety now becomes her only care,
A secret cave she knew, and hid him there;
Adorn'd it with the spoils of leopards slain,
Which other lovers ventur'd life to gain.
Through mazy thickets and a pathless wood,
She press'd advent'rous with delicious food.
Daily her hand a rich repast did bring,
Of ripen'd fruits, and waters from the spring;
But when declining t'ward the close of day,
The crimson sun sets weary in the sea,
Strait to a shady grove where fountains rise,
From woods defended and inclement skies,
Where the wing'd warblers of the air conspire,
From several boughs to form a heavenly
choir,

Adorn'd with fragrant flowers and evergreen,
She leads the youth, delightful Sylvan scene,
Where he in peaceful slumbers takes his rest,
Forgets his fears, and calms his tim'rous
breast.

In soft repose the beauteous lover lies,
While Yarico with care unseals her eyes:
With anxious fear the matchless maid attends,
Careful to save him from her barb'rous
friends.

The flowing curls, which o'er his shoulders
play'd

With artless beauty, pleas'd the Negro maid:
She

She thought her finger, when entangled
there,

Like clouds encircling Berenice's hair:

The graceful youth, confessing equal fire,

Did her just symmetry of shape admire.

Oft would he say, My Yarico with thee,

My only bliss, could I my country see:

If ever I forget my vows of love,

Unblest'd, abandon'd, may I friendless rove.

To thee alone I owe the vital air,

My love and gratitude for ever share;

I'll gems provide, and filks of curious art,

With gifts expressive of my grateful heart;

Thou in a house by horses drawn shalt ride

With me, thy faithful lover, by thy side:

The female train shall round with envy

gaze,

Wonder, and silent sigh unwilling praise.

Pleas'd with his words, desiring more to

please,

She from a craggy cliff survey'd the seas;

A bark she spy'd and did by signs implore,

That they would touch upon the sandy shore.

With joy she ran—my love, make haste

away,

A vessel waits us on the foaming sea;

Soon he the vessel's lofty side ascends,

And finds them to be countrymen and friends;

With

With lovely Yarico puts off to sea,
 With equal joy they plough the wat'ry way:
 When the fair youth, despairing, calls to
 mind
 All hopes eluded of his wealth design'd;
 Riches the seat of his affection seise,
 And faithful Yarico no more can please.
 Unhappy maid; to wasting sorrows born,
 And fated evils undeserv'd to mourn.
 This youth was born too near the northern
 pole,
 Which chill'd each virtue in his frozen soul;
 But near the sun the nymph her birth
 confess'd,
 Where every virtue glow'd within her breast.
 Thus ore lies in the earth, unfinish'd, cold,
 But purg'd by fire, it brightens into gold.
 Propitious zephyrs fill their swelling sails,
 They make *Barbadoes*, blest'd with pros-
 p'rous gales;

The planters thick'ning on the key appear,
 To purchase negro slaves, if any there;
 When the false youth, by cursed avarice
 sway'd.
 Horrid to mention! sells his faithful maid.
 Amaz'd and trembling, silently she mourn'd,
 While speaking tears her radiant eyes
 adorn'd.

Low at his feet, the lovely mourner lay,
Nor would to words her swelling heart give
way.

She grasps his knees, in vain attempts to
speak;

At length her words in moving accents
break;

O much lov'd youth, in tender pity spare
A helpless maid, my long-try'd faith revere.

From you this worst of human ills to prove,
Must break a heart that overflows with love.

Break not my heart, nor drive me to despair,
Lest you deface your lovely image there.

Ah! do not with consummate woe undo
A soul that father, mother, country left for

you:
How sadly must my tender parents mourn,
By me forsaken, never to return?

Transferr'd from them, to you my love I
gave;

Unjust return, to sell me for a slave!

Oh call to mind the sacred oaths you've
given,

Remember there are thunder-bolts in heaven.
But if the swelling sorrows in my breast,
Your heart of adamant can still resist;

Yet let the infant in my womb I bear,
The blessing taste of your paternal care.

He

He thrust her from him with remorseless
 hand,
 For her condition rais'd his first demand.
 Pleas'd with success he chearfully returns,
 While hapless Yarico in bondage mourns:
 And all his friends the prudent youth admire,
 That could, so young, a trading soul
 acquire.

C H A P. II.

AN ELEGY ON

The DEATH and BURIAL of

C O C K R O B I N.

WH O kill'd Cock Robin?

I says the Sparrow,
 With my bow and arrow;
 And I kill'd Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?

I said the Fly,
 With my little eye;
 And I saw him die

Who

Who catch'd his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish;
And I catch'd his blood.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle;
And I made his shroud.

Who shall dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shov'l;
And I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book;
And I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark;
And I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to the grave.

Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute;
And I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, says the Dove;
For I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear the pall?

We, says the Wren;
Both the cock and the hen,
And we'll bear the pall.

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
And I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull,
So Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds in the air

Fell to fighting and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

CHAP. III.

The HARE and MANY FRIENDS.

By Mr. GAY.

FRRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, who many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing like *Gay*,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain:
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear; she gasping lay.

What transports in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend:
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The horse reply'd, poor honest pufs,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd,
And thus reply'd the mighty lord;
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind:
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head; her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd.
His sides a load of wool sustain'd,

Said

Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler past you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part;
How shall we all lament! Adieu,
For see the hounds are just in view.

The Fox and the Eagle.

AN eagle and a fox once were
In friendship join'd.—The happy pair
On lodgings in one place agree,
And fix'd upon an old elm tree.
Amidst its fair wide spreading head,
The broody eagle plac'd her bed:
A hollow near its root did lie,
Which made the fox a nursery.
It happ'd one day, that forth she went
In search of needful aliment.

Home in mean time the eagle came,
 Hungry, as having miss'd her game;
 From Reynard's cabbin she supplies
 That loss, then to her nest she flies.
 The fox miss'd them when she return'd,
 And in a mother's anguish mourn'd;
 But, quick as thought, away she runs,
 And with a fire-brand returns;
 Then sets the nest on fire, when down
 Came eagles young, with fox's own.
 Now 'twas the eagle's turn to mourn,
 And her to triumph in her's turn:
 For as they fall, the fox, hard by,
 Catches, and with an eager joy
 Devours while yet alive her young.
 The hapless bird from whom they sprung,
 Unable to prevent their fate,
 Repents her cruelty too late.

Ingratitude's a bone of strife
 That often sep'rates friends for life.

The Court of Death.

DEATH on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terror fate:
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train!

Crowd

Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:

This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.

All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand!

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd and for the wand address'd.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal,
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd.
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.

'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My thanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd.

Let none object my ling'ring way,
 I gain, like *Fabius*, by delay;
 Fatigue and weaken every foe
 By long attack, secure, tho' slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
 Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand
 Now expectation hush'd the band,
 When thus the monarch from the throne:

Merit was ever modest known.
 What, no physician speak his right?
 None here? But fees their toils requite.
 Let then Intemp'rance take the wand.
 Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
 You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
 Whom wary men, as foes, detest,
 Forego your claim; no more pretend:
 Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And, as a courted guest, destroys,
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

Is there no hope? the sick man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death:
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.

I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flat'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?

What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?
 A pious action's in thy power,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere.

'This instant give a hundred pound;
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste? the sick man whines;
 Who knows as yet what heaven designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still;
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.
 From ev'ry side, with all your might,
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving what is not your own.
 While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd.
 Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

*The Painter who pleased Nobody and
 Everybody.*

SO very like a painter drew,
 That every eye the picture knew;
 He hit complexion, feature, air,
 So just, the life itself was there.

He

He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My lord appear'd, and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece.
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe

Observe the work. My lord reply'd,
 'Till now I thought my mouth was wide:
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
 Dear fir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd,
 In this, we painters must decide.
 The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
 I warrant it extremely like.

My lord examin'd it a-new,
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace:
 He from his Venus form'd her face.
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art,
 So like the picture in his heart!
 To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
 Ev'n beauties were almost content,

Through all the town his art they prais'd,
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
 Had he the real likenefs shown,
 Would any man the picture own?
 But when thus happily he wrought,
 Each found the likenefs in his thought.

Thus flatt'ry never seems absurd;
 The flatter'd always take your word:
 Impossibilities seem just;
 They take the strongest praise on trust.
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
 Will still come short of self-conceit.

The

The Setting Dog and the Partridge.

THE ranging dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game the net unbind.

A partridge with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood!
The covey springs, and seeks the wood!
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping spaniel cries.

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs should disown thee of their race,
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open honest hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes or real friends.

*Epitaph on a Dormouse, really written by a
little Boy.*

I.

IN paper case,
Hard by this place,
Dead a poor dormouse lies;
And soon or late,
Summon'd by fate,
Each prince, each monarch dies.

II.

Ye fons of verse,
While I rehearse,
Attend instructive rhyme:
No fins had Dor
To answer for,
Repent of yours in time.

True Riches; *or*, Virtue *its own* Reward.

STILPO, of Stoick cast, who first
Stoutly refus'd to fear the worst;
Who knew no ill could e'er befall,
Where conscious virtue's *all in all*;
When old Antigonus's son,
So oft a king, so oft undone,
Like a tempestuous whirlwind came,
And set Megara in a flame;

Stripp'd

Stripp'd of his all, half naked went
To seek the haughty victor's tent:
The tyrant smil'd; but mov'd to see
Merit expos'd to misery,
Order'd the captains of his host
To give him back the goods he'd lost.
Stilpo the useless boon deny'd;
Forbear, mistaken prince, he cry'd;
I've nothing that I value lost:
Wisdom and virtue still I boast
Triumphant in my soul, the rest,
Mere joys of life, are all a jest.
Th' astonish'd monarch blush'd with shame,
Conscious of Stilpo's brighter fame:
This man, he cry'd, has conquer'd more
By *virtue* than I have by *pow'r*.
Cities may burn, and empires fall,
But virtue triumphs over all.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex't with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His

His hours in chearful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher, whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools,
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight-oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
 By various fates, on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes;
 Who by that search can wiser grow,
 When we ourselves shall never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;

Hence

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Instruct me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air,
In conversation over-bear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I with felonious flight
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.

34 *The Poetical Flower-Basket.*

Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, wolves, and hawks deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.

Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

The Spaniel and the Camelion.

A Spaniel, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir.
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart.
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air.

He

He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground:
When near him a cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host.

What, live with clowns, a genius lost?
To cities and to courts repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend, I know the town.

Sir, says the Sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred;
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said,
My whisper always met success,
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days;
And sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards,
He punishes what man rewards,
How diff'rent is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;

While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

The Poet and the Rose.

AS in the cool of early day
A poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends.
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the muse inspir'd.

Go rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry rose which grew beside.

Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her fame on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

*The Agreeable Lady: or Virtue the greatest
Beauty.*

THE things that make a virgin please
The fair who seeks will find are these:
A beauty without art complete,
Who, from her toilet simply neat,
The golden tiffue can despise,
And wears no brilliants but her eyes.
Soft blended in her eyes should meet,
Desiring love and sparkling wit;
And in her dimpled smiles be seen
A modest though a chearful mien;
With such wise lowliness endu'd,
That neither can be mean or rude;
The virtue that does her adorn,
By honour guarded, not by scorn;

An undissembled innocence,
 Apt not to give or take offence;
 And whose religion's strong and plain,
 Not superstitious or profane.
 With such a virgin, such a wife,
 Who would not wish to spend his life.

C H A P. IV.

The H A P P Y P A I R.

TH R I C E happy is a married life,
 As sages gravely say,
 With mutual aid, when man and wife
 Agree to draw one way.
 Then honest Ned, who keeps the Bear,
 And rosy Kate his spouse,
 Must be allow'd a happy pair:
 Both draw—and both carouse.
 When Ned's awake, he seldom rests,
 But drinks, and tends the tap;
 And Kate will draw and pledge her guests,
 Whilst landlord takes his nap.
 Thus partners both in joy and care,
 The load of life moves quicker;
 For Ned and Kate each draw their share,
 And—drink their share of liquor.

The COBLER.

YOUR sage and moralist can show,
Many misfortunes here below,
A truth which no one ever miss'd,
Tho' neither sage nor moralist;
Yet, all the troubles, notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen
Tortur'd with vapours, and with spleen;
Transform'd, at least in their own eyes,
To glass, or china, or goose pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone dead as *WILL the Conqueror*,
And all the world in vain might strive,
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to ease their pain,
May puzzle doctor *Chamberlain*.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely for want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,
Found without Bedlam, as within it;

Which if you further would have shown,
And leisure have to read — read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, possess'd
Of all that mortals reckon best:
A seat well chose in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in South-Sea:
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' past the hey-day of his blood:
His comfort fair, and good, and kind;
His children rising to his mind:
His friends ingenuous and sincere;
His honour, nay his conscience clear.
He wanted nought of human bliss,
But pow'r to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry Cobler had a stall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Chearful at working, as at play,
He fung and whistled life away:
When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high:
When ev'ning shades the landskip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Tho' pence came flow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he fung and whistled still;

Tho'

Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd, with discontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment,
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A beggar pleasanter than he:

And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him, like any spright,
From morn to eve, both day and night.

It chanc'd when once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the Cobler at his sport,
Amidst his music stopping short:

Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,
The 'squire suspected, being shrewd,
This silence boded him no good;

And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A Machiavilian plot he fear'd.

Straight circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain:

Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes:

And straining wishful both his ears
He soon persuades himself he hears

One skip and caper up the stairs;

Sees the door open quick, and knew
 His dreaded foe in red and blue,
 Who with a running jump, he thought,
 Leap'd plum directly down his throat,
 Laden with tackle of his stall,
 Last, end, and hammer, strap, and awl:
 No sooner down than with a jerk,
 He fell to music and to work.
 If much he griev'd our Don before,
 When but o'th' outside of his door,
 How sorely must he now molest,
 When got o'th' inside of his breast:
 The waking dreamer groans and swells,
 And pangs imaginary feels;
 Catches, and scrapes of tunes he hears,
 For ever ringing in his ears.
 Ill-favour'd smells his nose displease,
 Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese:
 He feels him when he draws his breath,
 Or tug the leather with his teeth,
 Or beat the sole, or else extend
 His arms to th' utmost of his end:
 Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
 The ribs of any mortal's side.
 Is there no method then to fly
 This vile intestine enemy?
 What can be done in this condition,
 But sending for a good physician!

The

The doctor, having heard the case
Burst into laughter in his face;
Told him he need no more than rise,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching there to see,
The cobbler as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient; your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses:
How should I rise? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' seeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth you know:
I feel him in my sides I tell ye:
Had you a cobbler in your belly,
You scarce would flee, as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too:
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you foundly, could I stir;
Thou Quack, thou never hadst degree
In either University;
Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge;
The shame and scandal of the college;
I'll call my servants, if you stay;
So, doctor, scamper while you may.
One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal skill and greater fame;
Who swore him mad as a March hare,
For doctors, when provok'd, will swear.
To

To drive such whimsies from his pate,
 He dragg'd him to the window straight.
 But jilting fortune can devise
 To baffle and out-wit the wise;
 The Cocker ere expos'd to view,
 Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
 Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
 To sit *in Fresco* in his shirt.
 Ah! quoth the patient, with a sigh,
 You know him not so well as I,
 The man who down my throat is run,
 Has got a true-blue jerkin on.
 In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argued and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
 Told him he might believe as well
 The giant of *Pantagruel*
 Did oft as break his fast or sup,
 For poach'd eggs swallow windmills up;
 Or that the Holland dame could bear,
 A child for ev'ry day i'th' year.
 The vapour'd dotard, grave and fly,
 Mistook for truth each rapping lie?
 And drew conclusions such as these,
 Resistless from the premises.

I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
 A windmill's bigger than a stall.
 And since the lady brought alive,
 Children three hundred sixty five:

Why

Why should you think there is no room
For one poor cobbler in my womb?
Thus ev'ry thing his friends could say,
The more confirm'd him in his way:
Further convinc'd by what they tell
'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his pitious state
Was grown, and almost desperate:
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old physician fly and shrewd;
With management of face indu'd;
Heard all his tale; and ask'd with care,
How long the Cobbler had been there?
Noted distinctly what he said:
Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,
And grave accosts him, on this fashion,
After mature deliberation,
With serious and important face,
Sir, your's is an uncommon case:
Tho' I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like disease,
In stories of Hippocrates.
Then, after a convenient stay, —
— Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
My life for your's, I'll set you free
From this same two-legg'd tympany.
'Tis

'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
 Of fam'd Worm-powder of *John Moore*:
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether vent:
 But then your throat, you know is wide,
 And scarcely clos'd since it was try'd;
 The same way he got in 'tis plain,
 There's room to fetch him out again:
 I'll bring the forked worm away
 Without a *Dysenteria*;
 Emetics strong will do the feat,
 If taken *quantum sufficit*:
 I'll see myself the proper dose,
 And then Hypnotics to compose:
 The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the Greek.
 Cries, what so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do.
 The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 And not his doublet to forget.
 But first the operator wise
 Over the sight a bandage ties,
 For vomits always strain the eyes. }
 Courage! I'll make you disemboque,
 Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
 I'll

I'll drench the rascal never fear,
And bring him up or drown him there.
Warm water down he makes him pour,
Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more;
Which doubly swoln, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler and the drink,
What they receiv'd against the grain,
Soon paid with int'rest back again.
Here come his tools, he can't be long
Without his hammer and his thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carried on the joke:
As he heard nam'd each single matter,
He chuck'd it fouse into the water:
And then not to be seen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The sick man now takes breath a while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil:
Unblinded, he with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there espies,
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The Cobler could not stay behind,
Who to the alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do:
Nor could he like his present place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a second bout,
Enough to turn his inside out;

With

48 *The Poetical Flower-Basket.*

With vehemence so fore he strains,
 As would have split another's brains.
 Ah! here the Cobler comes, I swear!
 And truth it was, for he was there,
 And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
 Kick'd with his foot the womit down.
 The patient now grown wond'rous light,
 Whipp'd off the napkin from his sight,
 Briskly lift up his head, and knew
 The Breeches red, the Jerkin blue;
 And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
 As down the stairs he run his way,
 He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
 And jump down open throats no more;
 No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'r again
 Run, like a fox, down the red lane.

Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
 Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
 Joyful his gratitude expresses,
 With thousand thanks, and hundred pieces;
 And thus, with much of pain and cost,
 Regain'd the health he never lost.

M O R A L.

Taught by long miseries, we find
 Repose is seated in the mind;
 And most men soon or late have own'd,
 'Tis there, or no where, to be found.

This

This real wisdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes.
Nor needs instructive smart, to see
That all on earth is vanity.
Loss, disappointment, passion, strife;
Whate'er torments or troubles life,
Tho' groundless, grievous in its stay,
'Twill shake our tenements of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And pain like pleasure is but dream.

the LADY *and the* WASP.

AS Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he runs, again alarms.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods; she
cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,
A wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd
 Am I then flighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
 Can such offence your anger wake?
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
 Nor murther wasps like vulgar flies:
 For though he's free, to do him right,
 The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstacies away he posts;
 Where-e'er he came the favour boasts.
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
 And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
 Sure of success, away they flew.
 They share the dainties of the day,
 Round her with airy music play;
 Nor were they banish'd, till she found
 That wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

What whispers must the beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where e'er her eyes dispense their charms,
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The flightest flap a fly can chase.
 But who can drive the num'rous breed;
 Chase one, another will succeed.

Who

Who knows a fool must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another;
And with this plague she's rightly curs'd,
Because she listen'd to the first.

Ladies who are with coxcombs great,
Mourn their ill conduct soon or late.

The WILD BOAR and the RAM.

A GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd:
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid fight.

A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murth'rer is in view;
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terrour in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;

Insensible of ev'ry ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.
 Know, those who violence pursue,
 Give to themselves the vengeance due;
 For in these massacres they find
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
 And well revenge may rest contented,
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

The Universal APPARITION.

ARAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
 Disease his tainted blood assails;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
 A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began.

My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
 Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
 Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When

When health is lost, be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears:
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The spectre haunts him more and more:
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murth'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose. Again the sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;

54 *The Poetical Flower-Basket.*

Talks of ambition's tott'ring feat,
How envy persecutes the great.
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from care;
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains,
Abroad, at home, the spectre's there:
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address'd:
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

BETWIXT her swaggering panniers load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.
That

That raven on yon left-hand oak,
Curse on his ill-betiding croak,
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd, Thou croaking
toad,

A murrain take thy bawling throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware,
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

A FOX in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.

His num'rous race around him stand
 To learn their dying fire's command:
 He rais'd his head with whining moan;
 And thus was heard the feeble tone:
 Ah, sons! from evil ways depart:
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, fee, the murther'd geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkies there?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?

The hungry foxes round them star'd,
 And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sire, is all this dainty cheer?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
 Restrain inordinate desire.
 Your lick'rish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound destroy our pace,
 And gins and guns betray our race?

Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
 And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age, which few of us shall know,
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein;

So

So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem.

The council's good, a fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.

Think what our ancestors have done;

A line of thieves from son to son:

To us descends the long disgrace,

And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Though we, like harmless sheep should feed.

Honest in thought, in word, and deed;

Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,

We shall be thought to share the feast.

The change shall never be believ'd:

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble fox, —

But hark! I hear a hen that crows;

Go, but be mod'rate in your food;

A chicken too might do me good.

The Father and his Children.

A PEASANT on his dying bed,
Thus to his sons attending said:

A treasure in my vineyard lies,

Dig deep, and you will find the prize.

Cries one, But father, where's the spot?

He sighing, dies; and answers not.

Scarce was the burial service o'er,
 Than all hie home, and straight explore
 Each inch of ground: leave none unturn'd;
 For now with thirst of wealth they burn'd,
 With hoe and mattock, rake and shovel,
 They dig the soil, and sift and grovel.
 They search'd the vineyard round and round,
 And though no real hoard was found,
 Soon as the summer's close drew near,
 A double vintage crown'd the year.
 See! says the peasants wisest son,
 Our father's legacy is known;
 In yon rich purple grapes 'tis seen,
 Which but for digging ne'er had been.

From hence we may observe with pleasure,
 Industry is a real treasure.

Plutus, Cupid, and Time.

AS Plutus, to divert his care,
 Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
 Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
 Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
 'Till recollection set 'em right;
 For each knew t'other but by sight.
 After some complimentary talk,
 Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
 Their

Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

Let kings, says he, let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts: What draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty, or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold.
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led,
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
Think too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want depress'd?
Penurious care corrodes his breast.
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts;
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute,
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;

That

That beauty too, like other wares,
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage, as of late profess'd,
Is but a money-job at best.

Consent, compliance may be sold:

But love's beyond the price of gold.

Smugglers there are, who, by retail,

Expose what they call love, to sale,

Such bargains are an arrant cheat:

You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.

Those who true love have ever try'd,

The common cares of life supply'd,

No wants endure, no wishes make,

But ev'ry real joy partake.

All comfort on themselves depends;

They want not power, nor wealth, nor
friends.

Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store:

'Tis friendship and 'tis something more.

Each other every wish they give,

Not to know love, is not to live.

Or love, or money, Time reply'd,

Were men the question to decide,

Would bear the prize: on both intent,

My boon's neglected or mispent.

'Tis I who measure vital space,

And deal out years to human race.

Though

Though little priz'd, and seldom fought;
Without me, love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won,
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd.
Who then would think, since such my pow'r,
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years mispent in vain?
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their int'rest known!
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me;
For when once lost they never find me.

He spoke, The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest,
That Time, when truely understood,
Is the most precious earthly good.

C H A P. V.*The disappointed MILK-MAID.*

HOW poorly your projectors fare,
Who build their castles in the air!
Still tow'ring on from scheme to scheme,
They top Olympus in a dream;
But waking find, nineteen i'th' score,
Themselves far lower than before,
Of these the instances are many,
And this will serve as well as any.
It happen'd on a summer's day,
A country lass, as fresh as May,
Deck'd in a wholesome russet gown,
Was going to next market town;
So blithe her looks, so simply clean,
You'd take her for a May'day queen,
Save 'stead of garland, says my tale,
Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail.
As on her way she pass'd along,
She hum'd the fragments of a song;
She did not hum for want of thought,
Quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought;
And reckon'd, by her own account,
When all was sold, the whole amount,
Thus

Thus she — in time, this little ware
May turn to great account with care:
My milk being sold for so and so,
I'll buy some eggs as markets go,
And set them — at the time I fix,
These eggs will bring as many chicks;
I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
They'll bring vast profit when they sell.
With this I'll buy a little pig,
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
I'll sell it, whether boar or sow,
And with the money buy a cow;
This cow will surely have a calf,
And there the profit's half in half;
Besides there's butter, milk, and cheese;
To keep the market when I please:
All which will sell, and buy a farm,
Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.
Oh! then for ribbands, gloves, and rings!
Ay! more than twenty pretty things.
One brings me this, another that,
And I shall have — the Lord knows what.
Fir'd with the thoughts, the frantic lass,
Of what was thus to come to pass,
Her heart beat strong, she gave a bound,
And down came milk-pail on the ground,
Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, ah! well-a-day,
Cow, calf, and farm — all swam away.

A Modern Morning.

A T four on Monday morn, 'tis said,
 The Dawn sprung from his truckle bed,
 And in a passion with old Night,
 Unbarr'd the rosy gates of Light;
 When out his father Phoebus flew,
 With such amazing force he drew
 Almost unto his highest noon,
 Ere Celia rose—it was so soon,
 But up she rear'd, and rang the bell,
 When in came dainty mistress Nell,
 Oh dear, my lady, e'ent you well?
 Well!—yes—why what's o'clock?—oh
 heaven! yawning,
 A little bit a past eleven.
 No more! why then I'll lay me down;
 No, I'll get up child, bring my gown:
 My eyes so ache I scarce can see;
 Nelly, a little ratifia.
 Well now I'll sleep again, begone,
 And get my chocolate by one:
 No; bring my gown, I'll put it on,
 For see the paltry fun-beams come,
 And there's no bearing of the room!
 So up she rose, gaping and yawning,
 Whilst Nelly waited on her fawning.
 Well, Ma'me, your ladyship's quite right,
 Oh night! the glorious charms of night!
People

People of taste, who rout and play,
Abhor the odious glare of day:
And, Ma'am, if you approve the night,
The day'll be out of fashion quite.
Huffy, you flatter me, begone,
And send my chocolate by John.
Nay, Ma'am. — Then curt'feying, exit Nell;
My lady laughs, and all is well —
When enters John, and bows his head,
And brings the chocolate to bed.
But here the muse is much to blame,
Stop, Pegasus — oh fy for shame!
Such tales as these you should not tell
Ev'n to knowing mistress Nell;
Enough is said by way of jest,
In secret silence wrap the rest.

Then Celia to her toilet goes,
Attended by some favourite beaux,
Who fribble it around the room,
And curl her hair, and clean the comb,
And do a thousand monkey tricks,
That you will think disgrac'd the sex.
Nelly! why where's the creature fled?
Put my post-chaise upon my head.
Your chair and chairmen, Ma'am, is brought.
Stupid! the creature has no thought.

66 *The Poetical Flower-Basket.*

And Ma'am, the milliner is come,
Sh' has brought the broad wheel'd waggon
home,
And 'tis the prettiest little thing,
Upon my honour. — Bring! bring! bring!
How can you stand and talk about it!
You know I die, I die, without it.
In broad wheel'd waggon thus array'd
By beaux and milliner, and maid,
Dear Celia treads the toilet round,
In her fair faithless glass 'tis found,
And so employs her every sense,
'T would take a team to draw her thence.

The Butterfly and the Snail.

AS, in the sunshine of the morn,
A butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose;
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings all, glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail

Crawls

Crawls o'er the grafs; whom when he
spies,

In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the foil?

Why wake you to the morning's care?

Why with new arts correct the year?

Why grows the peach with crimson hue?

And why the plumb's inviting blue?

Were they to feast his taste design'd,

That vermin of voracious kind?

Crush then the flow, the pilf'ring race;

So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the snail reply'd;

How insolent is upstart pride!

Hadst thou not thus with insult vain,

Provok'd my patience to complain,

I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,

Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.

For scarce nine suns have wak'd the

hours;

To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,

Since I thy humbler life survey'd,

In base and fordid guise array'd;

A hideous insect, vile, unclean,

You dragg'd a flow and noisome train;

And from your spider-bowels drew

Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
 Snail was I born, and snail shall end.
 And what's a butterfly at best,
 He's but a catterpillar, dress'd;
 And all thy race, a numerous feed,
 Shall prove of catterpillar breed.

All upstarts insolent in place,
 Remind us of their vulgar race.

C H A P. VI.

The Power of Innocence.

A NORTHERN pair, we wave the
 name,
 Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
 When first the nuptial state they try'd,
 With fabled gods in pleasure vy'd.
 New to the mighty charm they feel
 A joy that all their looks reveal.
 We love whate'er has power to please,
 So nature's ancient law decrees;
 And thus the pair, while each had pow'r,
 To bless the fond sequester'd hour,
 With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
 And love in kind complacence show.

But

But when familiar charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before,
Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
Now this, now that was disapprov'd;
Some trifling fault, which love conceal'd,
Indiff'rence every day reveal'd.
Complacence flies, Neglect succeeds;
Neglect, Disdain and Hatred breeds.
The wish to please forsakes the breast,
The wish to rule has each possess'd,
Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now hope of conquest swells the heart
No more—at length content to part;
The rural seat, that sylvan shade,
Where first the nuptial vows were paid;
That seat attests the dire intent,
And hears the parting settlement.
This house, these fields, my lady's own,
Sir John must ride to town alone.
The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But still the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and smokes it out—
Mysterious! wherefore this delay?
The sequel shall the cause display.
One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;

The father's, mother's darling she,
Now lisp'd and prattled at their knee.
Sir John now rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cry'd with ardour in his eye,
"Come, Betsey, bid mama good-bye."
The lady, trembling, answer'd, No —
"Go kiss papa, my Betsey go."
"Sir John, the child shall live with me."
"The child herself shall choose," said he.
Poor Betsey look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
"Will you not live with me, my dear?"
"Yes," half resolv'd, replied the child,
And, half suppress'd her tears she smil'd.
"Come, Betsey, cried Sir John, you'll go,
"And live with dear papa, I know."
"Yes," Betsey cried — the lady then
Address'd the wand'ring child again.
"The time to live with both is o'er,
"This day we part to meet no more:
"Choose then" — her grief o'erflow'd her
breast,
And tears burst out too long suppress'd.
The child, which tears and chiding
join'd,
Suppos'd papa displeas'd, unkind;
And

And try'd with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft relenting will.
"Do, cry'd the lisper, papa! do,
"Love dear mama!—mama loves you!"
Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd,
The tender transport forc'd its way,
They both confes'd each other's sway;
And, prompted by the social smart,
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
Each kiss'd their Betsey o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the door.

P A R T II.

*A Collection of little Nofegays for the further
Ornament of the FLOWER-BASKET.*

C H A P. I.

The Miser and the Mouse.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,
The jealous miser spy'd a mouse.
How now! cries he, what dost thou here? —
Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear;
I came not with the hopes of food,
But for the sake of—solitude.

To an affected Old Maid.

THO' papa and mama, my dear,
So prettily you call;
Yet you, methinks, yourself appear
The grandmother of all.

A Character.

Sometimes to sence, sometimes to nonsense
leaning,
And always blund'ring round about his
meaning.

On Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

Those envious flakes which came in haste,
To prove her breast so fair;
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

A logical Epitaph on Mr. Foote.

Here lies one Foote, whose death may
 thousands save,
For Death has now one Foote within the
 grave.

Sauce for Incivility.

I often bow; your hat you never stir;
So, once for all, your humble Servant—Sir.

The Wonder.

Both Man and Wife, as bad as bad can be;
I wonder they no better should agree.

The Smithfield Wedding.

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
He chose her, as you do old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

Old Time to the Antiquarian.

Plague on't! says Time to Thomas Hearn,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

On an Opera.

An op'ra, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

A droll Epitaph in Grantham Church-yard.

John Palfryman, who lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year:
And in this place his mother lies;
Also his father, when he dies.

On a man eating Rotten Cheese.

Jack eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Sampson I my thousands slay.
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self same weapon too.

On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by death, here death's great herald
lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd, who while he'd
breath
Made it his business still to look for death.

C H A P. II.

The contented Farmer.

I Eat, drink and sleep, and do what I please:
The King at St. James's can do only these.

On one who made long Epitaphs.

Friend! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

*On a Collar of a Dog, presented by Mr. Pope
to the Prince of Wales.*

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

Mr. Pope's Epitaph. By himself.

Heroes and Kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Mr. Prior's Epitaph. By himself.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

Mr.

Mr. Gay's Epitaph. By himself.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

On a Butcher's marrying a Tanner's Daughter.
A fitter match than this could not have been,
For now the flesh is married to the skin.

A modern Dinner.

With lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne:
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables, a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, spare!"
"I came to dine, and not to stare,"

On our imitating the French Fashions.

The formal ape endeavours, all he can,
With antic tricks, to imitate a man:
Parisian fops, no less ambitious, seem
To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
These mimic apes—and we but mimic these.

On a Lady with fine Eyes and a bad Voice.

Lucetta's charms our hearts surprise,
At once with love and wonder:
She bears Jove's lightning in her eyes,
But in her voice his thunder.

The Lovers Contest.

My love and I for kisses play'd;
She wou'd keep stakes; I was content:
But when I won, she wou'd be paid;
I angry, ask'd her what she meant?
Nay, since, says she, you wrangle thus in
vain,
Give me my kisses back, take your's again.

To an angry Rival.

'Tis not the fear of death, or smart,
Makes me averse to fight;
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine, but Caelia's right.
Then let your fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but Caelia spare;
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
When Caelia is not there.

On Sir John Vanbrough, the Poet and Architect.

Lie heavy on him, Earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

On Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans.

To stop the Persian monarch's sway,
In vain the swelling ocean rose;
In vain his progress to delay,
The lofty mountains interpose.

Rous'd by the Spartan chief to fight,
 When lo! his slender band obeys;
 These turn'd th' unnumber'd host to flight,
 Blush then, ye mountains and ye seas!

Fast and Loose.

Colin was married in all haste,
 And now to rack doth run;
 So knitting of himself too fast,
 He hath himself undone.

To Avaro.

Thus to the master of a house;
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
 Which never guest had entertain'd,
 Nor meat, nor wine, its floors had stain'd
 I said — Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
 But were d'you drink and where d'you eat?
 If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
 It costs you more in mops than wine.

The Virtuoso.

What, to the valiant knight of Spain,
 Was Donna del Toboso; —
 Such is the idle of his brain
 To every virtuoso.

Don Quixote to a goddess lifted,
An home-spun country lass;
Each grain of corn the damsel sifted,
With him for pearls could pass.

Whate'er the curious deifies,
It thus his fancy warms,
And gives to shell and butterflies
Imaginary charms.

But let not those that look more grave,
Themselves their wisdom pride on;
Since every man must sometimes have
His hobby-horse to ride on.

CHAP. III.

A Caution to the Credulous.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To taste their roast, and smack their
wine;
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To break their dogs, or bless their meat—
Ah! dream not on preferment soon—
Thou'rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

Mutual Pity.

Tom, ever jovial; ever gay,
 To appetite a slave,
 Still rakes and drinks his life away,
 And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis thus that we two disagree:
 So diff'rent is our whim;
 The fellow fondly laughs at me —
 While I could cry for him.

The Stage of Life.

Our life's a journey in a winter's day;
 Some only break their fast, and so away:
 Others stay dinner, and depart full fed,
 The deepest age but sups and goes to bed:
 He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
 Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.

True Riches.

Irus, tho' wanting gold and lands,
 Lives chearful, easy, and content; —
 Carvus unblest'd, with twenty hands
 Employ'd to count his yearly rent.

Sages of Lombard; tell me which
 Of these you think possesses more?
 One, with his poverty, is rich,
 And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

On one who died of the Hip.

Death, by a conduct strange and new,
Prov'd here th'effect and motive too:
Ned met the blow he meant to fly;
And dy'd, because he fear'd to die.

On the Clerk of a Country Parish.

Here lies, within this tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On the Sexton of a Country Parish.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his
fall;
For, if he had liv'd, he'd have buried us all.

On a Bee stifled in Honey.

From flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest'd busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from the toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy,
If we taste wisely, they relieve:
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

C H A P. IV.

On Dancing: to a Lady.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise?
Whilst this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance.

That human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common.
David himself, that godlike king,
We know could dance as well as sing:
Folks, who at court would keep their
ground,

Must dance attendance the year round:
Whole nations dance, gay frisking France
Has led the English many a dance!
And some believe both France and Spain
Intend to take us out again.

All nature is one ball, we find,
The water dances to the wind:
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and dances to the moon:
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red;
The earth and planets round the sun
Still dance, nor will their dance be done,
Till

Till nature in one blast be blended,
Then may we say, the ball is ended.

On a Fan.

Flavia the last and flightest toy
Can with resistless art employ.
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she, with graceful air and mine,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow,
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To Chloe weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer sing,
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrow in a show'r.
The brooks beyond their limit flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe:
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares,
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.

Strange tears! whose pow'r can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

On Miss Gunning.

Cupid, one day, to show his cunning,
Laid by his bow and took to *Gunning*.

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

Caelia, a coquette in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time,
Marries, and dotes at forty-five.
Thus weather-cocks, that, for a while,
Have turn'd about with every blast;
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

The Dart: to the Lady L——M——.

Whene'er I look, I may descry
A little face peep thro' that eye:
Sure that's the boy, who wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those;
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

C H A P. IV.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

THAT artful speck upon her face,
Had been a foil on one less fair;
In her it hides a wounding grace,
And she in mercy plac'd it there.

The true Reason.

Selinda ne'er appears till night;
And what won't female envy say?
But well she knows, she shines so bright,
Her presence may supply the day.

*On the King's Statue, placed on the top of
Bloomsbury Steeple.*

At Stock's-market and Charing,
No longer stand staring,
But turn your eyes this way, good people:
For a man on a horse,
Is a matter in course:
See here is a man on a steeple!

On the Power of Music.

The force of music best is found,
When soul subservient is to sound.

To a Lady stung by a Bee.

To heal the wound a bee had made,
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Suck'd both the sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found
The sting within my heart.

*To the incomparable Miss ***.*

As with a friend on Sunday last,
I tripp'd along the Mall,
Sniggering at each powder'd beau,
And gazing at each belle;

A sudden buz ran through the croud,
With "There! that's she in green!"
I could not for my foul devise,
What all the noise did mean.

At length, advancing farther on,
Where still the hum increas'd,
I saw you, lovely maid—I did,
And then my wonder ceas'd.

On Peter White.

Peter White will ne'er go right;
Wou'd you know the reason why:
Where'er he goes, he follows his nose;
And that stands all awry.

On a virtuous and beautiful Lady.

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

On Mary Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a Cancer in her Breast. By Mr. Pope.

Here rest a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense.
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No art essay'd, but not to be admir'd:
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own:

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so resign'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
 The faint sustain'd it — but the woman dy'd.

On Mr. Craggs. By Mr. Pope.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul
 sincere,

In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Who broke no promise, serv'd no private
 end;

Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,

Prais'd, wept, and honour'd — by the muse
 he lov'd.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

Approach, ye wise of soul, with awe divine,
 'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this
 shrine!

That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
 Kindled the gloom of nature into day!

That soul of science, that unbounded mind,

That genius, which ennobled human kind!

Confess'd supreme of men, his country's
 pride;

And half esteem'd an angel till he dy'd:

Who,

Who, in the eye of heav'n, like Enoch
stood,
And through the paths of knowledge walk'd
with God;
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world, to know the
laws of more.

On the same. By Mr. Pope.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
Got said, "Let Newton be!" and all was
light.

On an Infant.

Beneath a sleepy infant lies,
To earth her body's sent;
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.

C H A P. VI.

On those who die for their Country.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay!
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

On Stephen the Fiddler.

Stephen and Time are now both even;
 Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

*Inscription on an Urn at Lord Cork's, to the
 Memory of the Dog Hector.*

Strangers, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
 See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
 These are the honours, by his master paid,
 To Hector's manes and lamented shade:

Nor

Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful
friend!

From nature all his principles he drew,
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true:
His looks and voice his inward thoughts ex-
press'd,

He growl'd in anger, and in love cares'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart,
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues, man, proud man!
displays,

Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's
praise.

An EPI TAPH on an honest Fellow.

To the memory

Of

SIGNOR FIDO,

An Italian of good extraction!

Who came into England,

Not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
But to gain an honest livelihood.

He hunted not after fame,

Yet he acquired it;

Regardless of the praise of his friends,

But most sensible of their love.

Though

Though he lived amongst the great,
He neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no Bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 articles.
And if to follow nature,
And to respect the laws of society,
Be philosophy,
He was a perfect philosopher,
A faithful friend,
An agreeable companion,
A loving husband,
Distinguish'd by a numerous offspring,
All which he lived to see take good courses.
In his old age he retired
To the house of a clergyman in the country,
Where he finish'd his earthly race,
And died an honour and an example to
The whole species.

Reader,
This stone is guiltless of flattery,
For he to whom it is inscribed
Was not a MAN,
But a
GREYHOUND.

Modern Charity.
So little given at the chapel-door!
This people, doubtless, must be poor;
So

So much at gaming thrown away,
No nation sure, so rich as they.
Britons! 'twere greatly for your glory,
Shou'd those who may transmit your story,
Their notions of your grandeur frame,
Not as you give, but as you game.

On a Shadow.

The sun now clear, serene the skies,
Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies;
A cloud succeeds; the sunshine now is o'er;
The fleeting phantom fled, is seen no more.
With your bright day, its progress too does
end;

See here, vain man! the picture of your
friend.

On a Pale Lady.

Whence comes it, that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place? —
Why, 'tis because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose.

On a young Lady's refusing to show her Hand.

No argument could Caelia move,
With strong reluctance still she strove,
Her lovely hand to hide:

The

94 *The Poetical Flower-Basket.*

The case is plain; she was afraid,
That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
'Twas by her hand they dy'd.

On a bad Translation.

His work now done, he'll publish it, no
doubt;

For sure I am, that "murther will come out."

On a certain Poet.

Thy verses are *eternal*, O! my friend;
For he that reads them reads them to *no* end.

*Written on a Window, under a Vow against
Matrimony.*

The lady who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass to show it might be broke.

On the fair Sabina.

See, see she wakes; Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise!
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

On a hasty Marriage.

Marry'd! 'tis well; a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folks did wed,
'Twas to be one at board and bed;

But

But hard's his case, who can't afford
His chamber either bed or board.

*On an old Woman, who sold Earthen Ware at
Chester.*

Beneath this stone lies Kath'rine Gray,
Chang'd from a busy life, to lifeless clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but, in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again.

On a scolding Wife who died in her Sleep.

Here lies the quintessence of noise and strife;
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife:
Had death not took her when her mouth
 was shut,
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

On Twin Sisters.

Fair marble tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In

In stature, beauty, years and fame,
 Together as they grew, they shone;
 So much alike, so much the same,
 That death mistook them both for one.

On a celebrated Miss.

Fresh as the spring, and like Aurora fair,
 Clarinda issues forth, the public care!
 Where'er she moves, admiring crouds resort,
 Whilst round her charms the Loves and
 Graces sport.
 Her eyes the hearts of heedless fops beguile,
 Who catch each glance — and feed upon
 each smile:
 But the bless'd youth, distinguish'd from
 the throng,
 Who hears th'enchanted accents of her
 tongue;
 Her native wit, her more than common sense,
 Express'd with sweet, bewitching diffidence;
 Owns in her mind more pow'ful beauty lies,
 And scarce observes the lustre of her eyes.

*Written by Mr. Pope, on a Glass, with the Earl
 of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.*

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
 See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

END of the SIXTH VOLUME.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING

THE

MERRY COMPANION;

OR,

O R A C L E

OF

MIRTH AND WISDOM.

VOL. VII.

A

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

QUALIFIER'S LECTURES

СЪДЪЖАНИЕ

351

210

P R E F A C E.

I A M now laying before my little Misses and Masters a collection of the most approved jests and smart sayings, of which, I hope, all my pretty readers will make a proper use; for nothing is so dangerous as *wit* in the mouths of either Masters or Misses. I do not mean by this to discourage them from the perusal of books of this kind; but I would wish them to observe, that though real wit, properly restrained, adds much to the reputation of the possessor, yet a misapplication of it is sure to procure enemies, and never secures a real friend.

The true use of wit is to entertain and amuse the company we may happen to fall

A 2 into;

into; but it must be used sparingly, and as it is very scarce, be brought out only on very particular occasions. Of all things, however, avoid showing your talent for wit, if you really possess it, where it may give anger to any one in company; for if your wit hurts any one, it will make that person your enemy, and that one may make you many. The best way to avoid offence is to be modest and humble, and to be cautious how you jest with any one.

In the second part, I have collected the most celebrated maxims and reflexions from the works of the most approved writings of the ancients and moderns; and these I would recommend to the most serious attention of my little readers, as they will not fail properly to correct their wit, form their judgement, and improve their heart.

THE
MERRY COMPANION.

PART I.

Fests and smart Sayings.

CHAP. I.

A FAMOUS punster called for some pipes in a tavern, and complained they were too short. The drawer said, they had no other, and those were but just come in. "Aye, said the other, I see your master has not bought them very long."

A conceited fellow, who fancied himself a poet, asked Nat Lee, if it was not easy to write like a madman, as he did? "No, answered Nat, but it is easy to write like a fool, as you do."

A lady being asked, how she liked a gentleman's finging, who had a very stinking breath? "The words are good, said she, but the air is intolerable."

The Duchefs of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances in King Charles the Second's time, asked Bishop Wilkins, how ſhe ſhould get up to the world in the moon, which he had diſcovered; for as the journey muſt needs be very long, there would be no poſſibility of going through with it, without reſting on the way? "Oh, madam, ſaid the biſhop, as your grace has built ſo many caſtles in the air, you cannot want a place to bait at."

Notwithſtanding Mr. Tagg valued himſelf much on his wit, he was frequently over-matched, and ſometimes let down, even by the common people. An inſtance of this I once was witneſs of, at an inn upon the road. When Tom, being informed that a carrier who ſtopped at the door, was an arch fellow, thus attacked him: "Why, they tell me, my friend that you are a very wiſe man." "May be ſo," ſays the fellow. "And that you know all London," continued Tom, and every body in it. Pray, can you tell where I live?" "In Knave's-Acre," ſays the carrier. "Aye, but I am about to move," ſays Tom. "And that will be to Bridewell," quoth the other.

In

In a visit Queen Elifabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small country-seat he had built for himself, before his preferment; she asked him, how it came to pass that he made his house too small for him? "It is not I, Madam, answered he, who have made my house too small for myself; but your Majesty has made me too big for my house."

King William III. being upon a march, for some secret expedition, was intreated by a general to tell him what his design was. The king, instead of telling him, asked him, if he could keep a secret. The general said, he could. "Well, answered his majesty, and I can keep a secret as well as you."

Mr. T——s C——r, the comedian, one day begged of his father to let him have an hundred pounds, which he said would make him perfectly easy in his affairs. "Why, The', said the father, it is very strange that you cannot live upon your salary, your benefit, and other advantages; when I was of your age, I never spent any of my father's money." "I don't know that, answered the son, but I am sure you have spent a great deal of my father's money."

A gentleman, not so remarkable for his oeconomy as his wit and humour, was one day rallying the late Peter Walters on his avarice. "For my part, quoth the gentleman, I don't know any difference between a shilling and a fix-pence, for when one is changed it is gone, and so is the other." "Aye, says Peter, my old friend, you may not know the difference between a shilling and a fix-pence now; but, believe me, you will, when you come to be worth eighteen pence."

A notorious thief, being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in *not guilty*. The judge bid them consider of it again: but they still brought in their verdict *not guilty*. And when the judge asked the reason, the foreman replied, "There is reason enough, my Lord, for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

A parcel of merry fellows, in a country town, having a mind to humbug an honest toping farmer, way-laid him one dark evening, on his return from a neighbouring village,

lage, where he had got exceeding drunk, and taking him off his horse, made pretences of rifling his pockets of what he had, but took nothing from him, and then set him upon his horse again, with his face to the tail. The horse, well acquainted with the way home, carried his master safe into the yard; where the wife, hearing her husband's voice, went out with a candle, and seeing his situation, hastily enquired the cause. "Ah, Mary, says the farmer, as well as he could speak, I have been robbed and murdered by a parcel of rogues, who have stolen all my money, and, what vexes me more, they have cut my horse's head off."

Young Squire Booby, just come from his first term at the university, was willing to give his parents a specimen of his improvement there. "Father, says he, I can chop logic." "Aye, says his father, how is that, Tom?" "Why, says the son, here de zee, father, are a couple of fowls at table; I can prove there are three fowls." "How's that?" quoth the father. "Why, there is one, said Tom, and there is two, pointing to the dish, and don't one and two make three, father." — "Well, damme, said the father,

father, Tom is become a conjurer: you take one fowl, and I eat the other, and let him have the third for his logic."

Dr. Heylin, a noted author, especially for his cosmography, happened to lose his way going to Oxford, in the forest of Whichwood; and being then attended by one of his brother's men, the man earnestly intreated him to lead the way; but the doctor told him he did not know the way. "What, said the man, have you written a description of the whole world, and cannot find the way out of this little wood?"

A Traveller, coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire, that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, "Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently." "My boots you mean, I suppose?" said the gentleman." "No, Sir, replied the other, they are burnt already."

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his birth and family, affirmed, that when he came first to England, he cut such a figure, that bells were rung through every town as he passed to London. "Aye, says a gentleman in company, I suppose that was, because you came up in a waggon with a bell-team."

Two gentlemen, the one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl; says the last, "That bird is very like a Woodcock." "You are wrong," says the other, "for it is Fuller in the head, Fuller in the eyes, and Fuller all over."

A countryman enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow who heard him, said, he'd show him the way immediately; "Do but cross the kennel," said he, "to yon goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of the silver tankards, and it will bring you thither presently."

A certain captain, who had made a greater figure than his income would bear, and his regiment not being paid as they expected, was forced to lay down part of his equipage. A few days after, walking by the road-side he saw one of his soldiers lousing himself under a hedge; "What are you doing there?" said the captain. "Why faith, Sir," answered the soldier, "I am following your example; getting rid of part of my retinue."

C H A P. II.

A Lord Mayor waiting upon King Charles the Second, who happened to be at that time in the park feeding the ducks with his hat in his hand, the mayor desired he might not speak till his majesty was covered; "Phoo, phoo, says the king, you may go on very safely, it is to the *ducks* I pull my hat off."

A gentleman, going to take water at Whitehall stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, "Who can swim?" "I, master," said forty bawling mouths; when the gentleman observing one flinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about said, "Sir, I cannot swim." "Then you are the man, said the gentleman, for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

A very ingenious man was walking along Cheapside, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust from the wall, saying, he did not choose to give every saucy jackanapes the wall. "But I do," said the gentleman, and so passed on.

A country farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry, which caused his wife to watch carefully the time of his coming home, and always to have dinner ready on the table. One day he surprised her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him. He, according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his mouth to some purpose. His wife, seeing him in that condition, comforts him in the following manner; "See how it is now; had you kept your breath to cool your pottage; you had not burnt your mouth, John."

One gallopping over some ploughed land, meeting a country fellow, asked him if that was the way to *Tame*; "Yes, says he, to tame your horse; if he was as wild as a buck."

Two country fellows meeting, one asked the other, What news? He answered he knew no other news but that he saw a very great wind last Friday. "See a wind," says the other. "Yes, see it," replied he again. "Prithee, what was it like?" said he. "Like," said the other, why, it was like to blow my house down."

A gentleman riding down a steep hill, and being afraid the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. The fellow replied, "Aye, aye, 'tis very hard at the bottom, I'll warrant you." Which encouraged the gentleman to ride very confidently down the hill; but in six or seven yards stepping, his horse sunk up to the belly in a bog, which made the gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the fellow, who was still within hearing; and to whom he called out, "You country rogue, did not you tell me it was hard at the bottom?" The ditcher answered, "Yes I did, and it is, Sir, but you are not at the bottom yet by a mile."

A French marquis being one day at dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions; particularly the ruffles, "which, he said, was de fine ornament to de hand; and had been followed by de oder nation." Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same time, "that the English, according to custom, had made a great impro-

improvement upon their invention, by adding a shirt to it."

A gentleman called for some beer at a friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant without drinking, "What! says the master of the house, don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with." "No, answered the other, we should never speak ill of the dead."

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company to deliver his opinion. "Cousin, says she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" "I am sure, madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years."

A senator, who is not esteemed the wisest man in the house, has a custom of shaking his head when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the house, assured them it was only the effects of an ill habit; "For, says he, though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

A

A gentleman on his travels abroad, for it could not be in England, had lodged at an inn, where they made him a most extravagant bill for his entertainment, which he disputed with the waiter; but to no purpose, for he found himself obliged to pay it. Just as the horses were ordered out, the landlord, with his usual civility, came to wish him a good journey; and while they were talking, the ostler stepped up to his master, and complained of what damage the rats had done the preceding night. "Why, are you much troubled with rats," said gentleman, "Oh, intolerably! said the inn-keeper, they do me infinite mischief." "I think, returned the gentleman, I could put you in a way to get rid of them." "Sir, says the other, I should be much obliged to your honour." "There is nothing so easy and so certain as this scheme I shall tell you, quoth the gentleman: Only make them such an extravagant bill as you have made me, and not one of them will come to your house again."

A country 'squire being in company with his sweetheart, and wanting his servant, cried out, "Where is my blockhead?" "Upon your shoulders," said the lady.

A drunken fellow having made away with all his goods, except his feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which, being reprov'd by some friends, "Phoo! says he, I am very well, thank heaven, and why should I keep my bed?"

Two gentlemen rode up to an inn on the road, and called for some wine and water: It was brought to them in a foul tankard; which one of them took up, and turning it round, said to his companion, "Sure this is not a silver tankard! it has a very brassy look." Phoo! says the other, it is only the reflection of your countenance."

A man asked Tom Trip how he lived these hard times? "Why, upon my wit," says Tom. "I wonder, replied the other, how you can live upon so small a stock."

A gentleman, who was parting some people in a fray, received so large a cut in his head, that the surgeon told him he could see his brains. "That's impossible, says the gentleman, for if I had any brains, this had never happened to me."

While a scholar was blowing the fire, the nose of his bellows dropped off: "I see, indeed, says he, 'tis cold weather, for the nose of the very bellows drops."

A knight of the four knaves, or, in other words, a gamester, had grown, as it were, by his behaviour, into disuse, and could get no man of character to play with him: Upon which he complained to one of his company, and said, he thought their dislike to his person arose from his not being sufficiently dressed; adding, that he would immediately go and buy a new suit of clothes.—“That you may do, says his friend, but I think you had better buy a new set of principles.”

One was saying, that his great grandfather, grandfather, and father, died at sea. Quoth another, if I were you, I would never go to sea. “Why, said the other, where did your great grandfather, and father die?” He answered, “In their beds,” “Then, said the first, if I were you, I would never go to bed.”

A gentleman travelling with Mr. Tagg, who had a bad guinea in his pocket, called his servant to the side of the post chaise; “Dick, says he, here’s a guinea, which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it; do you see and part with it, some how or other, on the road.” “Yes, sir, says the footman, I’ll endeavour to do it.” Tagg

remonstrated against this, as both dishonest and cruel; but the gentleman only laughed at his admonition, and said he knew nothing of the world. When they came to the inn at night, the gentleman called his servant, to know if he had passed off the guinea. "Yes, sir, says the man, I did it silyly." "Aye, Dick, said the master, I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how." "Why, sir, says the footman, the people refused him at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him in between the half-pence, and the man put it in his pocket and never saw it."

C H A P. III.

A Droll fellow, who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus: "Bless me, what, are you alive?" "Why not? answer'd the fiddler, did you send any body to kill me?" "No, replies

other, but I was told you was dead." "Aye, so it was reported, it seems, says the fiddler, but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

When Tom Tinsel was at the Temple, he was always very fine, and for the most part very poor; which was sufficiently known to many of his acquaintance. One night, at the tavern, Tom desired one of his companions to pay for him, for that he had no silver in his pocket. "Then I am sure, said the gentleman, you have no gold there, for that you always spread upon your coat."

When Colonel H. arrived at K ——— e, as governor of that place, the officers told him they hoped he would give a ball to the ladies. "Ladies! says he, aye, aye, I'll give them a ball; but it shall be a ball of worsted to mend their stockings."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, in a sharp winter morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy besitating a little, the master said, "What, firrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, sir, says the boy, I have it at my fingers ends."

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the roat, and thinking to crack a
joke

joke upon him, asked why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered, "That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients."

A person of a college put his horse into a field belonging to Merton in Oxford, and being often warned of it, took no notice thereof; the master of the college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued the trespass, he would cut off his horse's tail. Say you so, replies the person? "Go tell your master if he cuts off my horse's tail, I'll cut off *his* ears." The servant returned, deliver'd the message, and was sent back to bring the person to his master; who making his appearance, the master said, How now, what mean you by that menace you sent me? "Sir, said the other, I threatened you not; for I only said, if you cut off my horse's tail, I would cut off *his* ears."

A gentleman in King Charles the Second's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court, in soliciting a place, and after a thousand promises seemed as far off as ever, at last resolved to see the king himself. When introduced, he told his majesty what preten-

sions he had to his favour, and boldly asked for the place just then vacant: the king, hearing his story, told him the place was just given away. Upon this, the gentleman, making a very low obedience to the king, thanked him many times over. The king observing how thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason why he thanked him in so extraordinary a manner when he had denied his suit; "The rather, ant please your majesty, replied the gentleman, your courtiers have kept me here these two years, and gave me a thousand put offs, but your majesty has saved me all that trouble, and graciously given me my answer at once." "Gads fish, man, says the king, thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty."

A Scotch bagpiper, travelling into France, opened his wallet by a wood-side, and set down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another, meat, till his provision was all gone; at length, he took up his bagpipes and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. "The de'el saw me, said Sawney, an I had kenned ye loved

loved music so, ye should have had it before dinner."

King Charles II. in company with the Lord Rochester and some others of the nobility, had been drinking the best part of the night; when Killigrew came in. Now, says the king, we shall hear of our faults. "No, quoth Killigrew, I never trouble my head with that which all the town talks of."

A scholar of Christ-church that was whimsical, or, as we used to say, magotty, complained that when he eat fish, they would always *rise in his stomach*. "No wonder, quoth another, for they rise and leap after the maggots in your head."

One of the rebels having escaped out of the Tower in the year fifteen, a gentleman frightened out of his senses, ran to King George I. to acquaint him of this news, and begged his majesty would tell him what he could do in this case. "Really, sir, says the king, for your part, I don't know what you can do; but for the prisoner's part, I think he could not have done better than he has."

Two gentlemen having words in a tavern, at length fell to fighting with their canes; a

stander-by, observing one of them to strike his antagonist over the head, while the other only belaboured his sides and shoulders, after the fray was over, asked the latter why he did not strike upon the head also; "O sir, said he, if I had hit him over the head, I should have broken me cane."

A certain doctor, having raised a pretty fortune by irregular practice, was desirous of purchasing a coat of arms to adorn his chariot, and accordingly asked a friend's advice, what he had best have for them? Oh! doctor, said he, nothing will suit you better than three ducks; and let the motto, if you please, be quack, quack, quack.

When the army of Lewis XIV. of France was encamped in Flanders, during his war with the confederates, the king used sometimes to reside at the head quarters himself. It happened, that a very fine horse which he had lately purchased, was exercised before his tent, and among others who had gathered round him was a corporal, who, having been that afternoon too free with aqua vitae, was become as great a man as his majesty. He had strolled up to the spot, and getting within the circle, put himself into an attitude of consequence, and after having
some

some time made his observation with the air of a profound connoisseur, he thrusts a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and swore it was as fine a creature as ever he saw, and as well broke; then tottering up to the groom who had been riding it, and just dismounted, asked him who was the owner? At this moment the king came out from his tent, and overhearing the corporal's question, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteously, that the horse was his; the corporal made his majesty a slight compliment by moving his hat, and then setting his arms akimbo, told him, that his reason for asking was, that he had taken a liking to the horse, and was inclined to buy it. The king said, he had no intention to sell it; but, if it would oblige him, he would treat with him on the same spot the next morning. The corporal, thrusting out his hand, cried, *a match*; to which the king consented, and rode off, giving private orders that no punishment should be inflicted upon the corporal, but that he should be brought before him the next morning. In the morning, when the poor fellow was told what had passed, and conducted to the king's tent, he was seized with a dread-

ful panic, lest his insolence and drunkenness might cost him his life. Into the presence, however, he was carried: and the king, who intended only some sport, asked him if he was the man that would last night have bought his horse? "No, an't please your majesty, says the fellow, that man went away at three o'clock this morning." Did he so? says the king, who understood that at three o'clock sleep had substituted a sober man for one that was drunk, I am very glad that I have got so sensible and decent a person as you are in his stead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I see him, I shall certainly resent his behaviour.

C H A P. V.

A Melting sermon being preached in a country church, all the congregation fell a weeping, but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh, said he, I belong to another parish."

Oliver riding in his coach on a very rainy day, and Hugh Peters on horseback by him,

him, says Oliver, "Peters, I'll lend you my coat." "Please you, sir, says he, I would not be in your coat for a thousand pounds."

An Irishman, being at a tavern where the cook was dressing some carp, observed some of them move after they were gutted and put into the pan, which much surprised Teague; said he, "Of all the christian creatures I ever saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead."

A country 'squire asked a merry-andrew, why he played the fool? "For the same reason, said he, as you do, out of want; you do it for want of wit, I for want of money."

Two smart fellows riding by a countryman, who was sowing his field, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "You, farmer, said he, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the farmer replied, "It is very likely you may, master, for I am sowing hemp."

Mr. Tagg was once proposing a charity subscription at an assembly, when Sir William ††† was present, and after he had delivered a sentence to the company, he repeated

ed it aloud in Sir William's ear. "What dost thou bellow thy nonsense in my ears for?" says the knight. "Because, replied Tagg, on these occasions you are generally deaf."

A linen-draper in London had his picture drawn in armour, which he was very fond of showing. Two country gentlemen, of his acquaintance coming to see him, he, according to custom, shows them the picture, asking if it was not extremely like him? "Indeed, said one of the gentleman, 'tis a good likeness; but there is a fault in it; for you are drawn in armour, and the painter has given you no head-piece." "Phoo! says his friend, if he had had a head-piece, he would not have been drawn in armour."

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy tell his master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the money. "Did'st tell thy master, said the lawyer, I was not running away?" "Yes, sir, said the boy, but he bid me to tell you, that he was."

A Braggadocio, upon a certain occasion, chanced to run away; and being asked by one, what was become of all that courage he

he used so much to boast of? "It is got, said he, into my heels."

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were More, Strange, and Wright: says the last, "there is but one cuckold in company, and that's Strange;" "Yes, answered Strange, here is one More;" "Aye, said More, that's Wright."

Some gentlemen seeing a fellow stand still when it rained very fast, they asked him why he stood still in the rain? "Why, says he, you do not think me such a fool as to ride in the rain as you do."

A man who had money enough to make him whimsical, on account of some imaginary indisposition, ordered a physician to be sent for; who presently attending, felt his pulse, and examined his urine; which finding of a good colour, he asked him, "Sir do you eat well?" He answered, "Yes." "And do you sleep well?" he said, "he did." O then, says the physician, I'll find you a remedy that shall drive away all these things."

A person being summoned to appear at the sessions for a witness, about a fray that happened in Holborn, being called to stand up to give in his evidence, the judge said to

to him, "Friend, how came these two persons to fall out." "Why, an't please you, my Lord, says the fellow, he said, my Lord, you are a rogue." The judge perceiving the people smile, bid him speak to the jury, "for there were twelve of them."

A cause being to be tried before a judge, one of the witnesses, standing up for the defendant, being a plain country fellow in a leathern jacket, the council for the plaintiff thinking to dash the witness out of countenance, said to him, "How now, you fellow in a leather doublet, what are you to have for swearing?" "Please your worship, quoth the fellow, if you get no more by lying than I do by swearing, you might go in a leather doublet as well as I."

Two gentlemen on the road between Stanstead and Bishop Stortford, overtook a miller riding very soberly, and being merri-ly disposed, they were resolved to affront him; so one rides on one side, and the other on the other side. After they had rode some way with him, says one to the miller, I prithee, friend, resolve me one question. "Whether thou art most knave or fool?" "Truely, says the miller, I do not know which

which I am must, but I am sure I am between both."

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other why he looked so sad; "I have good reason for it, answered the other, poor Jack such a one, the greatest crony and best friend I had in the world, was hanged but two days ago." "What had he done?" says the first. "Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle on the road, and took it up." "What! says the other, hang a man for taking up a bridle? that's hard indeed!" "To tell the truth of the matter, says the other, there was a horse tied to the other end of it."

A dyer in a court of justice being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my Lord," answered the dyer.

A gentleman t'other day going to court, was asked by another at the palace, "Where he was going, and whether he wanted a post?" "No, no, sir, says the former, if I did I would take you."

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet,

feet, another, not overloaded with sense, told him, that might be easily prevented, if he would follow his directions. "I always get," said he, a thin piece of lead, out of an India chest, and fit it to my shoe for this purpose." Then, sir, says the other, you are like a rope-dancer's pole, you have lead at both ends."

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cry'd, "Oh! here is a noted villain, I'm sure! why firrah, I can see the rogue in your face." "Aye, my Lord, says the fellow, I wonder at that; for I did not know that my face was a looking-glass, till your Lordship saw yourself in it."

A lady told another she had a mind to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like; who was so very assiduous and submissive, she could not tell how to provoke him. "Slife, said her friend, spit in his face." "Alas! madam, replied the first, that won't do! while men are fawning like lap dogs, they'll take that for a favour."

C H A P. V.

ONE meeting his godson, asked him where he was going? "To school, sir," says the boy. "That's well done, says he, here is six-pence for thee, be a good boy; and I hope I shall live to hear thee preach my funeral sermon.

A certain prince used to say, that to make a married state happy, it was necessary that the husband should be deaf and the wife blind.

A very fat gentleman riding through a town, some of the ruder sort of the inhabitants fell a jeering him, and told him he carried his portmanteau before when it should be behind. "Oh, says the gentleman, I always carry it before me, but especially when I ride through a town where there is nothing but whores, rogues, and pickpockets."

Two men having a dispute together about works of fortification, one said to the other, "For all your pretended knowledge, I'll lay you a shilling you don't know what makes a fortification." "Done, says the other, who

was a droll fellow, I insist on it that two twentyfications make a fortification."

As Sir Richard Lovewit was sorting and burning a parcel of letters, his servant, who was just come out of the country, and was ignorant enough, stepped up to him, and, making a bow, sir, said he, I wish you would give me two of those letters. "Why, what will you do with them?" says the knight. "Oh, I would send them my father and mother, said the man, it is a great while since I sent them a letter, and these will save me the expence of writing."

A fool, kept by King James I, upon some offence done by him to a gentleman, was told, that his fool's coat should be no protection to him, for he certainly would beat his head off, if ever he did the like again. The fool ran openmouth'd to the king with his complaint, who bid him not be afraid! for if the gentleman should kill him, he would hang him the day after. "I had much rather, replied the fool, you would hang him the day before."

An elderly gentleman was entertaining some company in a coffee-house with the felicities he had enjoyed in the early parts of his life, and lamented he was now grown
fo

so old; upon which an impertinent young fellow started up, and asked what he would give to be as young as he was? "Why, sir," answered the gentleman, "I would even submit to be almost as foolish."

Nash, seeing a gentleman before him in Fleet-street, whom he took for an old acquaintance, ran after him, and without speaking a word, clapped him on the shoulder. However, when the gentleman turned, he discovered his error, and asked pardon; but the other grumbled, and seemed displeased. "Pray don't be angry, said Nash, I mistook you for a very honest gentleman." "How do you know but I am so?" said the other surlily. "Why, if you are," said Nash, "I should be a second time mistaken."

A gentleman was reading to some company, in a coffee house by St. James's, a system of polity, in which a calculation was made of all the inhabitants in Great-Britain; the number seemed so immensely great to a beau politician who stood by, that he immediately cried, "Sir, if what you say be true, there is more people in Great Britain than in all England put together." "That wise gentleman," says an arch old cuss in the corner, "puts me in mind of the mayor of

W—, who, on being informed that a hurricane had destroyed many ships at sea, declared, with the sagacity and air of a magistrate, “that he believed more mischief was done by sea and land, than in all the world beside.”

As Mr. *Amner* was going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one-pair of-stairs window, and cried. “There goes Mr. *Amner*, that makes so many bulls!” He hearing them, looked back, and in a passion said, “You rascals! I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I’d throw you down stairs.”

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his misshapen figure, was a little vain of his person, asked Dr. Swift what people thought of him in Ireland. “Why, said Swift, they think you a very little man, but a very great poet.” Pope retorted with some acrimony, “They think the reverse of you in England.”

What poet ever lik’d his brother?

Wits are game-cocks to one another.

Quin was at Tunbridge a few years ago, when a certain fantastical gentleman burst out into such extravagant fits of laughter in the assembly-room, that he drew on him the observation of all the company; when, coming
ing

ing up to Quin, he asked him if he had ever seen a man in such spirits before. "Yes, once," replied Quin, but then he was in Moorfields.

C H A P. VI.

AS a boy, who lived in my neighbourhood, was keeping sheep on Marlborough Downs a gentleman called to him, and asked him, what it was o'clock. "It is twelve, sir," answered the boy. "No," returned the gentleman, it can't be twelve yet." "Then you may ride till it is, if you please" says the boy. The gentleman, thinking there was something droll in the boy's answer, after he had rode a little away, sent his servant back to know if he would come and live with him. "What does your master want me for?" said the boy. "To be his fool," answered the servant. "What, are you going away then?" quoth the boy, if you a'nt, I won't come, for your master can't afford to keep two of us."

A sea captain, being just come ashore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting match.

match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of it: Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them, the wind being at S. W. and twenty of us in company, away we set over the Downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale; we tack'd and stood after her, coming up close, she tacked and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but as the devil would have it, just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse overfet, and came keel upwards.

Upon the happy return of King Charles the second, one Bull, who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majesty's rights, was presented by the king with a grant for a very considerable benefice; but before the patent was sealed, my Lord Chancellor Hyde had disposed of it to another. The parson having spent all his money, put his hand into his pocket, and finding nothing but the king's grant there, with his hand to it, went boldly to his majesty, and told him he had lost all his money out of his pocket, and he found none but his majesty's hand

hand there. The king smiled, and asked him if his business was done: He replied, No; and he was thereon immediately recommended to Chancellor Hyde, to put him into business. Says the chancellor, knowing him to be a wit, "What's your name?" "Bull," says the parson. "Where are your horns?" says my lord. "Please your lordship," replied the parson, "the horns always go along with the Hyde."

Two scholars, passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the miller, looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have? and what they stared at? "Why, says one of them, we are looking at this thing; I pray, what is it?" "Why, says the miller, don't you see? where are your eyes? it is a windmill." "We crave your mercy, sir, say the scholars, we took it for a gaol, seeing a thief look out of the window."

Some persons pleading their cause before the lord chancellor, and showing, as it were, the boundaries and limits of their land; the council on one side said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the council on the other side said, "We lie on this side." The lord chancellor arose and said, "If you lie

on both sides, pray which would you have me believe?"

A lady belonging to a wealthy parish in London, having had the misfortune to bury several of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill, which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged. The sexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, saying. "As you have been a good chap, madam, and I expect more of your custom, I'll take it for this time; but I really can't afford it."

One of the Mendicant friars in France and his ass laden with his provisions he had collected, crossing a ferry, the poor beast, with the weight of his load, and the coldness of the season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the boat, thinking to be witty, told the friar, his brother trembled. "Aye, says the friar, if you had a cord round your neck, irons at your feet, and a man of my profession at your elbow, you would tremble too."

A Welchman riding with a charge of money was set upon by a thief, who bid him deliver it presently, or he would make that pistol bounce through him. "Says hur so?"
quoth

quoth the Welchman, well there is hur master's money, better lose that than hur own life: but, fir, since hur hath hur money, let hur have a pounce for hur money." So the thief to please the Welchman, let off his pistol. "Splutter hur nails, quoth the fellow, that was a rare pounce indeed; good fur, let hur have another pounce." So the thief let off the other; with which the Welchman seemed to be better pleased than before, and asked him if he had no more pounces. "No, says he, I have no more." "Then, said the fellow, hur has one pounce in store, which hur will make pounce through hur immediately, if hur deliver not hur money back presently." On this the thief, though with much reluctance, was obliged to give the Welch fox his money again.

It was an usual saying of King Charles the second, that sailors got their money like horses, and spent it like asses; and the following story, I think, is an instance of it. One sailor coming to another on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty shillings of him. The moneyed man fell to telling out the sum in shillings, but a half crown thrusting its head in put him out, and he began to
C 5 tell

tell again, when an impertinent crown piece was as officious as his halfbrother had been, and again interrupted the tale: so taking up a handful of silver, he cried, "Here Jack, give me a handful when your ship is paid; what signifies counting it."

A gentleman sent for his carpenter's servant, to drive a nail or two in his study; after the fellow had done, he scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. "Make you drink! said the gentleman, there's a pickle herring for you; if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another."

Lun, the famous harlequin, used frequently to sup at Jerry Lucas's, the Sun-Tavern, in Clare-market, which has a door in one street and windows in another. One night after the entertainment, he had got into a hackneycoach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun. It happened that as the fellow was driving by the window, Lun perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of the coach into the room. The coachman having turned the corner drove up to the house, and getting from the box opened the coach door, and let down the step; then, taking off his hat, he waited some time expecting

expecting his fare to alight, but at last looking into his coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, turned about, and was driving the same way back. As he passed by the window, Lun watched the opportunity, and again threw himself into the coach; he then looked out, and calling to the coachman, asked where he was going, and bid him turn and come once more to the Sun Tavern door. When Lun got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity he would have given him his fare: "No, God blefs your honour, says the man, my master has ordered me to take no money to night." "Why then, says Lun, he's a fool, and here's a shilling for yourself." "No, says the man, who by this time had mounted the coachbox, that won't do; I know you too well for all your shoes; and so Mr. Devil, for once you are out-witted.

C H A P. VII.

A GENTLEMAN, in the west of England, had a present made him of an exceeding fine ostrich, which excited the curiosity of the country; and such numbers went to see it, that had he been a man of spirit, he might with reputation have spent half his fortune; but, as he was an egregious miser, the history of that country tells us, it never cost him a single bottle of wine. Tom Tagg, among others, was taken by a relation of the gentleman's to see this uncommon creature. It was in the summer-time, and they had travelled a great way without any refreshment: upon which, Tom desired his friend to make a motion for something to drink; but he, knowing his cousin's disposition, declined it. While they were viewing the animal, a dispute arose between the two kinsmen, whether the account of its eating and digesting iron was true or false: after much altercation, it was left to the decision of Mr. Tagg, who boldly affirmed, that they did eat iron; "And it is my opinion, says he, this vile creature

ture has eaten the key of the cellar, or we should have been asked to drink before now."

A young fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last suit of clothes, was thus addressed by his friend; "Now I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, for you have put an end to all your cares." "How so?" said the gentleman. "Because," replied the other, "you have nothing left to take care of."

It has been often observed, with too much truth, that English gentlemen reap no benefit from travelling. Tom Smart made a pretty use of this, when he told a prating coxcomb, just returned from Italy, "That the English went out figures, and returned cyphers."

Tom Clark, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's history of the Reformation." The other told him he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers; but, if he pleased, he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, "He could not possibly

sibly spare them out of his chambers, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would."

Jemmy Spiller, as he was going one day through Rag-fair, a place where they sell second-hand goods, cheapened a leg of mutton, he saw hung up there at a butcher's stall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. "Are not you an unconscionable fellow," said Spiller, to ask such a price, when one may buy a new one for that in Clare-market?"

Quin was once upon a journey to Somersetshire, and having put up for a few days at a farm-house, which he admired for the agreeableness of its situation, he, in the mean while, turned his horse to grass, and lost him. Upon enquiring after him of a country fellow, and asking if there were any thieves, or horsetealers, in his neighbourhood, "No, we be all honest folk here," quoth the man, but there's one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling player from London, mayhap he may have stolen him."

As the late king was walking one morning in Hampton court gardens, a mower left his

his companion, and with his hat off, and scratching his head, thus addressed him: "God bless you, sir, I hope your majesty will give a poor mower something to drink your health this morning?" "I have no money, friend. I have no money" said the king. "Nor I neither, quoth the fellow, rot'em, I can't think what they have done with it all!"

A tradesman, who could neither write nor read, employed a faucy boy to write his letters for him. — It happened one day, that this young rogue was at play when his master wanted him to write to one of his customers; upon which he sent for him, was very angry, and called him puppy, as he usually did when out of temper. "Come, sit down, says he, ye puppy you, and write, ye puppy you." "What shall I write?" says the boy. "Why, returned the master, say, sir, ye puppy you, I have sent the goods, ye puppy you, and so on." The boy, in revenge for being chid by his master, wrote every word he said, and the letter ran thus:

"Sir, ye puppy you, I have sent the goods you ordered, ye puppy you, which are very good of the sort, ye puppy you,
and

and very cheap, ye puppy you, which is
all that's needful, ye puppy you, from

Your humble servant, ye puppy you,

T. S M I T H, ye puppy you.

London, Jan. 8. 1767, ye puppy you.

This letter was made up, and the boy carried it to the gentleman, who being greatly surprised at the contents, asked if his master could write. The boy blushed, but made no answer; upon which the gentleman saw he was guilty, and, calling to his servant, "Tom, says he, how many are four times five?" "Twenty, sir," answered the man. "Then take the horse-whip, says the gentleman, and give this boy twenty strokes for his insolence." These he received and carried home, and the gentleman followed with the letter to his master, who gave him twenty more; so that the young rogue got twice twenty, which is forty stripes, for misapplying his wit; and this proves "That wit is folly, unless a wise head hath the keeping of it."

A tradesman newly made mayor of a little town in the north, meeting with an old acquaintance while he was mending his hedge, who

who spoke to him, and by accident kept his hat off, imagined it was done out of respect to his new dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his muscles with great gravity, he said, "Put on your hat, fir, put on your hat, I am still but a man!"

A Lawyer and his man riding on the road, his man desired to know what was the chief point of the law. His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night, he would tell him; which the man agreed to. "Why then, said the master, good witnesses are the chief point in the law." When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, ordered the man to pay for them according to agreement. "Oh, fir, says he, where's your witness?"

A scholar declaiming in a college-hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and, in a low voice, desired one who stood close by him, to help him out: "No, says the other, you are out enough already."

We commonly say second thoughts are best; and young women who pretend to be averse to marriage, desire not to be taken at their words. One asked a girl, if she

would have him: "No, John, said she, but you may have me if you will."

One told another, who was not used to be clothed often, that his new coat was too short for him, "That's true, said he, but it will be long enough before I get another."

Hippesley, the player, having a large full wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a friend of his, that it was a very good one. "Faith, sir, said Hippesley with his usual humour, I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt."

A certain lord had a termagant wife, and at the same time a chaplain that was a tolerable poet, whom his lordship desired to write a copy of verses upon a shrew. "I can't imagine, said the chaplain, why your lordship should want a copy, who have so good an original."

An arch wag said, taylor's were like woodcocks, for they got their substance by their long bills.

C H A P. VIII.

C O N U N D R U M S.

WH Y is a passionate man like a gentleman's shirt?

Because he is ruffled.

Why are sleepy eyes like amber?

Because they draw straws.

Why is a woman's head like a mountebank?

Because it is often in a mob.

Why is a pretty lady like an oat-cake?

Because she is toasted.

Why are most authors like a ship just launched?

Because they want new rigging.

Why is a man in debt like a nobleman?

Because he has many to wait on him.

Why is a false note like a bar of iron?

Because it is forged.

Why is going into the country like learning to dance?

Because it gives one a good air.

Why is claret like an oath?

Because it is binding.

Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

Because it wants mending.

Why is a good sermon like a plumb-pudding,

Because there are reasons in it.

Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?

Because there is a Cork in it.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgotten?

Because it is out of one's head.

Why is a peevish man like a watch?

Because he is often wound up.

Why is swearing like a shabby coat?

Because it is a bad habit.

Why is a parish-bell like a good story?

Because it is often told.

Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack?

Because he serves but one year.

Why is a looking-glass like a philosopher?

Because it reflects.

What is a man like, that is in the midst of

a great river, and cannot swim:

Like to be drowned.

Why is a cook like a woman of fashion?

Because she dresses well.

Why is a book like a tree?

Because it is full of leaves.

Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?

Because it is in sheets.

What

Why is a first floor like a lie!

Because it is a story raised.

What is a man like, in the midst of a desert,
without meat or drink?

Like to be starved.

Why is a poor man like a sempstress?

Because he makes shifts.

P A R T II.

Prudent Maxims and Wise Sayings.

C H A P. I.

SILENCE, when it appears free from affectation, fullness, and ignorance, is a sort of ornament to speech, and, like authority, procures respect.

He that blows the coals of others strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in his face.

Alexander used to shut up one ear with his hand, when he heard any accuser in criminal matters: thereby, as he called it, reserving the other for the defendant.

In speaking to men, consider whether what you are about to say be better than silence; suitable to times, places, and persons; befitting both speaker and hearer.

Words are arrows that ought not to be shot at random.

When reason is beat off its guard, the tongue is apt to run riot.

To lie to the prejudice of others, argues malice and villany; to lie in excuse of ourselves, guilt and cowardice.

By one single lie a man loses all his good name; deceit goes for false coin, and the deceiver for the coiner, which is still worse.

Perjury is not only a wrong to particular persons, but treason against human society; subverting at once the foundations of public peace and justice, and the private security of every man's life and fortune.

Interrupt nobody, even in telling a story you had heard before: why should you rob one who seeks to divert you of the pleasure of believing he had told you something you did not know, or hinder the reasonable diversions of his friends?

Montagne justly complains, that instead of taking notice of others, we make it our business to have the company take notice of us.

To give your opinion before required, looks like upbraiding others ignorance, or over-valuing your own parts.

In giving your opinion, be neither stiff nor singular about things indifferent, nor over confident in doubtful and obscure.

Censure always with modesty and caution, lest you forwardly condemn what you have not skill to understand.

Praise no man too liberally before his face, neither censure him too lavishly behind his back. The one favours of flattery, the other of malice.

Condemn nothing out of humour, nor maintain any thing out of faction: never defend a false cause either to revenge a wrong, or do a pleasure.

Be not forward to spread reports, lest your credit be called in question, or you chance to kindle a fire you cannot easily quench.

Contend not with superiors: the thread will break where it is weakest.

Make a virtue of necessity, and suffer what you cannot hinder with a respectful humility.

'Tis next to conquering, wisely to submit.

Shun or break off all disputes with inferiors, lest they lose their respect.

Take heed of speaking when you are angry.

Passion is a sort of fever in the mind, that always leaves us weaker than it finds us.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

Cardinal Mazarine used to say, "Two to one in all things against the angry man."

Never whisper in company, especially of your betters, the more eminent the persons are the more it is uncivil.

If we have private business with any one in company, we ought, when nobody is discoursing, to ask leave, and then take them aside, and carefully avoid eyeing any of the company whilst discoursing privately, lest it should be thought we talk of them.

The height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things.

In all debates speak last, to be master of others strength before you show your own.

He that will not hear cannot judge; and he that cannot bear contradiction may with all his wit miss his mark.

A man that in conversation modestly questions much, may learn much, if he wisely applies his questions to the skill of the persons with whom he discourses, and puts them upon those things they understand best; for by giving them the pleasure of showing their expertness, he may collect at ease

the choicest things that others have acquired by long study and pains.

Should you be obliged to enter upon an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, to the end that if you appear to have the worst end of the staff, you may make an honourable retreat, with an *I was not positive, and am now glad to be better informed.*

When you have said a pleasant thing never repeat it, whether the company heard it or lost it, let it pass off as it came on, carelessly and easily, without laying any stress upon it. Why should you set up for a wit, to find laughter for others?

Many, by endeavouring to purchase the reputation of being witty, have lost the advantage of appearing wise; and, by too often trying to excite laughter, made themselves ridiculous.

To laugh first, much, or loud, at serious matters, or at what you say yourself, is the way to be derided by others.

Upbraid no man with his weakness, neither report it to disparage him or advance thyself. It is a wretched thing to establish ourselves upon the ruin of others, and a very scandalous way to fame.

Mode-

Modesty makes men amiable to their friends, and respected by their very enemies. In all places, and on all occasions, it attracts benevolence, and demands approbation.

Seeing there is no protection against the sting of a malevolent wit and licentious tongue, if at any time you chance to be touched to the quick, turn wittily into a jest what was rudely said in earnest.

He that revengeth himself by not being offended, retorts upon his adversary the grief and smart intended by the affront, with the additional sting of the disappointment.

Socrates being asked, "Who was the wisest man?" answered, "He that offends least."

If you have erred, persevere not in it; think it no shame to submit to truth, but rather rejoice that you have found it.

Never swell a small impertinence into a crime by defending it. Be the first to condemn yourself; it is the way to extricate yourself out of difficulties with honour.

Aristippus and Aeschines having fallen out, Aristippus came and asked Aeschines, whether they would be friends? "Yes, with all my heart," says Aeschines. "Remember

ber, says Aristippus, that I, though your elder, fought for peace." "True, says Aeschines, I began the strife, and you the peace; for which reason I will always acknowledge you to be the worthiest man."

A man that walks the streets in a populous city, must expect to meet with a jostle in one place, a slip in another, a stop in a third, the dash of a kennel in the fourth, &c. &c. Just such are the adventures of life, and with the same consideration to be undergone.

Disputes commonly begin in mistakes, are carried on with heat and fury, and end in reproach and uncharitable names, and too frequently in blood.

It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression, not tendering evil for evil. Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

When you have found a friend, be faithful, discreet, and sincere; bear his little failings; and, so far as consists with honour and a good conscience, cultivate his friendship, lest it expire; yet neither ask nor grant him any thing unjust or evil. Love him so as to hate his faults, and never by too great a familiarity expose yourself to his contempt.

The

The many things a man cannot do for himself speak his need of a faithful friend; who, the wise son of Sirach says, is the medicine of life.

The blind man bears the lame; what fate denies

The wretched pair, their mutual help supplies:

One lends his feet, the other lends his eyes.

C H A P. II.

A Man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all.

Be as solicitous to avoid making enemies as to gain friends.

Injure no man: the meanest person may, once in seven years, have an opportunity of doing you much good or harm.

Though we have a thousand friends we may lack more, but one enemy is too much.

Whosoever would reclaim his friend, and bring him to a perfect understanding of himself, may privately admonish, but must never

ver publicly reprehend him. An open admonition is an open disgrace.

Two persons will not be friends a long time if they cannot forgive one another little failings.

All men have their frailties; whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

Harmony of temper begets and preserves friendship; but disagreeing inclinations are like improper notes in music, that serve only to spoil the concert and offend the ear.

There must be a nice diet observed to keep friendship from falling sick; nay, there is more skill necessary to keep a friend, than there is to reclaim an enemy.

Those who slight and disoblige their friends shall infallibly come to know the value

value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

Plato, being told that somebody had spoken ill of him, said, "It matters not, I will live, so that nobody shall believe him."

The eyes, tongue, and looks are the windows and doors, no less than the interpreters of the hearts of man: every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other.

Any thing that disturbs our reason lets loose the tongue; which, when at liberty, seldom keeps within the bounds of prudence.

Be grave, but not formal; brave, but not rash; humble, not servile; patient, not insensible; constant, not obstinate; chearful, not light; rather sweet than familiar; familiar than intimate; and intimate with very few, and upon very good grounds.

Because you find any thing difficult to practise, do not presently conclude you cannot master it.

Virtue is never the less venerable for being out of fashion.

If

If it is common to be touched with things rare, how comes it that we are so little touched with virtue?

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

A forwardness to oblige, doubles the intrinsic worth of the obligation: in these cases, whatever is done with pleasure is always received so.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

There is no excess in the world so commendable as an excess of gratitude.

A knave leans sometimes so hard upon his impudence, that it breaks and lets him fall.

He is rich enough that needs neither to flatter nor borrow, and truly rich that is satisfied.

He that keeps his accounts will keep his family; but he that keeps no account may be kept by the parish.

A knave may get more than an honest man for a day; but the honest man will get most by the year.

A diligent careful master makes a good servant; but he that is careless makes all his people partners.

Absence lessens small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

He that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest enemies.

A good-natured man has the whole world to be happy out of. Whatever good befalls his species, a well-deserving person promoted, a modest man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon as a remote blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the narrowness of his own fortune, when it doth the same thing he would have done, had it been in his power: for what a luxurious man in poverty would want, for delicacies, for horses, and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friend or the poor.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit, for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

He that can be quite indifferent when he sees another man injured, hath a lukewarm honesty that a wise man will not depend upon.

Cruelty is so contrary to human nature, that it is distinguished by that scandalous name, inhumanity.

Malice may be sometimes out of breath, envy never. A man may make peace with hatred, but never with envy.

Refuse not to be informed; good counsel breaks no man's head. Solomon brands those for fools that despise instruction; and Horace laughs at those that are ashamed to learn, and not ashamed to be ignorant.

To do nothing amiss is the best way of being revenged of our enemies.

Stand in awe of yourself, if you would not be ashamed before others.

What avails the faculty of reason without the exercise of it? Where an obstinate *I will* is the preface, *I would I had not* is generally the conclusion.

It is impossible to be happy without making reason the standard of all our thoughts, words, and actions, and yielding constant, ready, and chearful obedience to all its dictates.

The care of religion, and of our souls, is the one thing necessary. He that neglects the service of the Almighty, dies without doing that for which he was made to live.

Religion will bear a man up in all estates and accidents, make his thoughts virtuous, his words discreet, actions prudent, and life blameless; as aiming only at the glory of God, and doing all the good he can to himself and others.

True devotion is the source of repose; it supports us in life, and sweetens death.

Christianity is the highest exaltation of nature and right reason, the only excellent and compendious art of happy living. Piety towards God, justice and charity towards men, and temperance and chastity in reference to ourselves, are tasks that are rewards, and precepts that are a divine sort of alchemy, to sublime at once our natures and our pleasures.

As yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; this day is only ours, which, if lost, is lost for ever.

C H A P. III.

TO laugh at deformed persons is inhuman, if not impious.

He who makes a jest of the frailties of human nature, upbraids the god of nature.

Old age is too venerable for raillery, and should be revered.

The unfortunate are fit subjects of compassion, not of raillery.

'Tis monstrous to consider how easy and pleased we are when we rally or play upon others; and how angry and choleric when we are rallied or played upon ourselves.

He that affects always showing his wit, seldom fails of letting the world know he has little or none.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

Few are so wise as to prefer useful reproof to treacherous praise.

He that reviles me, it may be, calls me fool; but he that flatters me, if I take not good heed, will make me so.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us little harm.

A beau dressed out is as the cinnamon-tree, the bark is more worth than the body.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

Rise when the cock calls: let not the sun be up before you. Man's life is at most but a span: Why should you live but half your days?

Count your very minutes; let no time slip you. Time is life, which wise men lengthen by a right use of it from one moment to another.

Be neither mimically in, nor ridiculously out of the fashion: let your apparel be neat, not chargeable, fitted as well to your estate, years, and profession, as to your person. "A fool is known by his coat."

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes; none will depend on these ornaments, but they who have no others.

A fine coat is but a livery, when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman.

We read in Daniel how pulse and water made the four children fairer in countenance,

and fatter in flesh, than those who fared on the royal provision.

Men rifle the air, the seas, and the forests, to please their palates, till from excess of meats and drinks proceed dulness of spirits, heaviness of mind, and such vicious humours and crudities, as occasion a long train of diseases, swell the bills of mortality, and prepare a treat for the worms.

When a man is taken sick, his senses are busied about his disease, or distracted between physician, lawyer, and minister, so that his friends are unwelcome, strangers troublesome, visits offend, his own servants cannot please, others discourses tire him; to speak spends, to be silent grieves him; not to be told how he does vexes him, to be told how ill he is discomforts him; to see his wife and children weeping and lamenting, bitterly afflicts him. Thus distressed and distracted with sickness, pain, and grief, and still as death approaches, the worm of conscience gnawing, and evil spirits moving to despair, how miserably disabled and unfit will the heart of a sinner be, to lift up itself to God by a sincere repentance! When surrounded by these deplorable horrors, how wretched is that man,
who

who cannot look backward but with shame, nor forward but with terrour! What comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity; or what will his sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns, avail him in that day of his distress?

When I look upon the tombs of the Great, says Mr. Addison, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

To carry inflaming tales between persons at variance, is as dangerous an office as holding a wolf by the ears.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

True honour will pay treble damages, rather than justify one wrong by another.

Slanderers are like flies; they leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

Slander would not stick, if it had not something to lay hold of.

What mischief is it the craft and subtilty of a double tongue cannot work upon a credulous fool: tale-bearers ought to be hung up by the tongue, tale-hearers by the ears.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; neither report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to conceal it.

Those who are incapable of great crimes do not readily suspect others of them.

Hear

Hear not ill of an enemy: believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

It is insolent as well as unnatural to trample upon the venerable decays of human nature: he that acts in this manner does but expose his own future condition, and laugh at himself before-hand.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

Use makes every posture familiar to the body, and every opinion to the mind.

If a man walks lame, he is pitied; if he dances lame, he is laughed at: The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The desire of appearing persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Our humour has more faults than our understanding.

Familiarity, it is true, breeds contempt; but love is not to be gained without some degree of it.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither

better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

The only way to be revenged on a person who talks too much, is not to give him the hearing.

The shortest and best way to make your fortune, is to convince people it is their interest to serve you.

He who solicits for others has the confidence of one that demands justice; and he who speaks for himself, the confusion and bashfulness of him that implores mercy.

A man throws himself down whilst he complaineth; and when a man throws himself down, no body cares to take him up again.

Nothing has an uglier look to us than reason, when it is not on our side. We quarrel so often with it, that it makes us afraid to come near it. A man that doth not use his reason is a tame beast: a man that abuses it a wild one.

C H A P. IV.

YOU must labour and climb the hill, if you would arrive at virtue, whose seat is upon the top of it; it is a great encouragement to well doing, that when you are once in the possession of virtue, it is your own for ever.

Virtue is like precious odours, fragrant by being crushed: for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity best discovers virtue.

If vanity does not overturn all the virtue, it certainly makes them totter.

The strongest passions allow us some rest, but vanity keeps us perpetually in motion. "What a dust do I raise?" says the fly upon a coach wheel.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not so much complain of the pride of others.

Humility is no doubt a great virtue, but it ceases to be so when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing.

Hope is generally a wrong guide, though it is very good company by the way: It brushes through hedge and ditch, till it comes

mes to a great leap, and there is apt to fall.

The reflection upon a holy and virtuous life, and the consciousness of a man's uprightness and sincerity, are springs of joy and peace to him, which refresh his mind with unspeakable comfort and pleasure, under all the evils and calamities of death.

The best philosophy is to study man's mortality, and to meditate frequently upon death.

Death keeps no calender; he turns many pale before age hath made them grey. Far greater numbers are snatched away in their infancy than live to the age of maturity.

The world owes us all to death. Kind heaven hath concealed the hour, that we might be ever in readiness for it.

There will come an evening after which we shall see no morning; or a morning after which we shall see no evening.

Our infancy is full of ignorance and fears; our youth of sin; our age of sorrow; and our whole life of danger.

Never think your soul in a good case, so long as you are afraid to think of dying.

Whilst young and in health, ere pains or fears abate the acts of reason, think often on the
the

the great end of your creation, and the proper means to attain that end.

Flatter not yourself by the example of the thief upon the cross; but take warning by the rich fool in the gospel.

Let not the greatness of your guilt, though heightened by such repeated provocations as gall your conscience, and fill your soul with terrour, nor the difficulty of the work, deter you from repentance, much less cause you to adjourn it to old age.

The hoary fool, who many days

Has struggled with continued sorrow,

Renews his hope, and blindly lays

The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

To morrow comes, 'tis noon, 'tis night.

The day like all the former flies;

Yet on he runs to seek delight

To-morrow; 'till to-night he dies.

It is madness in a business whereon depends the welfare of the soul, to tarry and wait for the worst disposition of the body.

The good we have received from a man should make us bear with the ill he doth us.

Where diligence opens the the door of the understanding, and impartiality keeps it,
truth

truth is sure to find both an enterance and a welcome.

He who desires to live, merely for living's sake, has not a worthy notion of his being. He only puts a right value upon life, who desires it that he may do good.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind: honesty gives him a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and munificence, universal affection; temperance confers on him health of body, and fortitude such a steady and quiet mind as not to be moved, whatever happens.

Fear may keep a man out of danger, but courage only can support him in it.

We should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

He that laughs at mischief tells us he is pleased that it is done, though he is sorry he had no hand in it.

He that is in the wrong oftentimes deserves our pity; but he that is unwilling to be in the right, should have nothing but our contempt.

Whoever flies to a knavish lawyer for succour, as the sheep to the bushes in a storm,

storm, must expect to leave good part of his coat behind him.

No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.

If he is only rich who wants nothing, a very wise man is a very rich man.

He is a wise man, who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will is lord of himself.

When a man owns himself to be in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was.

There is as much difference between wit and wisdom, as betwixt the talent of a buffoon and a statesman; and yet, in the ordinary course of the world, one passes for the other.

Witty men commit the most fatal errors, as the strongest horses make the most dangerous stumbles; a moderate genius goes fair and softly, and advances slowly, but more certainly to a design.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so useful as common sense.

There are forty men of wit for one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about

about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by showing its faults; as when the stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

A wise man maintains the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but by temperance: and drinks wine, as sick men take physic, merely for health. Reason is his rule, conscience his counsellor, and his actions are ever contrary to those he finds fault with. Age renders him neither morose nor imperious; his knowledge influences and tempers his mind with all the humanity, goodness, calmness, strength, and sincerity of a sound and unaffected philosopher, and makes his conversation so affable, pleasant, and instructive, that both young and old delight in it, and improve by his councils.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

The situation of the rich differs not considerably from that of the poor. Want and superfluity may be attended with equal inconvenience.

conveniencies; as intense cold and heat have equally bad effects.

It is not uncommon to see dejected countenances in gilt coaches, and merry faces behind them.

He is the richest man who desires no superfluity, and wants for no necessary.

Fulness breeds forgetfulness of God and his works, of men and their miseries.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that ever was preached upon that subject.

An habit of idleness, or inapplication of mind, contracts a stagnation of humours, numbness of the joints, and dulness of the brain, hardly or never to be cured.

There are very few who know how to be idle and innocent: By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

Bishop Sanderson says, idle gentlemen and idle beggars are the very pests of the common-wealth.

Solomon notes that from idleness and sloth come poverty, servitude, fruitless wishes and desires, hunger, beggary, death.

The pleasure of the body is commonly the poison of the mind.

Use study for delight, ornament, and ability: and labour, if not for food, for physic.

Books are noble companions; history makes men wise, poetry witty, the mathematics subtile, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logick and rhetorick able to contend, &c.

Study and learning refine our minds and manners, make a young man thinking, attentive, industrious, and wary; an old man chearful and resolved: they are an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, an entertainment abroad, a companion at home; they chear in solitude and prison, and moderate our passions in the height of fortune.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the hero, the saint, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and have brought to light.

A D D E N D A.

History of the four Ladies, Coquetilla, Prudiana, Profusiana, and Prudentia.

COQUETILLA was the daughter of a worthy baronet, by a lady very gay, but rather indiscreet, who took not the requisite care of her daughter's education, but let her overrun with the love of fashions, dress, and equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, and the withdrawing-room took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered about, laughing at, and despising a croud of men followers, whom she attracted by gay thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, so nearly treading on the steps of immodesty. Yet made she not one worthy conquest, exciting on the contrary, in all sober minds, that contempt upon herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world. After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed

F 2 the

the wings of her reputation; for, being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution enough to break through those cobweb reserves in which she had incircled her precarious virtue, and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, when she met with a man more bold and enterprising than herself, and who was as designing and as thoughtless. And what then became of Coquetilla? — Why she was obliged to pass over sea to Ireland, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in dull obscurity.

Prudiana was the daughter of a gentleman who was a widower, and had, while the young lady was an infant, buried her mama. He was a good sort of man; but had but one lesson to teach Prudiana, and that was, to avoid all manner of conversation with the men; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties, which would have been her best guard against all temptations. For provided she kept out of the sight and conversation of the gentlemen, and avoided the company of those ladies, who

who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all her papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, fullen, and reserved turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had sense enough to discover early the faults of Coquetilla, and in dislike of them, fell more easily into that contrary extreme, which her recluse education, and her papa's cautions, naturally led her; so that pride, reserve, affectation, and censoriousness, made up the essentials of her character, and she became more unamiable than Coquetilla; and as the other was too accessible, Prudiana was quite unapproachable by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation but that of her servants, being also deserted by those of her own sex, by whom she might have improved, on account of her censorious disposition; and what was the consequence? Why this; every worthy person despising her, and she being used to see nobody but servants, at last throws herself upon one of that class: In an evil hour, she finds something that is taking to her low taste in the person of her papa's valet, a wretch so infinitely beneath her, but a gay coxcomb of a servant, that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the

first advances; for, otherwise it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter: so here ended all her pride. All her reserves came to this! Her censoriousness of others, redoubled people's contempt upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally, turned out of doors without a penny of fortune; so that Prudiana became the outcast of her family, and the scorn of all who knew her; and was forced to mingle in conversation and company with the wretches of her husband's degree!

Profusiana took another course to her ruin: she fell into some of Coquetilla's foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the higher life, she gives herself up to the circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblies; affects to shine at the head of all company, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every other place of public resort; plays high, is always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments, and is so much above the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving

ing

ing of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behaviour. She becomes the favourite toast of the places she frequents, is proud of that distinction; gives into the fashion, and delights in the pride, that she can make apes in imitation whenever she pleases. But yet endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence; her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women that she sees, if she excels them, hate her; the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honour. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in general is governed by principles of virtue, came down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage, with any acquaintance begun on that

gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions is then Profusiana excluded from?

Her name indeed is written on every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate, or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it: and that may be, with vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. All this while makes not the least impression upon one noble heart; and at last, perhaps having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortunehunter, who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into an obscurity, which cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance but on the brittle glass, and more faithful bark, that ever she had a being.

But *Prudentia*, like the industrious bee, makes her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt, who loved her and an uncle who doated

doated on her: for, alas! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mama almost in her infancy, in one week; but was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied the fluttering freedoms, and dangerous flights of Coquetilla; the swollen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves which Prudiana assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinsel grandeur, which were the blemishes of Profusiana's character, she dreaded and shunned; she fortifies herself with the excellent examples of the past and present ages, and knows how to avoid the errors of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the true excellencies of her sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestick virtues, which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly

earthly happiness; and which, of course, will secure and heighten her own.

That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shone in all her actions and behaviour, commend her to the reverence and esteem of all mankind, as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what is said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name indeed is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the bark of trees in public places; but it is pleasing to every one, dwells on every tongue, and is engraved on every heart. She meets with no address but from men of honour and probity: the fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as hers is. They see all her amiable virtues are the happy result of an uniform judgement, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the greatest credit; and at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex any lady's choice, she blesses some good happy gentleman, more distinguished than the

the

the rest, for learning, good sense, and true politeness, which is but another word for virtue and honour; and shines to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend and christian; and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and such edifying presages.

To a Robin Red Breast, that lodged in a Gentleman's House.

Written by a Young Lady.

WELCOME pretty harmless creature.

From the cold and blust'ring winds
Here each night thy tender nature
Safety, warmth, and rest shall find.

When the sun's returning rays
Drive night's gloomy shades away;
With thy soft harmonious lays,
Here salute the chearful day.

From my chamber when I come,
Let not fear invade thy breast;
Still my house shall be thy home,
At my table thou shalt feast.

Unconfin'd, or go, or stay,
No one e'er shall thee molest;
All my kindness thou'lt repay
With thy music, tuneful guest.

END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING

THE

LILLIPUTIAN BIOGRAPHER.

VOL. VIII.

A

LECTURES
ON THE HISTORY OF THE
AMERICAN INDIANS

With a view to the illustration of the
geography which has been
one view, the actions and conduct of those
who have lived here, before the
arrival of the Europeans, and the progress of
our own knowledge, which can be
very trifling in the age of machine and
I have therefore collected all the
of Lilliput for the amusement of the
me; so that they may be able to
here meet with the most interesting
tions lives, that has ever been
the Lilliputians, regarding of them

P R E F A C E.

WITHOUT the assistance of Biography, which lays before us, in one view, the actions and conduct of those who have lived ages before us, we should be confined to the narrow limits of our own knowledge, which can be but very trifling at the age of my little pupils: I have therefore ransacked all the libraries of Lilliput for the materials of this volume; so that they may be assured they will here meet with the best collection of curious lives, that has ever yet appeared in the Lilliputian republic of letters.

I would advise all my little pupils, whether masters or misses, carefully to read this volume and endeavour to imitate

every thing done by those, who, through their industry, care, and prudence, have made themselves, beloved and respected by all, and have thereby raised themselves to the most distinguished honour.

WITHOUT the assistance of his-
graphy, which lays before us, in
 one view, the actions and conduct of tho-
 se who have lived ages before us, we
 should be confined to the narrow limits of
 our own knowledge, which can be but
 very trifling at the age of my little pupils:
 I have therefore ransacked all the libraries
 of Lilliput for the materials of this volume;
 so that they may be assured they will
 here meet with the best collection of cu-
 rious lives, that has ever yet appeared in
 the Lilliputian republic of letters.

I would advise all my little pupils, whe-
 ther masters or mistresses, carefully to read
 this volume and endeavour to imitate
 every

THE
LILLIPUTIAN BIOGRAPHER.

MEMOIRS *of* a PIOUS HERMIT.

AMONG the ancient records of Lilliput, we read of a certain Hermit, who had passed the greatest part of his life in the middle of a lonely desert, remote from all mankind, whose food was the fruits of the earth, whose drink was the chrystal fountain, and who, had not one single doubt arisen, might have ended his days in devotion and happiness. This doubt was, whether Providence guided the actions of men or not; for, said he, if heaven does really interest itself in the concerns of mortals, how happens it, that we so often see vice triumphing over virtue, and the good man suffering great injuries from the hands of the wicked?

In order to clear the matter up, he determined, even in his old age, to leave his humble cell, and to visit the world. Accordingly he arose at break of day, and

after travelling for some time, he perceived a youth come posting over a cross way; his raiment was decent, his complexion fair, and his hair fell in loose ringlets down his shoulders: when they met, "Good-day to you, honoured father," said the youth, and "Good day to you, young man," replied the Hermit. Words brought on words, and questions produced answers; and the agreeable conversation deceived the length of their journey till night approached. They observed a stately palace just by the roadside; the knight who resided there was hospitable, but very ostentatious; they stepped up to the door, and giving a gentle knock, were admitted in an instant; a splendid supper was served up, and a large train of livery servants attended, and waited upon the two guests with as much respect as if they had been noblemen: at length they went to bed, being fatigued with their journey, and did not wake till morning. As soon as they were up, however, they were summoned, by their kind host, to breakfast; the table in the hall was covered with a sumptuous banquet, and rich wines were handed round in a large golden cup. When they had eaten and drank as much as they pleased

pleased, the knight dismissed them, and they left his door with ten thousand thanks; the landlord only had reason to be sorry, for the young man was so ungrateful as to purloin the golden cup.

They had not pursued their journey far, before the youth took an opportunity of showing it to the Hermit, and acquainted him of having secreted it under his cloak. The sage stood for some time in astonishment and confusion; he wished, but did not dare to hint his desire of parting; he turned up his eyes to heaven, and thought it hard, that generous actions should be so strangely rewarded.

The weather now became cloudy, a rustling noise was heard in the air, the cattle in the fields scudded across the plain in search of shelter, and at length so violent a shower fell, that the two travellers were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbouring seat; it stood upon a rising ground, and was built in the old Gothic taste, with turrets at every corner; it was moreover large and very strong; and the uncultivated state of the fields round about, bespoke it the residence of some penurious miser.

They stood knocking at the door for a long time, driven by the wind, battered by rain, and almost blinded by lightning. At length a small gleam of pity warmed the breast of the master of the house, he advanced with slow and creeping steps, the lock was turned with a suspicious care, and, for the first time, his threshold received the feet of a stranger. They were but half welcomed. One frugal faggot only lighted the naked wall; a small pittance of coarse brown bread was brought out, and a little flat small beer to allay their thirst; even this refreshment was not granted without grudging, and as soon as the tempest ceased, a ready warning bid them depart in peace.

The Hermit could not help privately expressing his amaze, that a man of such possessions could lead so fordid a life; and here again he blamed Providence, for suffering so much wealth to be uselessly locked up, when by an equal distribution it might have made thousands happy. But with what new wonder was he seised, when he beheld his companion reward such stinginess with the valuable cup, that had before been stolen from a more generous benefactor.

Night

Night soon after once more came on, and once more they wanted a place of rest; and looking round, they perceived a mansion not far off; the dwelling was neither mean, nor idly superb, and it seemed to bespeak the mind of its owner, a man content and benevolent, not for the sake of idle praise, but from a principle of virtue. Hither they bent their way, and were very kindly received; the host gave them a sober, welcome repast: and they talked upon subjects of religion and virtue till bed-time.

In the morning, before they departed, the youth drew near to a cradle, where laid an innocent infant, the pride and joy of its aged father, and writhed its neck. But how looked the Hermit, when he beheld the black deed! O strange return for so much hospitality!

Confused, and struck with horror, the good old man was determined to get rid of so vile a companion: he fled, but the youth pursued and soon overtook him. As the country laid wide, and the roads were difficult to find, a servant went before to show the way; they had occasion at last to pass a river, when the youth, who seemed to watch every opportunity of mischief, ap-

proached the careless guide as he was crossing a wooden bridge, and soured him into the river; for some time he plunged, and called for help, but being at length worn out and suffocated, he sunk to rise no more.

The Hermit's eyes now sparkled with rage and detestation; he overcame his fears, and wildly exclaimed, "Detested wretch"—before he could speak another word, his partner seemed no longer man; a sweet serenity graced his youthful visage, his robe turned as white as snow, and flowed down to his feet; a radiant crown adorned his temples, heavenly odours breathed round about him, and his wings displayed colours more beautiful than the rainbow. The pilgrim stood astonished; surprise had stopped his speech, and he knew not what to do. The beauteous angel at length broke silence in the following manner:

"Thy prayers and praises, O holy Hermit, thy virtue and religion, rise in sweet memorial before the throne of Grace, and call even an angel down to calm thy mind. Then know this truth; the great Creator of the universe justly claims the world he has created, and his Majesty depends on using second means to work his own good purposes.

poses. The vain man, who fared sumptuously, and whose life was too luxurious to be good, whose sideboard displayed his wealth, and who forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, by losing the golden cup, has broke off so bad a custom; and though he still welcomes every stranger yet he now does it with less pomp and expence.

“As for the suspicious wretch, whose doors were bolted with so much precaution, with him I left the cup, that he might learn, that if mortals will be kind, heaven can repay their benevolence; conscious of this, his icy bosom now, for the first time, feels the warm touch of compassion.

“The child of our pious friend had almost weaned the affections of his father from the duty he owed to the Almighty; but Got, to save the parent, took the child; to all but thee he seemed to die in fits, and I was ordained to call him hence. The poor, humble, fond father now owns in tears, that the punishment was just.

“But had the false servant whom I drowned returned back in safety, what a fund of charity would then have been lost! for he had laid a plot against the life and possession of his master, and this night, this very night,

it would have been put in execution. Thus then, by heaven instructed, depart in peace, resign and sin no more."

The vision vanished, On bended knees the Hermit gazed with holy admiration, and said, "Lord as in heaven on earth thy will be done:" then rising, sought his ancient residence, and spent the remainder of his life in piety and peace; convinced of this great duty, that when men cannot investigate the Almighty's operations, they ought to trust to the rectitude of them, without doubting or discontent.

ANECDOTES of HELIM the VIRTUOUS PHYSICIAN.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim, the Great Physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also Governor of
the

the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin, the great king of Persia. Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing, lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: "Helim, said he, I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining who are as yet but infants. It is my desire that thou take them home with thee and educate them as thy own. Train them in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed and went

out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship; that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they lived together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that
was

was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who, pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him, it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful services; and, that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter; "Far be it, said he, from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after

after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eyes as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was again conveyed to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment, insomuch, that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any
senti-

sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid Balsora asleep.

It is the custom, among the Persians, to convey, in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace: which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any ways allied to them. The
chief

chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by an hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balfora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effects. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him the sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first

first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Manomet, in the company of his Balfora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His great perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the grates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon, of the month Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, which flowed

flowed on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balfora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negros, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of his family. Helim had placed two of his mules at about a mile distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had
be wolt agreed

agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses which was situated on mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens, that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balfora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to this manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years, he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the

supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after an opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so goodnatured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him, that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed.

The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balfora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, *'tis he; my Abdallah!*—Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company for some time remained silent, and shedding tears for joy. The king at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balfora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah, continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens, and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the

empire, and it is therefore called the Garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balfora. This was that king Abdallah; who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

The good dispositions of the two brothers Ibrahim and Abdallah, as well as that of the fair Balfora, and the happy consequences resulting therefrom, can be imputed only to the advantage of a virtuous education under the wise Helim; a proof that nothing has contributed so much to the happiness of persons of all ranks, and of every age, country, and religion, as pious precepts early impressed on the infant mind, and enforced with suitable examples.

MEMOIRS of a BASKET-MAKER.

IN the midst of the ocean, commonly called the South Sea, lie the islands of Solomon: in the centre of those lies one, distant

stant from the rest, and larger in proportion. The prince, who now reigns absolute in this central island, has given the Name of Solomon's Islands to the whole, by the effect of that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this island, becoming rich to such a degree, as to despise the good qualities which had originally enobled his family, thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but found himself at a loss in pursuit of a large slip of marsh land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea: resolving at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to restraint in his pleasures, for the ease and convenience of an obstinate mechanic, and having often endeavoured in vain to buy it of the owner, who was an honest poor Basket-maker, and whose livelyhood depended on working up the flags of those reeds in a manner peculiar to himself; the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and com-

manded his servants to burn down the barrier. The Basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression in terms more suited to his sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender; and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult, ill usage, and indignity.

There was but one remedy, and he took it; for going to the capital, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance; who confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction. But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grand-father of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt; his distinction was nobler than yours; it was the distinction of soul, not of fortune! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant, that ease and distinction of fortune

ne

ne were bestowed on him for any other end, than that being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others.

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a fullennefs which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonalty, whom he considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men who were born with honours. When reflection is wanting, replied the king, with a smile of disdain, men must find their defect in the pain of their sufferings. Yanhumo, added he, turning to a hardy captain of his gallies, strip the injured and the injurer, and, conveying them to one of the most remote parts of the island, set them on shore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a marsh, under cover of whose flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to his companion, whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with; but the lights in the galley having given

alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down in the morning, and discovered the strangers in their hiding-places; setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them, and advancing nearer and nearer, with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to despatch them without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary; for between a consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to, a fear to the event, from the fierceness of the savages, and the want of means to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity, and with an unmanly sneakingness, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man, whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The Basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual, to whom a life of pain and mortification, represented death as not dreadful; and whose remembrance of his skill in arts, of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful,
moved

moved with bolder and more open freedom, and having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would show them something worthy their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings; while the savages drew near, and gazed; in expectation of the consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanship, and rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placing it gently on his head, so charmed and struck his followers, that they threw down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of so surprising a favour.

There was not one but showed the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as his captain; so the poor Basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings; so he arose

and secured his oppressor; by making fings that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with the desire the savages had to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round and mark the progress of a work they took so much pleasure in; they left the gentleman therefore to his duty in the basket-maker's service; and considered him from that time forward as one who was, and ought to be treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the island, came in droves, the men fell to work, gathered boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the Basket-maker, and brought down daily from the country such provisions as they live upon themselves, taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing till his master had done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's ideas; insomuch, that lying awake one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the Basket-maker. I
have

have been to blame, and wanted judgement to distinguish between excellency and accident. When I should have measured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives is but empty and imaginary; and I perceive too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity; but if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement of my justly punished arrogance.

He promised, and performed his promise; for the king soon after sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages; and ordered him to bring both back again: and it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing: and the word for this punishment is, *Send him to the Basketmaker.*

ANECDOTES of the HUMANE MR.
ALLWORTHY.

MASTER William Smith was proud, obstinate, passionate, ill-natured, fretful and whimsical, and in consequence of being a naughty boy, had very few acquaintance or play-fellows; for young gentlemen were ashamed of being seen with him, lest they should be thought to resemble him, and even poor children, who were good, excused themselves from playing with him. Besides, he used them very ill, was quite fretful if he did not win at marbles, cards, &c. wanted them to oblige him in every thing, and yet would never comply with their desires. One day Mr. Allworthy, a gentleman of large fortune, and excellent character, sent messages to all the little boys in the neighbourhood, poor as well as rich, that they should come to his house the next day, and whoever had the best character from his parents, servants, and the neighbours, should receive from him a present of a good collection of entertaining and instructive

tive books, and wear a ribbon with this motto, "This distinguishes goodness."

Master Smith no sooner heard this, than he ran to his mama, his papa was dead, and told her of Mr. Allworthy's intention, that he thought it would be a great honour to gain these prizes, and that he did not doubt but he should obtain them. You have too good an opinion of yourself, child, said she; I assure you I dare not expect such a thing; I will go with you, if you desire it; but it shocks me that I am forced to tell you, I can say very little in your favour. Master Smith was not however discouraged by his mama's reproof; but ran out to give orders for the chariot to be in readiness the next morning. He dressed himself at the time in his best clothes, and set out with his mama for Mr. Allworthy's. As they went along, they saw several little boys walking to the same place on the same occasion. Master Smith laughed at, and despised them, for their expectations of success: but his mama bid him remember, that the prizes were not to be given to the richest or finest child, but to him who should be found to be the best.

When

When they alighted at Mr. Allworthy's they saw several little masters, and poor children, assembled. Mr. Allworthy soon entered the room, in which was a handsome bookcase, containing near a hundred books proper for the instruction and entertainment of children. Master Smith looked at them with an air of confidence, as if he was quite secure of a preference in his favour. A little boy, whose name was Charles Nichols, came up to Master Smith, and told him, he remembered he had once the honour of playing with him at Mr. Jones's, and therefore he took the liberty of asking him how he did. The child was perfectly neat and clean: he was not handsome, but there was so much sweetness and good-nature expressed in his countenance, and so much politeness and complaisance in his behaviour, that he gained the love and esteem of every good person. Master Smith thought himself so much superior to this little boy, who happened to be poor, that he scarcely answered him, which Mr. Allworthy observing, said to Charles, I think, my dear, I heard you mention your having had the honour of playing with Master Smith; remember, my love, it can confer no honour on any one to play with

with a naughty boy; the poorest child, if he be good and humble, is far superior to the richest who is naughty. He who thinks very highly of himself, will certainly be brought to shame. Master Smith coloured and was ashamed.

Mr. Allworthy then began his enquiry. Several of the children had indifferent characters, but some were tolerably good. Master Thompson was acknowledged to be the best boy who had been yet examined; an old servant, who had been his nursemaid, assured Mr. Allworthy, that in his mama's absence, when she had the care of him, she never desired him twice to do any thing. It was now Master Smith's turn: Mr. Allworthy asked, if he was dutiful to his parent. Mrs. Smith only answered with a sigh; he then desired to know, if he was fond of his brother and sister, if he spoke in an obliging manner to the servants, and other inferiors, if he behaved civilly to his visitors and playfellows? Mrs. Smith then shook her head. Of what then, Madam, said Mr. Allworthy, can such a boy be proud? What could make him despise a child, who spoke so pretty as Charles Nichols did? Indeed, Sir, answered Mrs. Smith, I had no
expec-

expectation of his gaining the reward; but I brought him, that he might be humbled into a sense of his faults, by comparison with others. I pity you sincerely, Madam, said Mr. Allworthy, yet I still more pity him, for whoever is naughty, injures himself. How miserable, child, added he, must you be! Beloved by nobody; vexing every one. How could you possibly expect a reward, when you only deserve punishment? Do not stand near Master Thompson: he is very good, and therefore cannot desire to be of your acquaintance.

Charles Nichols was now the only boy to be questioned. He stood with his eyes modestly cast down; Mr. Allworthy asked his father and mother if he was dutiful. They both eagerly cried out, Oh! Sir, this child, though but five years old, is a real blessing to us. We never asked him to do any thing, but he immediately performed it. When we have been sick, he has attended us with the care and tenderness of nurse, a speaking in whispers, and walking on tiptoe, to avoid disturbing us. He is the kindest, best of brothers. He never has any thing given him to eat but he reserves for his brother and sister the largest share.

share. He always refuses to take any fruit, cakes, &c. but what we choose he should have, he willingly exchanges playthings with his playfellows, or lends, and frequently gives them away, when his brother, sister, or visitors, seemed to be pleased with any of them. We keep no servant, but our neighbours and I hope all this company who know him, will give him the character of a good child. The gentlemen and ladies all said, that Charles's behaviour did honour to his parents instructions, and was a proof of his excellent disposition, adding, those of us who have children, wish to have them imitate Charles Nichols, and those who have none, can scarcely help feeling a desire of being the parents of such. All his poor neighbours said it gave them pleasure to see him, he was so industrious, so fond of his book, so attentive to his parents, and so desirous of making every body happy, that there could not be a better example for any children, whether they were rich or poor. They never heard him ask for any thing, without using some such expression, as *pray* give me this, or *be so good* as to do such a thing, and always received every thing with thanks. He never

fretted nor murmured on a refusal of what he wished to have, but was convinced that his friends knew what was best for him.

Mr. Allworthy was so much delighted with this information, that he took little Charles in his arms, kissed him several times, and carrying him to the book-case, told him, that half of those books should be his, and the other half he should give to Master Thompson, adding, that he had also a ribbon for each. I thank you, sir, said the good boy very modestly, for your kind intention; but I am afraid I should be thought proud and vain, if I wear your favour. No, my love, answered Mr. Allworthy, you are as much entitled to wear it as Master Thompson: every body will know, that it was not given you as a piece of finery, but as a mark of your desert. Then turning to Master Smith, who felt ashamed of his own unworthiness, You see child, said he, it is not the boy who rides in his coach, nor who is rich, who gains every ones approbation; but it is he who behaves best, who does what is desired by his friends, and who endeavours to improve his own mind. Charles Nichols, in a whisper, begged to know, if Mr. Allworthy liked he should
make

make a present of a book to each of the masters and other boys. Mr. Allworthy praised him for his design, but told him, he could not consent, that what belonged by right to the good, should be given to the unworthy. When these children, said he, become like you and master Thompson, I shall not only be pleased with you for encouraging their improvement, but I will add presents to yours, for their instruction and entertainment. And now, my dear master Thompson, let me hear you read a story.

Master Thompson immediately did as he was desired, making every proper stop, and pronouncing every word with the utmost propriety. Charles Nichols then did the same at Mr. Allworthy's desire, they then stood up, and spelled extremely well; and if either of them happened to forget a word, he asked the other how it was spelled, and thanked him for the information which was given him, with the utmost modesty and good nature.

Master Thompson and Charles Nichols then went with Mr. Allworthy, to take a walk in his garden; he told the other children, he should not ask them then to go with him and the good boys, but that he should al-

ways be glad to see any of them, who improved by an imitation of their examples. Master Thompson asked little Charles to ride home with him in his chariot, which offer he gladly accepted, not so much, he said, for the pleasure of the ride, though that would be agreeable to him, as for the enjoyment of Master Thompson's company, which might be an improvement to him.

Mr. Allworthy then gave these two excellent children an invitation to his house, whenever their parents could part from them, saying, he should always send for them both, whenever any other children came to pay him a visit. As to Master Smith, he was now humbled into shame and sorrow. He and the other children fell on their knees, and promised amendment; and I have the pleasure of hearing that they became, in a short time, worthy of an intimacy with Charles Nichols and Master Thompson.

The HISTORY of MASTER JACKY
and MISS HARRIOT GRACEMORE.

IN the county of Salop, and near the delightful borders of the Severn, lived the Earl of Fairfame, remarkable for his generosity and benevolence to the poor, and affability and good-nature to the rich,

The situation of my lord's was truly charming. There was a village not above half a mile distant, in which lived Mr. Gracemore, a tradesman of indifferent circumstances; he had a son whom he named John, after himself: when master Jackey grew to be about eight years old, his papa, who was excessively fond of him, sent for his cousin, who was about his own age, to be a companion for him; they went to school together, and after school hours they would play at marbles.

Master Tommy, for that was his cousin's name, was not so good a boy as master Jackey, an instance of which I will give you.

This young gentleman had some how or other got into favour with Mr. Brushem's, his schoolmaster, cook, from whom, though only a day scholar, he received many little

knick-knacks, which the young gentlemen who were boarders but seldom tasted. This encouragement made him a constant visitant of the kitchen, where he was oftener found than any other of his school-fellows. This raised a kind of jealousy among the boarders; and though they bore him no ill will, resolved to play him an innocent trick, to shame him, if possible, from spending his time among women in a kitchen.

They soon effected this scheme; for without his knowing it, he one morning entered the school with a dirty dish-cloth hanging to his tail, which raised a loud laugh from every one, even Mr. Brushem himself had much difficulty to keep his countenance.

Though he was much laughed at in the school, he was pitied in the kitchen, and received more favours than ever, and was frequently in the kitchen by himself with the pantry unlocked. Mrs. Cook had once or twice given him some preserved plumbs, which increased his desire for a few more. He once saw her take some out of a jar, and put them into a plate for the next day's use; but before she had well finished, being called away in haste, ran out with the candle in

in her hand, and in her hurry threw down a mouse trap, which had been baited and set on a shelf above. Unluckily the trap fell among the plumbs, and still worse, unluckily did not go off.

No sooner was the cook out of the kitchen, than Tommy ran into the pantry, and it being dark, thrust his fore finger and thumb into the trap instead of the jar; it instantly went off, and caught him fast. Unable to disengage himself, he roared out lustily, when Mr. Brushem, his wife, the cook, scullion, and ten or a dozen of his school-fellows, ran to see what was the matter, when poor Tommy was dancing about the kitchen, with the trap hanging to his fingers; this indeed broke him of spending his time in the kitchen, but as long as he was at the school, he went by the name of trap-fingered Tommy.

Another time he wanted his cousin to stop and play when they came out of school, before they had been home; but Jackey, who was remarkable for his pretty behaviour, never would till he had asked his papa's leave. One day they saw a boy playing at top, Come, says Tommy, let us have a game: No, says Jackey, not till I have
D 4 been

been home. Why? says he, we won't stay long, and my uncle won't know it: so pulling out his top he began to play.

O fye! says Jackey, I did not think you was so naughty; when you know my papa always desires us not to stop as we come from school, therefore, I will make haste home; I do not care, says Tommy, I will have one game.

Master Jackey stood a little, begging him not to stay, but finding it in vain, went home by himself. His papa asked him where Tommy was? He told the truth, for he knew better than to tell a story: Tommy staid so long, that his uncle went and fetched him home, and sent him supperless to bed, which had such an effect upon him, that he behaved pretty well for some time; but Master Jackey was so constant in his good behaviour to every body, that the whole village talked of nothing else, which at last reached the ears of the Earl of Fairfame, in the following manner. There was an old woman who used to serve my lord's house with butter. My lord happening to see this old woman one day, says to her, well Goody Creamer, what news? Who is the best boy in town now? To which the old

old woman, making a low curtesy, answers, an't please you, my lord, Jackey Gracemore, I think; for though I often meet him in the street coming from school, yet I never see him behave rudely, and I hear he is a fine scholar. Ah, indeed! says my lord, then I must make him a present, when putting his hand into his fob, he pulled out his fine watch, and bid her give it to Master Jackey, and tell his papa, he would call at his house to morrow, and see if what he heard of his son was true. The old woman went directly to Mr. Gracemore's, and delivered the fine watch to Master Jackey, and her message to his papa; the next day my lord came, dressed very grand, in his star and garter, his sword by his side, and his gold-headed cane in his hand, and was received with great respect.

When he came to Mr. Gracemore's, he enquired for master Jackey, who was then playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the yard with his cousin; but hearing who wanted him, he left play immediately, and going to the room where my lord was, he made a very low bow and entered; my lord took him by the hand, and asked him a great many questions all which he answered

ed so prettily, that his lordship was quite charmed with him, and begged the favour to have Jackey home with him for a month or so, saying, he had a young lady about his age at his house who would serve him for a playmate; my lord, says Master Jackey, my papa has been so good as to provide me a playmate: I have a cousin who lives with me in the house: if my papa pleases, I should be proud to accept of your lordship's invitation. Then said Mr. Gracemore, if his lordship will be troubled with you for a month, you may go home with him now; but I do not know how your cousin will spare you. Ah! says the Earl, he shall go with us: whereupon Tommy being called, they all set off for my lord's house, where they were kindly received by Lady Fairfame, who took them out, and showed them some fine curiosities which were in the garden: the garden itself was indeed charming, every one who walked in it, found some moral couched under the general design; here you were taught wisdom as you walked, and felt the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the fine disposition of the groves, trees, and grottos.

You

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner, that they were impenetrable to the eye; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in gardening, statuary, and painting. This passage from the house opened into an area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees, and shrubs; but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As they proceeded forward on this spot, on the right and left hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design, and before them lay a beautiful summer-house, built rather with minute elegance than ostentation. The inside was adorned with emblematical paintings, representing the charms of virtue and deformity of vice; there was also a painting of Eneas carrying his aged father on his back from the flames of Troy, leading his little son by the hand; and his wife following them. The outside was embellished in the most masterly manner, and adorned with the figure of a Mercury on the top of it.

The right hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness, ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress

press

press hung over it; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone: two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding its access; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter them from approaching; and the perspective view that lay behind was dark and gloomy to the last degree; and Jackey and Tommy were tempted to enter only from the motto: *Per-vious to virtue.*

The opposite gate was formed in a far different manner; the architecture was light, elegant, and inviting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; nymphs in the most alluring attitudes beckoned their approach; while all that lay behind as far as the eye could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself was contrived to invite them, for over the gate were written these words, *The descent is easy.*

By this time I fancy you begin to perceive, that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to virtue; and the opposite the more agreeable road to vice.

It is but natural to suppose, that our young gentry were tempted to enter by the
gate

gate which offered them so many allurements; and Lady Fairfame, as was always her custom in these cases, left them to their choice; and they, like most others, took to the left, that promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon entering the gate of vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as they walked on, the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, they appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to be over their heads, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of bones, and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first seemed so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was so perplexed. When Lady Fairfame discovered they were sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what they heard and saw, she took advantage of it, and thus addressed them: "My dears, you now see the terrible termination of the road to vice, I would have you learn from what you now see before you, that, vice, how specious soever at its first appearance, terminates in endless misery:" And then

then taking them by the hand, she brought them by an hidden door, a shorter way back into the area.

The gloomy gate now presented itself before them, and though there seemed little in its appearance to raise their curiosity, yet encouraged by the motto, they were tempted to enter. The darkness of the entrance, frightful figures which seemed to obstruct their way, and trees of mournful green, conspired at first to disgust them; however as they proceeded, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance, beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees laden with fruit, and arbours of jessamine and roses improved the scene: they now found they were ascending, and as they proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful, the prospect widened as they went higher, and Lady Fairfame at last led them to an arbour, from whence they might view the garden and the whole country round. Now, my dears, said she, from this little walk you may learn, that, The road to virtue terminates in happiness.

When they came back, my lord introduced them to Miss Harriot, which was the
young

young lady the Earl had proposed for a companion for Master Jackey: her papa was a grocer at Shrewsbury, and my lord brought her home to live with him on account of the good character he heard of her; my lord left them together, when Miss Harriot showed them a fine rocking horse my lord had bought her.

Thus the young folks lived very happily together, only Master Tommy would sometimes be unlucky; for one day he tied a rope to two trees, and persuaded Miss Harriot to swing: she had scarce sat down on the rope, when he swung her with violence, that she fell off and hurt herself sadly; my lord was very angry, and I believe would have beat him, had not Master Jackey and Miss Harriot interceded for him; however, the next day he got into mischief again; for in getting up a tree into which he had seen a bird fly, he thinking, to be sure, it had a nest there, and trying to deprive the poor bird of its young, tore his breeches, which was a nice new pair, in such a manner, that he never could wear them again; at length he grew so naughty, that he would scarce ever play with Jackey and Harriot, but get into the kitchen, and play

play at cards with one of the maids, who was not so good as she should be to suffer it.

One day, being at play with Jackey at whipping top, he without any provocation caught up the top and threw it at his head; Miss Harriot, who sat on the side of a new wheel-barrow to see them play, and seeing Tommy's ill-nature, cries out, O fye, Tommy, I'll tell my lord of your ill usage to your cousin: the naughty boy directly runs to her, takes hold of the barrow and threw her down. Now my lord happening to see this from a window, sent a servant home with him, but bought Jackey a fine horse. Sometimes he let him ride after the deer in the park.

Sometimes he would play on the fiddle to Miss for an hour or two together; at other times, he would play on the flute whilst Miss Harriot sung, which she did very prettily.

One day Jackey was told my lord was very ill, and desired to see him; whereupon he ran into his bed chamber, and falling on his knees prayed to God to restore his health; my lord said he found his end approaching, that he had provided for him
when

and Harriot, and begged God to bless them; and in a few hours resigned his breath. The next day my lady sent for them, and showed the will, in which he had left them five hundred pounds each. They lived with my lady eight years after my lord's decease, when she dying likewise, left them joint heirs to her vast estate.

After the time of mourning was over, Jackey and Harriot agreed to be married. Accordingly the happy day being arrived, they went to church, where they were married by the Reverend Mr. Trueman, who had formerly been chaplain to Lord Fairfame.

Thus Jackey and Harriot were now the richest, as they were before the best, people in the county of Salop, and lived many years in the greatest harmony, beloved by all the country round.

This little history will, I hope, be a sufficient inducement to make all girls and boys behave themselves in a proper manner to every body: If they hope to be rich and happy, let them take care to follow the example of Jackey and Harriot.

The HISTORY of MASTER PETER
PRIMROSE.

MASTER Peter Primrose was a boy of such uncommon abilities, that he was admired by every body. When he was but seven years old, he could say all his catechism perfectly, and repeat the greatest part of his Prayer-book and Testament by heart; then he could answer any question in the Bible, and had also obtained some knowledge of men and things; Master Peter's fame was founded thro' the whole kingdom, and though his father was only a shepherd, and he bred up among the flocks, the king sent for him to court, and placed him among the wise men of the nation. Here he lived in great splendour for some time; for the king gave him a little prancing horse, clothed with purple and gold, and caused him to ride out every day in company with his only son. How uncertain are riches and honours, and indeed how frail is all human felicity! Master Peter had not been at court above two years, before the good old king and his son were expelled the kingdom, by an unaccountable faction

faction that arose in the state. Duty and gratitude obliged this young gentleman to take the part of his king and his prince; for which he was persecuted by the opposite party with great fury, and one day forced into the woods to shield himself from their hatred. Here he lay securely all day, but in the evening, his fears were continually alarmed by the roaring of lions, tigers, wolves, and other beasts of prey, and his compassion excited by the groans and cries of the tender part of the animal creation, who, not being endowed by nature with strength and fierceness to oppose their enemies, easily became victims, and were devoured. This called up in his mind the cruelties which had been exercised on his poor master's family and himself, the thoughts of which so robbed him of his resolution, that he grew heedless of his safety, and sitting down on the green turf, resigned himself to the mercy of the beasts; "Ah! why should these creatures, says he, fill me with horror, who are more merciful than men? These spare their own, and slay only those of another species; but men, more savage men, are bent against each other, and seek their own destruction. Let me

fall then by the lion, the tyger, or other animals less cruel, and who act consistently with the dictates of nature." As this was delivered with great emotion, he was overheard by a hermit, whose cave was concealed under a thicket, by which he lay. The good old man startled at the sound of the human voice, which he had not heard before for years, and supposing it came from one in distress, kindled a brand, for fear of the wild beasts, and ran to his assistance. He found Master Primrose stretched on the ground, and by sorrow rendered insensible of any danger. The old man reproached him for despairing of God's providence and mercy. "Is it for this, says he, that man is endowed with superior reason, and so highly favoured of the Almighty? Shall the dove, shall the lamb, and other creatures fly for refuge, and seek their own safety, and shall man basely and ungratefully disregard, and throw away the life that has been given him? Arise and shake off this shameful sloth, nor longer despair of God's protection. Do your duty, and you will always meet with the favour of heaven."

The young man, sensible of the justness of this reproof, arose and bowed respectfully

ly, and was led by the hermit into his cave, and refreshed with a simple repast the good old man provided for him, and then reposed himself till the morning on a couch of flocks, that here seemed more soft than the down-bed he had been so long used to.

In the morning, when he awoke he related to the old man the history of his life; and the hermit, after giving him such things as were necessary to support him in his journey, despatched him with this advice: "You see, my son, what mischiefs attend the ambitious. The love of riches and of power drew you from a state of innocence, from a delightful place, where your paths were paved with violets and primroses, to a court where your road was planted with thistles and thorns. True greatness consists in being good, in promoting the happiness of mankind, and not in wealth and power, as is vainly imagined; for he who hoardeth up treasure, hoards up trouble, and he who aspires to the highest office of state, makes himself a public mark for the multitude to throw their envious arrows at. Retire, my son, to thy former peaceful abode, there worship thy God, comfort thy neighbours, and tend thy innocent flock, and leave the

affairs of state to those who have less virtue and more experience." Contentment is the only ingredient that can render life happy, and that is seldom to be found in the palaces of princes.

MEMOIRS of the VIRTUOUS
CITIZEN.

AN eminent Citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her

her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not the least expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter, whom I shall call Amanda, was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called at the farmer's house, as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intention, was pleased with his person; and

having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears, over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion, when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately despatched a messenger to her father, with the following letter.

“Sir,

“I have heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you, I do not intend marriage; but if you are wise, you will
use

use your authority with her, not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c."

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

"Dearest child,

"Your father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is to come upon us. How could this barbarous man think, that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal, at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the

bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

“I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the door, who hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will not tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father.——Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broken his heart; but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present, besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says, she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee: no it is to intreat thee not to
make

make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

Thy affectionate mother, —."

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress. But at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought her a letter from her mother. He would not part with it, but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he

he fixed his eyes on her with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make a reparation for having been the occasion of it. My little reader, will not be displeased to see the second epistle, which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

“Madam,

“I am full of shame, and shall never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I have lately written. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter, nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

Madam,

Your most obedient
Humble servant, —.”

This

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance with their virtues.

A patient resignation to the Divine Will, under such calamitous circumstances as our own honest endeavours are incapable of relieving, is not only our duty, but our interest; whereas, on the contrary, the use of unlawful means to extricate ourselves from difficulties, may, perhaps, afford a short and temporary relief; but will most certainly render us offensive to God, and to all good men, as well as deprive us of that greatest of all human blessings, a conscience void of offense.

In this piece are evidently seen the happy effects of a virtuous and good education. The fair Amanda appeared more amiable, even in the eyes of a libertine, while she was thus nobly struggling with her adverse fortune;

fortune; and her purity, which was tried, as it were, in the fire, her firm attachment to the good principles she had imbibed from her parents and teachers, together with the tender concern expressed for her innocence in her good mother's letter, awakened in the heart of her lover a proper sense and detestation of his own folly, and made him, who was before abandoned to sensual delights, a convert to religion and virtue.

ANECDOTES of MASTER BENTLEY.

MASTER BENTLEY was the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune: He was a remarkable lively youth, possessed of great sweetness of disposition, and showed a very strong attachment to those who had the care of him. He had no faults that proceeded from the heart; but his spirits were so high, that they frequently wanted restraint.

This liveliness prevented his making any progress in learning. He had quick parts, but did not improve them by application. The slightest difficulty discouraged his further attempts, and his inattention was frequently

quently mistaken for stupidity. His father and mother took all imaginable pains to make pleasure the vehicle of instruction, but were discouraged by the little advancement he made. He wished to be always at play. He was restless, disturbed others, and was generally dissatisfied with himself. His parents endeavoured to make him sensible, in the most familiar manner, that idleness is the soil in which every vicious weed springs up, and chokes the seeds of virtue.

Master Bentley stole out one evening, unknown to his parents, and entered into a game at trap-ball with some children he found there.

His heedlessness, however, had prevented him from acquiring any degree of excellence even at these sports. The boys finding him an interruption, at last turned him out of the company. His heart was full, he went and sat down at a shop door and burst into tears—The woman of the house came up to him. “What master Bentley, said she, are you rambled from home? Your good papa and mama don’t know where you are, I am afraid. Come in a moment, let us hear what is the matter, and I will step home with you.” “They won’t let me

me play with them, answered he, with a burst of indignant grief, and I think I can play as well as they. I am sure I play as much as any boy, and therefore I must know how to play."

"I believe it would be better for you if you played less, fir, said the good woman, — I never heard any body speak of your reading your book — there is a proper time for all things — those boys have been at school, and learned their lessons before they went to play." — "I am sure all of them have not, replies he, — there is Sam Rogers, and Dick Giles, they do not learn to read; they do nothing but play." "You are very much mistaken, master, said the old woman, those boys help their father to pull turnips, and their mother to spin! — Only think of John Meadows, he was never taught to work, nor keep his church, and therefore, as he was poor, he learned to steal, and at last came to a bad end. Poor peoples children are made useful, and I am sure rich ones were not born to do nothing, though they have different employments. It is expected that Master Bentley should be able to read better than Sam Rogers, or Dick Giles;

Giles; but it has been whispered in my ear, that Master Bentley cannot read at all."

The boy was really abashed. "Let me go home, dame, said he, I can go by myself." She went home with him, however, and as he passed the boys, they called out—

"O what a thing it is to say,

"That boy can neither read nor play."

He tried to hide himself behind Mrs. Spilman. The good woman told his mother what had happened. Mrs. Bentley hoped for a good effect from it, but dared not expect it. The next morning, when she went into his chamber, she found him with a book in his hand, and he was asking his elder brother some questions. She was much pleased, and did not interrupt him. After breakfast he asked her to let him read, telling her, he was so laughed at the night before, for not being able to read nor play well, that he was resolved not to be idle any more. He continued to give such attention to his books, that he soon lessened all difficulties, and he endeavoured to excel in playful exercises as well as in learning.

A year or two after, his father became acquainted with a neighbouring baronet, and Master Bentley was invited to pass a day with his son. The family lived in great taste and elegance. — He went, and was amazed at the grandeur and opulence of every apartment, and could not help thinking, that where there was so much magnificence, there must be a vast deal of happiness. He looked up to Master Grandville as to a being of a superior order. His joy was increased at the sight of the variety of dishes at table. He had been used to eat only of one kind of meat. He wanted to taste of every thing he saw, and yet, when he had begun with one dish, he was unwilling to resign it for another.

After dinner, instead of being lively and fit as usual for a walk, he found himself sleepy and dispirited. He had eaten such a variety, that when the desert appeared, he had no relish for it. Master Edward Grandville soon desired him to leave the company and take a walk with him. By degrees his spirits returned; but, when they were called in to tea, he felt much less inclination for rich cake he saw prepared, than towards his usual food. The young gentlemen, in a short

short time, returned his visit; but the behaviour of the younger son troubled him exceedingly.

Mr. Bentley's house and gardens were perfectly neat and convenient, though not grand nor elegant. Master Grandville declared the apartments were scarcely fit to sleep in: there was no room to breathe. They both, however, eat very heartily of the genteel dinner provided for them, and seemed not to regret the delicacies and variety of their own table. After their wholesome repast was ended, they walked into the garden.

Mr. West, the tutor of the young gentlemen, followed them. Master Edward would not be drawn from the fruit trees, therefore his brother and Master Bently walked on without him.—“I am afraid, sir, said the latter, you have made a very indifferent dinner—you are not used to live in such a manner as we do.—You will not come to see me any more, I doubt.” “Indeed but I will, Master Bentley, answered the other, with a good natured smile, and an affectionate shake by the hand, what do you think I cannot dine without two courses? I never past a day more agreeably than
F 2 this.”

this." — "What not at home, in your charming house, sir, said he, and were you have such a plenty of every thing you can wish for? You must be vastly happier than we are."

Master Grandville smiled. He was several years older than Master Bentley, had a good natural understanding, improved by diligent application, and he had been accustomed to keep the best company. He had in consequence acquired great ease of manners, with a becoming presence of mind: he had a natural politeness, which flowed from the benevolence of his heart. "Can you really think, my dear Master Bentley, that I am happier than you, because I have a finer coat, a larger house, and a greater variety of dishes at table? I have been thought to thank Providence for every instance of his bounty, and I endeavour to imitate my parents in making the best use of the grandeur and opulence I possess. It is indeed a most delightful power to relieve misery, and to promote happiness; but you can enjoy this satisfaction as well as myself, and if not in an equal degree, you have no more reason to complain than I have, since were less is given less is required; and from

from those who received more than we, more will certainly be expected."

"You talk vastly well, sir, answered Master Bently, but it is a charming thing to do just as we please. To read when we like, and to play, or walk, or ride, or fish, just as we choose." Mr. West now joined them. He heard Master Bentley, and smiling, "When any person pleases to do what is right, said he, there is no danger in his pursuing his own inclinations; but young people are generally happiest when they are under the direction of their parents, or some experienced person; and as to walking, riding, fishing, &c. they are very agreeable amusements; but they were never designed for the business of our lives. — If youth is the time, in which we are most capable of enjoying pleasure, it is also the season in which we must sow the seeds of instruction, if we expect to reap the fruits of improvement. My pupil always passes his mornings in a regular succession of useful employments — writing themes, letters, reading, Latin exercises, French, music, drawing, &c. are each taken in turn, and he enjoys every study that tends to make him wiser, and every accomplishment that can render him

F 3

him more agreeable, and in consequence more useful."

"You seem, my dear Master Bently, added Master Grandville, to think it an happy circumstance to be able to eat of a great variety, when, I assure you, my mother always makes it a general rule to dine upon one dish of meat, as must salutary to health. I suppose she practised some self-denial at first, but her health required it, and custom has now made it not only easy but preferable." "Her enjoyments, said Mr. West, are not those peculiar to a dignified station; but such as are the easy and natural gratifications of every rational mind."

As they were talking, they drew near the court-yard gate; from whence they saw a pretty little girl of nine or ten years old, with a basket on her arm.

Master Bentley asked her how her grandmother did. She shook her head, and answered she was very full of pain, and she doubted never would be better. Then, after making a low curtsy, walked on.

Master Grandville enquired what was the matter with her grandmother, and was told by Master Bentley, that she had a cancer in her breast, which was extremely painful,
and

and it was thought would soon occasion her death; that it was become very offensive; that her neighbours did not know how to be with her, or assist her; that the mother of this little girl, who had lived with the friends of her deceased husband, and been provided for, as well as her child by them, on hearing her mother's deplorable situation, left them immediately, and devoted herself to the care of her poor parent. The child also begged she might go with her mother, that she might spin, knit, and sew for them both, and that she was the most industrious creature of her age in the village.

The young gentleman called her back, and gave her something for her grandmother. Mr. West asked her if she did not wish herself again with her father's friends, and if she had not been happier with them. "What and leave my grandmother, poor dear soul!" said the little innocent, no, I am sure my mother and I would work our fingers to the bone, rather than she should want any thing we could do for her; and though we often sit and cry to see her in pain, and that we cannot prevent it, yet there is a vast comfort, as my mother says, in thinking, that we are doing our duty, and keeping

F 4

her

her sweet and clean; and we feel us happier in that thought, than when we lived in great plenty at my uncle's.

Mr. West and Master Grandville were delighted with the little girl. They asked if her grandmother was not afraid to die. The child looked astonished. "Afraid sir, said she, what, should such a good woman be afraid to die? She is so patient, and always did her duty so well, that she may be glad to go and receive her reward. But I must not stay any longer, for my mother will want the eggs." She then made her curtsy, and tripped away.

"You find, my dear Master Bentley, happiness is not confined to splendour and greatness. This little girl has higher enjoyments in her present situation, in the discharge of such an essential duty, than she had while she possessed a greater plenty of those things the world think desirable. Believe me, it is not the part we act on the stage of life, but the manner in which we support the character allotted us, which constitutes our merit, and secures our happiness. The bustle we make in the pursuit of the good things of this life, would almost lead us to imagine, that people expected to live for ever.

Remem-

Remember, my dear pupil, you once longed for a drum. How pleasing was the noise it afforded you while in the possession of another; but even the very day after you became master thereof, you grew sick of the noise, and laid it aside in disgust. So is it in the common occurrences in life. We sicken for what others possess, and often envy those who stand most in need of our pity. Sumptuous living impairs our health, renders our lives full of complaints, and much shortens our course here. Fine clothes may attract the eye of the vulgar and unthinking, but learning, virtue and wisdom, are the only sure marks, by which the amiable youth is distinguished from the indolent and slothful.

The HISTORY of MASTER TOMMY THOROUGHGOOD.

MASTER Thomas Thoroughgood, the younger son of a country gentleman, was put out apprentice to an eminent tradesman in Cheapside. The master, finding his business increase, was obliged to take

another about two years after, whose name was Francis Froward.

Thomas had behaved exceedingly well, was very diligent and honest, as well as good; he used to say his prayers constantly every morning and night; he never went to play when he should be at church or about his master's business; never was known to tell a lye, nor ever staid when he was sent on an errand. These rare qualifications had gained him the affections of his master and mistress, and made him a favourite in the family before Francis came to them. It was in a great measure owing to Master Tommy's character in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Froward was induced to comply with the master's demands; not doubting but his son, in such a happy situation, and with a companion of so sweet a disposition, would one day turn out to his satisfaction, and be a comfort to him in his old age.

Francis, in the first year of his apprenticeship, began to discover the natural bent of his inclination. He chose to associate himself with naughty boys in the streets, and seemed to place his whole delight in loose and idle diversions; he neglected the
busi-

business of the shop when at home, and entirely forgot it when he was abroad. These, and many more indiscretions of the like nature, Tommy Thoroughgood concealed at first from his master, though not without some inward uneasiness.

In the fourth year's service, our young spark, who was an only child, and heir to a pretty fortune, gave further proofs of his vicious turn of mind, and frequently launched out into follies of a more heinous nature; for now he made no scruple of absenting himself from church on the Lord's day: always staid out late when he knew his master was engaged in company, and at such times very rarely returned home sober; nay, he had sometimes the assurance to lie out of his master's house all night. In order to deter him from pursuing this wicked course of life, Mr. Thoroughgood threatened to inform his master of his scandalous behaviour, and to acquaint his parents of his misconduct. But, alas! all these menaces proved ineffectual, and instead of working out his reformation, served only to heighten his resentment, and to raise daily squabbles and animosities between them. Hereupon Mr. Thoroughgood, finding all his good offices
hither.

hitherto thrown away, at length determined no more to meddle in the affair, or even to offer his brotherly advice: but to leave the unhappy youth to follow the dictates of his own perverse will; being resolved at the same time to take particular care; that he should not, in any of his mischievous frolics, defraud his master, and thereby cast an odium upon his fellow-apprentice.

The master was chosen alderman of the ward, and Mr. Thoroughgood was out of his time in the same year; and from his faithful service, and unblameable conduct, had now the whole management of the trade, as well abroad as at home, committed to his care and inspection. This great charge obliged him to keep a stricter eye over Francis's behaviour, who was just entering into the last year of his apprenticeship, and imagined his actions were above the cognizance of one, who, the other day, was but his equal; and on this account would neither bear his reproof, nor hearken to his admonition; but continued to riot in all the follies and degeneracies of human nature, till his apprenticeship was expired: So true is it, that "the wicked hateth reproof, but the wise man lendeth his ear to instruction."

Mr.

Mr. Francis having been for a long while impatient of a servile life, was now become his own master, and seemed eager of putting himself upon a level with his late companion. To effect this, he goes down to his father, and prevails upon him to set him up in the business, that he might trade for himself. The reins were no sooner laid on his neck, then he gave a loose to his sensual appetites, and in little more than four years had a statute of bankruptcy taken out against him. The unexpected news of this fatal event instantly broke his mother's heart, nor did the old gentleman survive her long. Hereupon our heir was obliged to sell the personal and mortgage the real estate, to procure his liberty, and to satisfy the assignees. In this sinking situation, after the days of mourning were over, he let the house his father lived in, and returned again to London, where he purchased a handsome equipage, commenced the fine gentleman, frequented the balls, masquerades, playhouses, routs, &c. &c. and cut as good a figure as the best of them. But here let us leave him for a while, and turn our eyes to a worthier object.

In

In the same space of time which Mr. Forward took to squander away a good estate, Mr. Thoroughgood had, by his own industry, and from a small fortune, gained one considerable better, and was in a fair way of encreasing it. The former made pleasure his business, but the latter made business his pleasure, and was rewarded accordingly. The alderman, who by his own application, and Mr. Thoroughgood's assiduity, was grown very rich, had no child now living but a daughter, of whom both he and his lady were extremely fond; they had nothing so much at heart as to see her well settled in the world. She was the youngest, and just now turned of twenty. She had many suitors, but resolved to encourage none without the consent of her parents, who would often, when by themselves, tell her that it was their joint opinion she could not dispose of herself better than to Mr. Thomas, and would frequently ask how she liked him? for they would be unwilling to marry her against her own inclination. Her usual answer was, "Your choice shall be mine; my duty shall never be made subservient to any sensual passion." This reply was not so full and expressive as they expected;

pected: and as mothers are commonly very dexterous in finding out their daughters maladies, madam had a good reason to believe, from some observations she made on miss's behaviour, that her affections were already fixed, and that she was deeply in love with somebody else, which was the cause of her unusual anxiety. Hereupon, as she was sitting at work one evening in a melancholy posture, they called her, and desired to be informed whether the husband they proposed was disagreeable to her, if so, she should choose for herself.

The young lady, after some hesitation, with blushes confessed her regard for Mr. Thoroughgood; which gave infinite satisfaction to the alderman and his lady, who were overjoyed at the prospect they had of marrying their daughter to a person of such prudence, integrity, and honour.

The next day, as soon as dinner was over, the alderman and his lady withdrew, and left the two lovers together all the evening; from this interview they became sensible of each other's approaching happiness, and about a month after were joined together, to the great satisfaction of all parties concerned. From this day the bridegroom was
taken

taken into partnership, and transacted the whole business himself. In process of time his father-in-law died, and left him in possession of all his substance. He succeeded him also in his dignity, and after having served the office of sheriff, was in a few years called to the chair.

Mr. Froward, whom we left a while ago pursuing his pleasures and wicked inclinations, had long before this time been reduced to poverty; and, like many other thoughtless wretches, betook himself to the highway and gaming-table, in hopes of recovering a lost fortune. He had followed this destructive trade with some success, and, without being discovered, above three years; but was at length taken near Enfield, and brought to his tryal at the Old-Bailey, during his fellow-prentice's mayoralty, and cast for his life. When he was brought to the bar to receive sentence, his lordship recollecting Mr. Froward's name, examined who he was, and asked if he was not the same person that served his time with Mr. Alderman * * *, in Cheapside. This he positively denied; but notwithstanding he used all possible means to disguise himself, his person and speech betrayed him. My lord,
animated

animated with the principles of compassion and benevolence, and imagining that his design of concealing himself in his wretched situation might very probably proceed from shame or despair, took no further notice of it in court, but, forgetting his present disgrace, as well as his former arrogance and indiscretion, privately procured his sentence to be changed into transportation for life.

The ship in which Mr. Froward embarked, by stress of weather drove into a certain port in Jamaica, where he, in less than ten days was sold to a noted planter, and doomed to perpetual slavery. You may imagine how shocking this prospect must appear to a gentleman, who had just before squandered away a good estate in indolence and pleasure, who never knew what it was to work, nor had ever given himself time to think upon the nature of industry. However, he no sooner began to reflect upon his present wretched situation, and his late providential deliverance from death, than he also began to repent of his former transgressions; and finding himself in a strange country, unknown to any person about him, he patiently submitted his neck to the yoke,

and endured his servility with an uncommon fortitude of mind. In the first place, he determined, during all the time of his labour, to offer up continual thanksgiving to God Almighty for his manifold mercies bestowed on so unworthy a creature, and to devote all his leisure hours to the duty of repentance. His next resolution was to obey his master's commands, to serve him faithfully, and to perform whatever business was imposed on him, so far and so long as health and strength would permit; not doubting but the same God, who had preserved him hitherto, in such a wonderful manner, would accept the oblations of a contrite heart, and enable him to go through it with courage and cheerfulness.

The first month's service, went very hard with him. His hands blistered, his feet grew sore and raw, and the heat of the climate was almost insupportable; but, as custom makes every station familiar, before three months were expired, all these grievances were at an end; and he, naturally indued with a spirit of emulation, would not suffer himself to be outdone by any of his fellow slaves. The superintendant observing his extraordinary assiduity, could not

not help taking notice of him, and would frequently give him encouragement, either by calling him off to go on a trivial errand, or by thrusting some money into his hand. He behaved in this manner near two years, when his master was informed of his good disposition, and removed him from that laborious employment to an easier, where he had more frequent opportunities of paying adoration to that Almighty Being, who supported him under his afflictions. In these intervals, he was generally found with a book in his hand, or on his knees, from which practice he received great consolation.

At the expiration of three years, Sir Thomas Thoroughgood, who made previous enquiry after his fellow-prentice's behaviour abroad, sent orders to his agent in Jamaica, to purchase Mr. Froward's freedom; and to advance him such sum that he might be enabled to get his own livelyhood; but at the same time gave strict orders to his friend, not to let Mr. Froward know who was his benefactor, and to lay his master under the like injunction. In a short time after Mr. Froward was discharged from slavery; but did not express so much joy on the occasion,

sion, as might have been reasonably expected. From the good usage he met with in servitude, and the unusual favours he received from the superintendant, as well as the planter, he had conceived a great liking for the latter, and seemed to part with him not without some inward reluctance, though with apparent surprise; which was much heightened by the additional favour of a note for a hundred pounds payable upon sight to Mr. Francis Froward or order, delivered to him by the same hand, soon after he received the discharge before mentioned. During this confusion, the gentleman, who really had a value for his late servant, told him, he was welcome to be at his house till he was settled, and that he would do all the good offices in his power; to promote his future welfare. Mr. Froward replied, "Sir, you cannot do me greater service than to let me know who is my generous benefactor; because it is incumbent upon me to make some acknowledgement." The master positively refused to do this, and turned off the discourse, by asking how he intended to dispose of himself and his money. "Sir, says he, I am not unacquainted with the nature of trade, and labour is now be-
come

come habitual to me, and as I am well skilled in the cultivation of the sugar-cane, I would willingly rent a small plantation of that kind, and work upon it for myself." The planter approved of this design, and promised him assistance.

In about a month after, Mr. Froward met with a bargain, agreeable to his substance, and worked upon it as hard as if he had been a real slave, with this difference only, that he could now spare more time in the service of his allpowerful Redeemer. In the interim, his late master procured him a wife with a handsome fortune, who had a sugar-work of her own, and some negroes; he purchased more, and, by his industry, thrived a main, and in a few years laid up cool. in specie.

In this comfortable state, nothing gave him uneasiness, but that he could not come to the knowledge of his kind benefactor; never was man more anxious to show his gratitude: or more solicitous to find out his friend! One day as he was at his devotions, a strange gentleman came to his habitation, and desired to see him. He was no sooner admitted, than he accosted him in the following manner: "Mr. Froward, I am com-

mander of the Dove frigate, whose principal owner is Sir Thomas Thoroughgood, and am just arrived from England: By Sir Thomas's orders I am to inform you, that his Jamaica agent is dead, and he has made choice of you to succeed him here in that station. I have a commission from him, for you, in my pocket, do dispose of my cargo, and to freight me again for my voyage home. He never would own it, but I am well assured, he is the person who saved your life, who redeemed you from bondage, and was the sole instrument of your present prosperity." Nothing could have given Mr. Froward so great pleasure and satisfaction, as this last piece of intelligence; he knew not how to make the captain welcome enough, he kept him all night, and in the morning made him a present of a hoghead of rum. He made all the possible despatch in disposing of his cargo, and freighted him out with the utmost expedition. With the rest of the goods, he sent Sir Thomas ten hogheads of sugar, and as many of rum, for a present, with the following letter:

“Honoured

“Honoured Sir,

“Transported with joy, and drowned in tears, I send this testimony of my esteem, of which I humbly hope your acceptance, as well as of those small tokens of my gratitude, with which it is accompanied. Next under God, it is to you, dear sir, that I owe my life, my liberty, and my all. Happy me, had I listened to your advice in my nonage! happy still as by your means, I have been directed to the paths of virtue. It is to you I am indebted for my present comfortable situation and the dawning prospect of future happiness; the bills of lading, &c. are sent by Mr. —, and all your business here, with which I am entrusted, shall be executed with the utmost diligence and fidelity. I have only to add my prayers for the continuation of your life and health, who have been so beneficial to many, but more particularly to, honoured sir,

Your most humble, most obliged,

Though most unworthy servant.

Francis Froward.”

Sir Thomas was highly pleased with the purport of his letter, though he rallied the captain for letting him know to whom he was obliged for his freedom. The same ship was sent the next season on the same voyage, when the captain was ordered to pay Mr. Froward a full price for the rum and sugar he had sent to the knight, and to deliver him a letter, in which he gave him a receipt in full for all the favours he had conferred on him.

To be short, in a few years afterwards, Mr. Froward died, and, having no children, left the whole of his estate to Mr. Thoroughgood's family, who thus received with interest the rewards of a generous and humane action.

ANECDOTES of MISS POLLY MEANWELL.

POLLY Meanwell's parents died when she was very young, and left her to the care of an uncle, who was an old rich bachelor, covetous to the last degree, and
one

one who cared for nobody but himself. He put her to school a little after her parents death, but finding that by a flaw in some writings, he had the power of taking every thing to himself, he did so, and deprived poor Polly of what her father and mother left for her subsistence, and turned her out of doors.

Polly was at first very uneasy at losing all her fine clothes, and at being obliged to go to hard work, which Mr. Williams, the parson of the parish, observing, that good man came to her one day, and comforted her in this manner. "Don't be cast down, Polly, at your fine clothes being gone, those ragged ones will keep you warm, and that is the only use of clothes; for people are not a bit the better for wearing fine garments. It is true, you cannot have your tea and your coffee, your tarts and your cheesecakes, your custards and syllabubs as usual, but what does that signify? You can by your labour get other victuals: then your working for it makes it go down the sweeter, and at the same time keeps you in health; the bed you lie upon seems as soft, after a hard day's work as

your down beds, I suppose, used to be; why then should you be uneasy? Be a good girl, say your prayers, and put your trust in God Almighty; and he will give you what his all-knowing wisdom sees you want." Polly was so pleased with this speech, that she dropped Mr. Williams a courtesy, and, for the future, resolved to mind nothing but her duty, and not repine at Providence.

As she went to church constantly, and was very devout there, every body took notice of her, and one merchant's wife in particular, sent to the sexton to know what little ragged girl that was who came to church so constantly, and behaved so well there. The sexton answered, that it was Polly Meanwell; and, Madam, said he, "though Polly is so poor and so ragged, she is the best girl in the Parish." "Is she so?" says the lady, then pray give her this new Bible, and this piece of money;" and put into his hand a crown for her. Some time afterwards, this lady, who was very rich, dropped, as she was stepping into her coach, a green purse full of guineas, and a fine diamond ring, which Polly had the good fortune to pick up. Now some naughty girls

girls would have kept all this money, and not have carried it to the lady; and indeed one of her neighbours advised her to do so. But Polly was angry with her, and told her, she was a wicked woman to put such naughty things into a little girl's head. "How can I go to church and say my prayers to God Almighty, says she, and at the same time be guilty of such a dishonest thing? and what good do you think this money will do me? why none, it will only corrupt what little I get by my labour, and make God Almighty angry with me." So she got a paper wrote, and nailed it up at the church door, to let every body know that Polly Meanwell, the little ragged girl, had found a large sum of money, and a fine diamond ring, and that the owner might have it on describing the purse and ring.

The lady hearing of this, sent for Polly and described the purse and ring, which Polly returned to her, who gave her ten guineas. "And now Polly, says she, as I know you are a very honest, religious, and good girl, I will provide for you. Go into the next room, and strip off your ragged clothes, and put on those new ones you will

will find on the great chair, and you shall wait on my daughter to the East-Indies; where, if you behave in the same manner you have hitherto done, you will become a great woman; for God Almighty will certainly bless you."

Some years after this, and when Polly was grown a woman, the lady set off for the East-Indies, and Polly with her. But in their passage they were taken by Angria the pirate; and poor Polly, being a beautiful girl, was again reduced to great distress; for Angria made several attempts on her virtue, and because she would not comply with his wicked desires, he put her into a dark prison, and would not suffer her mistress to see her. Now this happened at a time when Kolan-mi Dolan, a very rich king in India, came to visit his dominions; for part of which Angria the pirate paid him a tribute; and she having been punished on account of her virtue, he procured her freedom of Angria, and took her with him to his palace of Ilstohan.

King Kolan-mi Dolan intended to make her one of his concubines; but Polly was determined not to be guilty of any thing
fo

so wicked, she therefore fell on her knees to him and said, "O king! you have done a glorious action in delivering me from that wicked man Angria, for which I hope God Almighty will amply reward you; for he hath promised to be a friend to those who defend the innocent, and support the helpless. Do not therefore, O king, lose the blessing of the Almighty, and fully your own honour, by depriving me of my virtue, which I hold more dear than life itself. Ah! why should you for a sensual gratification, a momentary pleasure, make me miserable for ever? Consider, I beseech you, before whom you stand; God Almighty takes notice of your actions as well as mine, nor can these things be hid from his sight; for the darkness is no darkness with him: but the night is as clear as the day. You and all your hosts are but as nothing with respect to him. Look in the charnel-houses of your fathers, where is now their power, their pomp, their grandeur? they are now but dust, and mingled with the dross of mankind. Why then should pride tempt you to provoke God, or wickedness prompt you to commit a sin, which perhaps may be your overthrow? Kill me you may,

may, but you shall never deprive me of my virtue and honour."

Kolan-mi Dolan was so surprised at this heroic answer, that for a considerable time he could make no reply: he was dumb with amazement, and fixing his eyes on the beloved object, he revolved in his soul the instability of human grandeur, the majesty of the deity, the dignity of virtue, and the power and persuasive force of kneeling artless innocence. He then raised Polly from the ground, and addressed himself to her in these words; "O my divine creature! thou art marked out by Providence to read me the lecture I most wanted, to teach me to turn my thoughts to their proper centre, and to search the bottom of my heart. Ambition, pride, luxury, and revenge had planted themselves there; but thou hast, by thy prudence and angelic virtue, banished them thence. I now see myself, and admire and adore thy superior sense and virtue. Be my companion for life, and I will this moment discharge all my concubines, the creators of my luxury and folly, and make myself for ever happy with thee only." He then married Miss Polly in the most solemn manner, accord.

according to the ceremonies of her religion, and built for her a palace of jasper, the front of which was overlaid with pure gold, the floor paved with pearls and emeralds, the walls bedecked with the brightest diamonds, and the cielings adorned with the most curious paintings of sacred history. She had a large garden richly decorated with the finest grottos, groves, mazy walks, fountains, and purling streams. Here she every evening recreates herself with those ladies of her court who are most distinguished for their virtue and good sense; but her mornings are always spent in hearing the complaints of her people, and promoting their happiness.

Virtues or vices fly from the court, and disperse themselves through a country, in the same manner as the fashions and garbs of dress; what is worn by the great will be affected by the meaner sort. Hence it followed, that the morality and good principles cultivated at court, by Miss Polly the queen, were soon spread throughout all the kingdom, and it became fashionable for people to be virtuous and honest. And what was at first introduced through fashion, is now maintained through prudence;

ce; for as it became unfashionable to be wicked, the murders, adulteries, robberies, thefts, &c. with which the nation was continually plagued before, were now not so much as heard of, and the people found, that in consequence of being **VIR-
TUOUS** they became happy.

END of the EIGHTH VOLUME.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. IX.

CONTAINING

THE

ENTERTAINING MEDLEY.

VOL. IX.

A

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

Vol. IX.

A I have already given, in the first
of a large Chapter, the history of the
to examine the life and conduct of the
INTERESTING INDEX
For, not to mention that, that the basis of the
first part of the volume was in my opinion
not related to the same Chapter, which
History has been already given. There
is to be a large distance between the adven-
tures of the first Prince and the other, that
I need make no apology for leaving this
before we begin. The many pretty and
entertaining stories, and the good and

Vol. IX.

P R E F A C E.

AS I have already given, in the first volume of this work, the History of a Prince Chery, it may be necessary to acquaint my little and learned readers, that I have examined the records of Lilliput, and cannot find, that the hero of the first part of this volume was in any manner related to the Prince Chery, whose History has been already given. There is so great a difference between the adventures of the one Prince and the other, that I need make no apology for laying this before my pupils. The many pretty adventures they contain, and the good moral reflections that may be derived from

A 2

them,

~~4~~ ~~P R E F A C E.~~

hem, are motives that induce me, without
he least scruple, to recommend them to
the serious perusal of all my little Masters
and Misses.

P R E F A C E.

As I have ~~in the first~~
volume of this work, the history
of a Prince Chery, it may be necessary
to acquaint my little and learned readers,
that I have examined the records of this
part, and cannot find, that the hero of the
part of this volume was in any man-
ner related to the Prince Chery, whose
history has been already given. There
is given a distinction between the adven-
tures of the one Prince and the other, that
I need make no apology for saying this
before my pupils. The many pretty ad-
ventures they contain, and the good mo-
ral reflections that may be derived from
them.

6

THE
RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
PRINCE CHERY
AND
PRINCESS FAIR-STAR.

CHAP. I.

*Some Account of the three Daughters, ROU-
SETTA, BRUNETTA, and BLONDINA.*

THERE was a princess, who having undergone several great misfortunes, had nothing left of all her past grandeur, but two rich suits of clothes; the one of velvet embroidered with pearls, and the other of cloth of gold covered over with diamonds, which she kept as long as she could: but the extreme necessity she was reduced to, obliged her often to sell a pearl or diamond privately, to support her equipage. She was a widow, and had three daughters, all

very handsome: she thought, if she brought them up in the grandeur and state suitable to their rank, they would become afterwards more sensible of their misfortunes. Thereupon she determined to sell that little she had left, and go and settle in some country where they might live cheap; but by the way, going over a large forest, she was robbed of almost all she had. This poor princess, after this last misfortune, which was greater than all that had befallen her before, knew she must now either earn her bread, or starve: and as she all her life had taken great delight in cookery, and having a small kitchen furnished with golden plate, which she used to divert herself in, that which she used to do before for her pleasure, she was now forced to undertake for her livelyhood. She took a pretty little house nigh a great city, and made the best fricassees and ragouts imaginable; insomuch that she had a considerable trade, and acquired great fame of being an excellent cook. In the meantime her three daughters grew up, and their beauty, without doubt, had reached the ears of the court, had not their mother kept them up in their chamber. When one day there came a little old woman, who seemed to

to be very much tired, and leaning on a stick, her body very feeble, and her skin all wrinkled and shrivelled: "I am come, said she, to make one good meal before I leave this world, that I may brag I have had one; therefore, said she again to the princess, drawing herself a chair to the fire-side, get me something nice, and make haste." As she had at that time her hands fully employed, and could not do all herself, she called her three daughters down, whose names, in relation to the colours of their hair, which were red, brown, and fair, were Rousetta, Brunetta, and Blondina; who were dressed like country-girls in bodice and petticoats, all of different colours; but the youngest was the handsomest and best-natured. The princess their mother ordered one to go take some pigeons, another to kill some pullets, and the third to make some paste. In short, two or three courses were presently served up, and set before the old woman with clean linen, good wine, and every thing in nice order; which made her eat and drink with an extraordinary appetite. When she had done, she got up, and said to the princess, "Honest friend, had I any money, I would pay you; but I have been

poor these many years, and wanted so kind an entertainment as you have given me; all that I can do, is to wish you better customers than I have been." The princess smiled, and replied, "Well, mother, do not trouble yourself, I am always well rewarded if I can but please. And said Blondina, "We are glad it was in our powers to serve you; if you will sup here too, you shall be welcome." O! cried the old woman, how happy are they who have such generous souls! but don't you think of receiving some recompence? Well, continued she, assure yourselves, that the first wish you make without thinking of me, shall be completed." Then she went away, leaving them some reasons to believe her to be a fairy.

This adventure surpris'd them; they had never seen a fairy before, and were frightened. Infomuch that for six months after, they could not forbear talking of her; and whenever they wish'd for any thing, she was always present in their thoughts, so that they came to nothing, which made them very angry with the fairy. When one day the king going a hunting, resolv'd to call at their house to see if the princess was as notable a cook, as she was represent-
ed

ed to him. The three sisters were in the garden gathering strawberries when he passed by. "Ah! said Rousetta, was I so happy as to marry the Admiral, I boast that I could spin thread enough to make sails for his whole navy." "And I, said Brunetta, was my fortune so good that I should marry the king's brother, I could work lace enough with my needle to hang his palace." "And I, said Blondina, would the king have me, boast at the end of nine months to bring him forth two fine boys and a girl, with stars in their foreheads, and a chain of gold about their necks; from whose hair, hanging on curious rings, should drop valuable jewels." One of the king's favourites overhearing their discourse, went and informed the king thereof, who ordered them to come to him. When they entered the room where the king was, which they did with all respect and modesty, he asked them, whether what he had been told of their discourse about husbands was true, or not? At which they blushed, and hung down their heads: but upon his pressing them further, they owned it was. "Certainly, said he, I know not what power influences me, but I will not stir from hence, until I have married

ried the fair Blondina." Then, sir, said his brother, you will give me leave to marry the lovely Brunetta." "And I live not without hopes, said the Admiral, but your majesty will consent to my happiness, in espousing Rousetta, with whom I am charmed." The king, pleased that two of the greatest persons in his dominions should follow his example, approved their choice, and asked the mother's consent; who answered, it was too great an honour and happiness for her to refuse: and then the king, prince, and admiral, kissed her.

The king pulled a ring off his finger, and put it on Blondina's; and the prince and admiral did the same: after which all the king's retinue saluted, as became them, both the queen and princess: but for Rousetta, she had not so much respect shown her; for though she was the eldest sister, she was the worst married.

When the coaches came, the king invited his mother-in-law to go along with them; assuring her, that she should be looked upon with all manner of distinction. But she, comparing a court to the rolling of the waves in a rough sea, told him she had had too much experience of the world, to forsake
fake

take a quiet life. "Why, replied the king, you don't intend to follow your business?" "No," replied she. "Then, added he, give me leave to appoint you an equipage and attendants." "I thank you, sir, answered she, when I am alone, I have none to disturb my repose; and had I a large family of domestics, there would not fail of some to incommode me." The king admired the sense and discretion of a woman, who both thought and spoke like a philosopher. But while he was pressing his mother-in-law to go along with him, Roufetta went and hid all the vessels of gold that were in the Beaufet, in the bottom of the chariot; all which the fairy turned into earthen ware, when she arrived at court, and came to put them into her closet.

The king and queen embraced the prudent princess with all tendernefs, and assured her she might command whatever lay in their power; and leaving this rural abode, came to town, preceded by trumpets, hautboys, and kettle-drums.

C H A P. II.

Rousetta grows envious of her Sister. Its Consequence.

THE fair queen, and the princess Brunetta, were united by a strict friendship; but Rousetta hated them mortally for their good fortune. What, said she to herself, must I, who am the elder, and think myself a thousand times handsomer than either of them; must I be only the wife of an admiral, who perhaps loves me not so well as he ought! and shall they be, one a queen and the other a princess, and be adored by their husbands! Ye Gods, it is intolerable!”

The queen and princess both proved with child, and by ill fortune a war happened, which obliged the king to put himself at the head of his troops. The young queen and the princess, finding that they must be left in the power of the queen-mother, who hated the thoughts of this low marriage, but dissembled her anger, desired they might return home to their own mother, which would be some comfort to them, for the
loss

loss of their dear spouses: but the king could not be brought to consent to it; he conjured his beloved Blondina to stay at her palace, and assured her his mother should use her well. The king, through his desire of a quick return, hazarded his troops in all rencounters; and his happiness was, that by his rashness he succeeded: but before he could finish his campaign, the queen was brought to bed, as was also the princess her sister, on the same day, of a lovely boy; but she died in the birth. Roussetta's thoughts were wholly employed how she might injure the queen; and when she saw such charming children, and that she herself had none, her rage increased, and she resolved to speak soon to the queen-mother for there was no time to lose. "Madam, said she, I am so deeply touched with the honour your majesty has done me, by letting me share some part of your esteem, that I willingly would do any thing, though against the interest of my own family, to obey you. I am not ignorant of the great displeasure you have conceived at the base marriages of the king and prince; and here are four children born to perpetuate the crime; our mother is but a poor country woman,

man,

man, who had scarcely a bit of bread to put in her mouth, when she betook her to be a cook. Take my advice, Madam, let us make a fricassée of these brats, and put them out of the world, before they make you blush." "Ah! how much I love thee, my dear Rousetta, said the queen, for being so equitable and partaking with me in my just grief? I had already determined to execute what you now propose, but then, the manner how, perplexes me." Never let that trouble you, replied Rousetta, I have a little bitch that has just pupped two little dogs and a bitch, with stars on their foreheads, and rings about their necks: we must make the queen believe that she has been delivered of these creatures, and make away with her three children, and that of the princess deceased." This project was approved of by the inhuman queen, who ordered Feintisa, one of her maids of honour, to fetch the whelps, and dress them in as fine linen and laces as the queen's children should be, and put them into the cradles; then she, followed by Rousetta, went and paid the queen a visit: "I am come to wish you joy, said she, of the heirs you have brought forth to my son; methinks, hold-
ing

ing up the whelps, their head will become a crown: Now I am not amazed at the promise you made my son, of bringing two sons and a daughter, with stars on their foreheads, and collars of gold about their necks. Here take them, and nurse them yourself, for no woman, that I know of, will ever give their breasts to them to suck.

The poor queen, surpris'd at the relation of this misfortune, had like to have died away with grief, and when she perceived it was true, seeing the whole litter lie yelping upon her bed, cried most bitterly: then clasping her hands, said, "Alas! madam, add no reproaches to my affliction, which of itself is already too great: had the gods permitted me to die, rather than be the mother of such monsters, I should have thought myself too happy. Alas! what will become of me; the king will hate me as much as he loved me before." Here her sighs and sobbings interrupted her, and her speech failed her; when the queen-mother continuing her reflections, had the pleasure of passing away three hours by her bed-side, and then went away. Her sister, who pretended to partake of her grief, told her she was not the first that had had such misfortunes; that she

she plainly saw it was a trick of the old fairy's, who had promised such wonders; and that, as it might be dangerous for her to see the king, she advised her to go home to her mother with her three whelps. The queen returned no answer, but by tears, which might make the most hardened heart relent, to think she must be forced to suckle nasty whelps, and believe herself the mother of them. The old queen ordered Feintisa to take the four children and strangle them, and after that bury them carefully, that she might not be discovered; but just as she was going to execute that fatal commission, and had the cord about their necks, she looked some time earnestly upon them, and seeing the stars in their foreheads, which she thinking might portend something extraordinary, she durst not lay criminal hands upon them, but put them in their cradle aboard a little boat, and with some jewels committed them to the mercy of the seas. The boat was soon forced from the shore by the wind, which at that time was very boisterous, and was got presently out of sight: the waves swelled as high as mountains, the sun was darkened by thick clouds, and the air was rent by violent claps of thunder, attended
with

with great lightnings; infomuch that Feintifa doubted not in the least but that the boat was cast away, and these infants perished; at which she conceived no small joy, she having had all along a dread, lest something should happen in their favour.

The king, whose thoughts were always on his dear spouse, and the condition he left her in, having concluded a truce for some time, returned with all speed home, and arrived about twelve hours after her delivery. The queen-mother met him, and with a composed air, full of grief, held him a long time in her arms, wetting his face with her tears, and seeming as if her sorrow prevented her speech. The king, all trembling, durst not ask her what had happened, for he doubted not but it was some very great misfortune. But at last, she making as if she used some great effort on herself, told him that his queen was brought to bed of three whelps, which Feintifa immediately presented to him; and Rousetta, falling on her knees, begged of him not to put her sister to death, but to send her back to her mother; which, she said, she should take as a great favour. The king was so struck and confounded, that he could hardly breathe, and look-

ing on the whelps, and observing, with surprise, the star on their foreheads, and the white ring about their necks, he fell into a swoon, and rolling a thousand things in his imagination, could not resolve on any, 'till the queen-mother pressed him so much, that he pronounced his innocent queen's banishment: who was that minute put into a litter with her whelps, and sent to her mother's, where she arrived almost dead.

But heaven looked with a more favourable eye on the boat the three princes and the princess were in; for the fairy, who protected them, rained milk into their mouths, and preserved them in this sudden and terrible storm; they floated seven nights and days, and were met out at main sea by a corsair, the captain of which, seeing the stars on their foreheads, though at a great distance, thought the boat was full of jewels, which he found to be true in the end. But what touched him most, was the beauty of these four charming children, the desire of preserving which made him turn back again, to give them to his wife, who never had any, and was very desirous of them. She, for her part, was frightened to see him return so soon, he using to stay out a long
long

long time, but was overjoyed when he put so valuable a treasure into her hands. They both wondered at the star, the chain of gold, which could not be taken from off their neck, and their fine hair; but what increased it the more, was; when the good woman came to comb them, there fell out diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, of several sizes, some whereof were very large and beautiful. The husband seeing this, told his wife he was weary of the seas, and that if those children continued to bestow such treasures, he would go no more, but might stay at home, and live as well as the greatest captains they had; at which resolution of her husband, the wife, whose name was Corfina, was overjoyed, and grew every day fonder of these children. The princess she called Fair-Star, the elder brother Bright-Sun, the second son Felix, and the princess's son Chery, who was much more beautiful than the others, for all he had neither a star nor chain, and was best beloved by Corfina.

After the first years of their infancy, the corsair applied himself seriously to cultivate the natural parts, with which heaven had so largely endowed them. And he made no

doubt, but that some great mysteries were concealed in their birth, and his finding them as he did; therefore he resolved to make the Gods an acknowledgment for this present, by his extraordinary care of their education: insomuch, that after having enlarged his house, he hired masters to instruct them in all manner of learning and qualifications, who were amazed at the great geniuses of their pupils. The corsair and his wife never divulged this adventure, but the children passed for their own, though in all their actions they plainly showed they were of more illustrious blood. There was a strict unity among them; and as they grew up, their mutual tenderness encreased, and they lived with all imaginable pleasure and satisfaction. "Dear brother, said Fair-Star to Chery, one day, if my wishes could make you happy, you should be one of the greatest monarchs upon earth." "Alas! sister, replied he, envy me not the blessing I enjoy, in being nigh you; one moment of which time I prefer to all the grandeur you can wish me." If she said the same things to her other two brothers, they only thanked her in a careless manner, and said no more.

C H A P. III.

Fair-Star discovers herself to be in love.

WHEN she was alone, she examined into the differences of love, and found her heart to be somewhat disposed like theirs; for though Bright-Sun and Felix were both dear to her, she could not wish to live with them all her life: but for Chery, she was all in tears at the least thought of his father's sending him to sea or into the army.

One day the three princes being gone a hunting, Fair Star went up into a little dark closet, which she loved to sit and think in, which was separated only by a thin partition from Corfina's chamber; where she heard her, thinking she was gone a walking, say to the Corfair, "It is now time to think of marrying Fair-Star: if we knew who she was, we should endeavour to marry her suitable to her rank: or if we could believe that these, who pass for her brothers, were not so, we might bestow her on one of them; for where can we find one more deserving of her? When I found

them, said the Corfair, I saw nothing that could inform me of their birth; but knew by the jewels that were fastened to their cradles, that they were no mean persons: and what is more singular, you know they seemed all of an age, and four are too many for one birth." "I suspected so, said Corfina, that Chery is not their brother, for he has neither a star nor collar." "That is true, replied the husband, but jewels fall out of his hair as well as the others: yet after all the riches we have amassed together by them, I could wish to know whose they are." "That we must leave to the gods, said Corfina, who gave them us, and when they shall think fit, will let us know." Fair-Star listened attentively to their discourse, and could not express her joy, that she might hope she was born of illustrious parents, though she had never failed any ways in respect to those she thought to be hers; and yet was not over well pleased at her being a Corfair's. But what flattered her imagination most, was to think that Chery was not her brother; which thought made her impatient to see him, to tell him of this extraordinary adventure. Hereupon she went and took horse, and followed them
by

by the found of the horn. Chery, as soon as he saw her, came to meet her before the other two. "How agreeable a surprise is this, Fair-Star, said he, to see you a hunting, who are never to be drawn away from your music and other amusements?" "I have so many things to tell you, replied she, that I came to seek you, to talk in private with you." "Alas! sister, said he sighing, what is it you would have with me to day, for it is a long time since you have taken any notice of me?" At that she blushed, and cast down her eyes, and remained some time thoughtful, without ever returning any answer. At last, when her two brothers came to them, she, like one awakened out of a lethargy, jumped from off her horse, and went, followed by them, to a little hillock, surrounded with shady trees; where she said to them, "Sit down here, and I will tell you what I have heard."

And accordingly she told them word for word, the Corsair's, and his wife's discourse, and how that they were not their children. Nothing can be said to express the surprise of the three Princes: they debated among themselves what they had best to do; One was for going without saying any
B 4 thing;

thing; another was not for going at all; and the third was for going and acquainting them with it. The first maintained his was the surest way, because the advantage they made of them would induce them to keep them; the second said, it was not proper to leave them, unless they had somewhere to go, where they might be well received, for that he could not bear the thoughts of being called wanderers; the third alledged the ingratitude of leaving them without their consents; that it was folly to stay any longer with them in a desert part of the world, where they could never learn who they were, and that therefore the only way was to tell them of their design, and get their consents. This opinion at last prevailing, they all took horse again, and returned home to the Corsair.

Chery's heart was flattered with all that hope can offer most agreeable to comfort an afflicted lover; his love made him guess a what was to come: He no longer looked upon himself as brother to Fair Star, and his constrained passion taking wing a little, permitted a thousand ideas that charmed him. They addressed themselves to the Corsair and his wife with a visible joy, and yet uneasiness

ness in their faces: "We come not, said Bright-Sun, to deny the friendship, gratitude, and respect we owe you, though we are informed how you found us on the sea, and that you are not our father and mother. The piety with which you saved us, the noble education you have given us, and the care and bounty you have shown, are such indispensable ties, that nothing in this world can free us from. We are come now to renew our sincere thanks, and to beg of you to relate to us so rare an event, and to advise us, that guided by your wise counsels, we may have nothing to reproach ourselves withal." The Corsair and his wife were very much surprized, that a thing which they had concealed with so much care, should be discovered. "You are too well informed, said they, and we can no longer hide from you, that you are not our children, and that fortune alone put you into our hands. We have no knowledge of your birth; but, by the jewels that were found in your cradles, guess your parents to be people of quality, or very rich. What can we advise you more? If you consult the friendship we have for you, you will, without doubt, stay here with us, and com-

fort us in our old age by your presence. If you do not like this house or abode, we will remove where you shall think fit, provided it be not to court, which a long experience has made us disrelish; and will make you too, if you knew but the continual trouble and care, the disguises and dissimulations, the envy and strife, the false happiness, and all the mischiefs attending there; I could tell you more, but that you may think my counsels too much interested, which they really are my dear children: we only desire to detain you in this peaceable retreat; yet you are your own masters, to go when you will. Consider, now you are in the haven, and are going to sail in a boisterous sea; the trouble exceeds the pleasure: the course of man's life is limited, and oftentimes is cut short by one half; the grandeurs of this world are like false stones; the most solid happiness is to know how to set bounds to our desires, to be wise and live in a perfect tranquillity."

The Corsair had not made an end of these his remonstrances so soon, but that he was interrupted by prince Felix: "We have too great a desire, dear father, said he, to make some discoveries of our births, as to live buried
here

here in a desert; the morals you have laid down are excellent, and I wish we were able to follow them; but I know not what fatality guides us; let us fulfil our destiny, we will come and see you again, and give you an account of our adventures." At these words the Corsair and his wife burst out in tears; the princes very much relented, and particularly Fair Star, who was of a sweet disposition, and would never have thought of going away, had she but Chery to stay with her. After this resolution, their thoughts were wholly bent upon their equipage and their embarkation; for they hoped, when at sea, to get some light of what they wanted to know. They put four horses a-board; and after having combed their heads to give Corsina as many jewels as possibly they could, they desired her in exchange to give them the chains and diamonds that she found in their cradle; who went immediately and fetched them out of her closet, where she kept them safe, and tied them all upon Fair-Star, whom she embraced with all motherly affection, wetting her face with her tears.

Never was any separation more melancholy: The Corsair and his wife were ready
to

to die with grief. But their sorrows proceeded not from interest; they had already amassed too much riches to desire any more. In short, Bright-Sun, Felix, Chery, and Fair Star, went a-board a vessel which the Corfair had fitted out with all magnificence, and fine paintings. The course they steered was to the same degrees of latitude where the Corfair found them; and he prepared a great sacrifice for the gods and fairies to obtain their protection, and guide them to the place of their birth. They took a Turtle Dove, and were going out to sacrifice it; but that the compassionate princess thought it so beautiful, that she saved its life, and let it fly, saying, "Go thou pretty bird of Venus, if I should ever want thy assistance, remember what I have done for thee." Away went the bird, and when the sacrifice was over, there was heard such a charming concert of music, that all nature seemed to keep a profound silence to listen to it; the seas were calm, and the winds only breathed gentle zephyrs, which disordered the princess's veil and hair; and a Syren arose out of the water, and sung, while the princess and her brothers admired her. After some airs, she turned herself towards them,
and

and said, "be not uneasy; let your vessel drive before the wind; and where it stops, there disembark; and let those who love, love still on."

Fair Star and Chery were sensible of an extraordinary joy at these words of the Syren, never disputing but that they related to them; and by signs gave each other to understand as much, without Bright-Sun and Felix perceiving them in the least. They were full three months out at sea, during which time the amorous prince had a great deal of conversation with his beloved princess.

The days were then very long and hot; towards the evening the princess and her brothers went upon the deck, to see the sun repose himself in the breast of his beloved Thetis; and taking their instruments, began a very agreeable concert. In the mean time, a fresh gale of wind arising, they soon doubled a point, which concealed from their eyes a beautiful city, the prospect of which amazed and pleased our lovely youths so much, that they wished their vessel might enter the port; but doubted lest there should not be room; there being so many in before them, that the masts looked like a float-
ing

ing forest. Their desires were accomplished; the shores were presently crouded to see the magnificence of the ship.

C H A P. IV.

Containing several wonderful Incidents.

ALL that saw the stars on the princes were filled with admiration; and some ran to inform the king of it, who as he could not believe it, and as the large great terrass belonging to his palace looked to the sea, he came presently and saw the princes Bright-Sun, and Chery, taking the princess in their arms, and carrying her ashore; and after that unshipping their horses, the richness of whose accoutrements were answerable to the rest.

The princes, hearing the people say, there's the king, there's the king, lifting up their eyes, beheld in him an air of so much majesty, that they no longer disputed but it was true; and passing by him, made him each a low bow, fixing their eyes on him all the time; while he looking no less earnestly

neftly upon them, was charmed with the incomparable beauty of the princefs, and the good mien of the three princes. He fent the firft gentleman of his bed-chamber to offer them his protection, and whatever they fhould want, they being perfect ftrangers. They accepted of the honour the king did them, with a great deal of refpect and acknowledgment, and told him that they only wanted an houfe where they might live private; and that they fhould be glad if it could be two or three miles from the city, becaufe they took great delight in walking. He accordingly did as they defired, and lodged them and their train commodioufly. The king, whole thoughts were full of what he had feen, went immediately into the queen-mother's apartment, and told her what he had been feeing, and how much he admired the youths and the young lady. At this news ſhe ſtood as it were thunder-ftruck: but recovering herſelf asked in a carelefs manner, of what age they might be, and he anſwering about fifteen or ſixteen, her uneaſinefs encreaſed; and ſhe apprehended with fear that Feintifa had betrayed her; while the king walked about the room, in ſome paſſion and concern,

cern, often saying, "How happy must that father be, who is blessed with such an offspring! and how miserable am I to be a king and father to three whelps, and have no heirs to my crown."

The old queen heard these words with a deadly dread; the fears and the nearness of their age, with the princes and their sister, gave her great suspicions that Feintisa, instead of making away with the king's children, had preserved them. But as she was a woman that had a great command over herself, she discovered not in the least what agitated her soul; and would not send that day to inform herself of what she desired so much to know; but the next day sent her secretary under pretext of giving some orders for their entertainment, to examine and enquire into what was so necessary to her repose. The secretary went early the next morning, and arrived just as the princess was set down to her toilet, and was combing her hair, which hung down in fine rings below her waist, which was hung round with baskets to catch the jewels she combed out: her star shined so bright that it dazzled him, and the chain of gold about her neck seemed no less extraordinary than the diamonds

monds, &c. rolling down from the top of her head. The secretary could hardly believe his eyes; when the princess making choice of a large pearl, such as the kings of Spain esteem so much by the name of *peregrina*, or the pilgrim, as it came from a traveller, she desired him to accept of it, that thereby he might remember her. He, confounded by so much liberality, took his leave of her, and went to pay his respects to the three princes, with whom he stayed some time to inform himself of what his mistress desired so much to know; and after that returned back to the queen, with an account that confirmed what she so much feared. He told her Chery had no star, but diamonds, &c. fell out of his hair; and that in his opinion he was the handsomest: that they were come a great way off; and that their father and mother had prefixed a time for them to finish their travels in.

This article put the queen a little to a stand, and she imagined sometimes that they were not the king's children. Thus she wavered between hope and fear; when the king hunting one day by their house, the gentlemen of his bed-chamber told him as they passed by, that it was there the prin-

cess and her brothers lived. "The queen has advised me, replied the king, not to see them, fearing lest they may have come from some place where the plague rages, and may bring some infection with them." "Indeed, replied the gentleman, it is very dangerous; but I believe there's more to be feared from the eyes of this young stranger than any infection of the air." "I am of your opinion," said the king, and spurring his horse went forward; when presently hearing a sound of instruments, he stopped at the hall windows, which were open; and after having admired the sweetness of this symphony, went on. The noise the horses made, engaged the princes to look out; who, when they saw the king, saluted him very respectfully, and made all haste to come out, and accosting him with a gay countenance and much submission, they embraced his knees, and the princesses kissed his hand. The king caressed them with a pleasing satisfaction, and found his heart so touched, that he could not guess at the cause. He bid them not fail of coming to court, telling them he should be very glad to see them there, and that he would present them to his mother. They thanked him for the
XI. honour

honour he did them, and assured him, that as soon as their clothes and equipage were got ready, they would make their appearance there. After this the king left them to pursue his game, and sent them one half of what he killed, and carried the other with him to the queen his mother; who said to him, "How comes this about? you used to kill three times as much as this." "Indeed, replied the king, I have regaled the beautiful strangers with some; and I have so strong a fancy for them, that were you not so much afraid of some contagion, I would lodge them in the palace."

The old queen very much vexed, accused him of want of respect to her, and reproached him for exposing himself so rashly; and when he was gone, sent for Feintisa into her closet, and catching hold of her hair with one hand, and clapping a poynard to her throat with the other, said, "I know not, base wretch, what remains of kindness hinder my sacrificing thee to my just resentment; thou hast betrayed me, and hast not killed the four children I put in thy hands for that purpose: own thy crime, and perhaps I may forgive thee." Feintisa half dead with fear, cast herself at her feet and

C 2

told

told her all she had done; that she thought it impossible that they should be alive, because there arose just then such a terrible tempest, that in all probability they must be cast away; adding, that if she would but give her time, she would find out a way to destroy them one after another, without the least suspicion. The queen, whom nothing but the promise of their death could appease, bid her to lose no time; and indeed Feintisa who saw her life in great danger, neglected nothing that lay in her power: she watched the time when the princes were gone out a hunting, and carrying a guittar under her arm, went and sat over against the prince's window, and sung these words:

Happy they, the use who know
Of blessings the kind Gods bestow;

Beauty fades,

Age invades,

And blights the fairest flower;

Too great's the grief,

When past relief,

And charms have lost their power;

Then to our cost,

We find we've lost,

And miss'd the lucky hour.

Fair

Fair ones, beware, your charms improve,
While in your bloom, and fit for love;
Beauty fades,
Age invades,
And blights the fairest flower;
Too great's the grief,
When past relief,
And charms have lost their power:
Then to your cost,
You'll find you've lost,
And miss'd the lucky hour.

Fair-Star liking the words, came into her balcony to see who the person was that sung them, and Feintifa appearing in a dress suitable to her design, made her a very low courtesy. The princess, as she was gay, returning the salute, asked her if those words were made upon herself. "Yes, charming lady, they were," replied Feintifa, but that they may never be applied to you, I am come to give you some good advice, which you ought not to neglect." "What's that?" said Fair-Star. "Let me come into your chamber, and I will tell you," replied the other. "Come up then," said the princess. And immediately thereupon, the old woman rose up, and came into her chamber

with a courtly air, which when once attained, is not easily laid aside. "Dear lady, said she, without losing any time, for she was afraid of being interrupted, heaven has formed you charming and lovely, you are adorned with a bright star upon your forehead, and several wonders are reported of you: but you want one thing that is essentially necessary; and if you have it not, I pity you." "And what is it?" replied she. "The dancing-water, added the wicked Feintifa, if I had had it in my youth, you should not have seen a grey hair in my head, nor a wrinkle in my brow. I should have had now the most charming white teeth: but, alas! it was too late when I knew this secret; my charms were decayed before. Profit by my misfortunes, dear child, it will be some comfort to me, for I have a tendernefs for you." "But where shall I get this dancing-water?" replied Fair-Star. "In the Burning Forest, said Feintifa. You have three brothers, do none of them love you well enough to go and fetch it for you?" "My brothers, said the princess, love me tenderly; and I am sure there is one of them will refuse me nothing; and I will certainly, if this water does what you say, give

give you a recompence suitable to your deserts." The perfidious Feintisa retired in haste, overjoyed that she had succeeded so well, telling Fair-Star, she would be sure to come and see her again.

When the princes came from hunting, one brought a boar, another a hare, and the third a stag, and laid them at their sister's feet; which homage she looked upon with disdain; her thoughts were so much employed on the advice Feintisa had given, that she seemed uneasy; and Chery, whose whole study was to observe her humour and motions, was not long before he observed it. "What is the matter, my dear Star? said he, perhaps you like not the country where we are; if so, we will go away immediately; perhaps you are not pleased with our equipage, it is not fine enough; speak, and tell me, that I may have the pleasure of obeying you first." "The confidence which you give me, said she, to tell you what passes in my mind, engages me to declare to you, that I cannot live without the dancing-water which is in the Burning Forest: had I that, I need not fear any thing from the power of time." "Trouble not yourself, my lovely Star, added he, I will go and

fetch it you, or let you know by my death, that it is impossible to have it." "No, said she, I would rather renounce all the advantages of beauty, and be horridly frightful, than hazard a life so dear. I conjure you never to think more of this water; and if I have any power over you, I forbid you." The prince seemed to obey; but as soon as he saw her engaged and busy, he mounted his white horse, and furnished his pockets plentifully with money, and for jewels his head supplied him sufficiently. He took no attendants with him, that he might be more at his own liberty; and that if any dangerous adventure presented, he might not be troubled with the remonstrances of an over-zealous and timorous servant.

C H A P. V.

Chery sets out on an Expedition to the Burning Forest.

WHEN supper-time came, and the princess saw not her brother Chery, she was so much troubled, that she could neither eat nor drink, but ordered the servants to

to search every where for him. The other two princes, who knew nothing of the dancing-water, told her she was too uneasy, and that he could not be far off; that she knew he loved retirement sometimes, to indulge his thoughts, and that without doubt, he was amusing himself in a little wood that was hard by. This made her easy for some time; but then again she lost all patience, and told her brothers, crying, that she was the cause of his absence, by expressing a desire to have some of the dancing-water in the Burning Forest, and that without doubt he was gone thither. At this news, they resolved to send after him; and she charged the messengers to tell him, that she conjured him to come back. In the mean time, Feintifa, who was not without her spies, to know the effect of her advice, when she learned that Chery was gone, was overjoyed; not doubting in the least, but he would make more haste than those that followed him, and that some mischief would befall him. Big with these hopes she ran to the queen-mother, to give her an account of all that had past.

The contrivance, of the Prince Chery's destruction was one of the most certain; for

the dancing-water was not easily to be got; the reports of the misfortunes that attended all those who had gone for it, had made the way known almost to every body. The prince never spared his white nag, who went at an incredible swiftness, so willing was he to return soon to Fair-Star, to give her all the satisfaction she could promise herself from his journey. He was eight days and nights without taking any repose, but what he got under a tree in a wood or forest, while his horse was grazing; and lived on what fruits he found on the trees. The ninth day, he found himself very much incommoded by the excessive heat of the air, and not knowing what cause to attribute it to, since he was certain it was not the sun, when he gained the top of a hill, he perceived the Burning Forest; where the trees were always in flames, without ever consuming; which cast such a heat, that all the country about was a dry desert. In this forest, the prince heard the hissing of adders, and the roaring of lions, which very much amazed him, who could not believe that any thing but a salamander could live in a kind of furnace. After having considered on so dreadful a thing, and thought on what
was

was to be done, he gave himself up for lost; when going nigher to this great fire, and being ready to die with thirst, finding a fountain, he alighted from off his horse, and stooping to take up some water into a golden vessel he brought with him, to carry that the princess desired in, he perceived a turtle drowning, and taking pity on it, saved it; and after having held it some time by the heels, and wiped its wet feathers, put it in his bosom, where the poor turtle recovered. “Prince Chery, said it, in a soft tender voice, you never could have obliged any creature more full of acknowledgment than myself; this is not the first time I have received most signal favours from your family; I am glad that I now can, in return, be serviceable to you. Think not that I am ignorant of the cause of this your journey, which you have too rashly undertaken, since it is almost impossible to tell how many have perished here. The dancing-water is the eighth wonder of the world; it beautifies ladies, makes them young again, and enriches them: but if I am not your guide, you can never get to it: the source of the water falls with so great an impetuosity into a deep abyfs. In
the

the road is a blockade of trees, laid so close, and so entangled by their branches and briars, that I see no way but to go under ground. Rest yourself here, and be not uneasy, I will go and take proper measures about it."

Then the turtle left him, flying backwards and forwards, and taking several flights about: and towards the close of the day, came and told the prince all was ready: who took the loving bird in his hand, kissed it, caressed it, and thanked it; and after that, followed it upon his white horse. They had not gone many hundred yards, before the prince seeing a great number of foxes, badgers, moles, and other creatures that burrowed, and wondering how they came to be so assembled together, the turtle told him it was by her means, and that they came to work for his service. Chery, when he came to the mouth of the vault, pulled the bridle off his horse's head, and tied it to the saddle, and turned him loose; and then followed the turtle, who conducted him to the fountain, the falling of whose water made such a noise as would have deafened him, had not the turtle given him two of her white feathers. He was strangely surprised

surprised to see the water dance with so much justness to the warblings of some birds, who, flying in the air, formed a band of musick. He filled his vessel of gold, and pulled two hearty draughts, which made him a thousand times more beautiful than he was before, and refreshed him so much, that he was able to bear the heat of the forest. He returned the same way he came, and finding his horse again at the cavern's mouth, mounted him again, and taking the dove in his hand, said, "Loving turtle, I know not by what prodigy you have so much power here; what you have done for me demands all my gratitude: and as liberty is the greatest of all blessings, I give you yours, to show some token of my goodwill." As he said these words, he let her go; she flew away with as sullen an air, as if he had kept her against her will. Upon which he said to himself. "How fickle art thou! thou hast more of a man than a turtle in thee; the one is inconstant, the other is not." To this the turtle mounted high in the air, said, "And do you know who I am?"

Chery, amazed that the turtle should answer thus to his thoughts, suspected her
to

to be something very extraordinary, and was sorry he had let her fly, saying to himself that she might be very useful to him, and he might have learned of her several things, that might have contributed very much to his repose. But then again, he considered with himself, that he ought never to regret a good action, and that he was indebted to her, when he thought on the difficulties she had smoothed out for him, to get the dancing-water. His golden vessel or bottle, in which he put it, was so close stopped up, he could not spill one drop, nor the spirit of the water evaporate; so that all the way, he entertained himself with the thoughts, how agreeable he should please his Fair-Star, and the joy she would receive, to see the water and him again: when presently he spied several men on horseback, galloping at full speed, who no sooner perceived him, but they gave a halloo, and pointed to him. Though his intrepid soul was so void of fear, as not to be alarmed at any danger, yet was he vexed to think he should be stopped; he spurred on his horse, and made boldly towards them: but how agreeable was his surprise, to find them to be his domesticks, with a letter from the princess, charging

charging him not to expose himself to the dangers of the Burning Forest! he kissed the writing, sigh'd several times, and made all possible haste to ease her of her fears.

When he came home, he found her sitting under some trees, abandoned to her grief; but when she saw him at her feet, she knew not what reception to give him; she could both chide him, for going contrary to her orders, and thanked him for his present: at last, her tenderness prevailing, she embraced her dear brother, and received him with all possible demonstrations of joy. The restless Feintisa knew by her spies, that Chery was returned, and more beautiful than when he went, and that the princess, by washing her face with the dancing-water, was become so excessive beautiful, that no body could behold her without admiration. She was very much amazed and vexed; for she made account that the prince would perish in the attempt: but recollecting, this was no time to despond, but seeking an opportunity, when the princess went to the temple of Diana unaccompanied, she accosted her with an air of friendship, and said, "I congratulate you, madam, on the happy success of my advise; your looks discover too

too plainly that you have used the dancing-water: but, if I durst advise you once more, you should think of getting the singing-apple, which is as great an embellishment to the wit: would you persuade, would you appear in publick, make verses, write prose, make people to laugh or cry, it is sinelling, it has all these virtues; and besides, sings so fine, that it ravishes all that hear it." "I will have none of it, cried the princess, my brother had like to have lost his life, in fetching the dancing-water, your counsel is too dangerous." "What! madam, replied Feintifa, would you not be the most learned and witty lady in the world?" "Sure you do not think so." "Alas! what would have become of me, if my brother had been brought back dead, or dying!" "Then let him go no more, said the old woman, let the other two oblige you in their turns, this enterprise is not so dangerous." "No matter for that, said the princess, I will not expose them to it." "How much I pity you, replied Feintifa, to let so advantageous an opportunity slip you; but consider upon it; farewell, madam." And then left her, very much unsatisfied with the success of her harangue. Fair-Star staid
at

at the feet of Diana's statue, irresolute what to do; she loved her brothers, but so earnestly desired the singing-apple, that she sighed and fell a crying. Bright-Sun coming into the temple, and seeing the princess's face covered with her veil, because she was ashamed to be seen blear-eyed; but he guessing she was in tears, and going up to her, conjured her instantly to tell him why she cried. But she refused, telling him she could not for shame; and the more she denied, the more earnest he was to know. At last she said, that the same old woman that advised her to send for the dancing-water, had been telling her of the singing-apple, which was more wonderful; because it created as much wit as to make the person possessed of it a perfect prodigy, and that she would almost give her life for such an apple, but that she feared there was too much danger in going for it. "You need not be afraid of me, replied the brother, I assure you, for I am not so fond as that comes to: what have you not wit enough already? Come, come, do not vex yourself about such a foolish story."

Fair-Star followed him from thence home, not a little melancholy at the manner of his receiving the confidence she reposed in him,

and the impossibility of her having the singing-apple. When supper was set upon the table, she could not eat. Chery, the lovely Chery observed it, and helped her to the nicest bits, pressing her to taste thereof: but all he could say proved useless, the tears came in her eyes, and she rose from the table. O heavens! how uneasy was Chery, ignorant of what was the cause? when Bright-Sun told him in a sort of raillery, disobliging enough to his sister, who was so much piqued thereat, that she retired to her chamber, and would see nobody all that night.

C H A P. VI.

Prince Chery sets out in Pursuit of the Singing-Apple.

WHEN Bright-Sun and Felix were in bed, Chery mounted his white nag again, and without saying any thing to any one, set out on his journey for the singing-apple, though he knew not one foot of the way, leaving a letter behind him, to be given to Fair-Star the next morning; who

when

when she received it, felt all the disquiet and torments conceivable upon such an occasion. She ran into her brothers chamber, to let them partake somewhat of her grief; who presently sent after him, to oblige him to return, without attempting an adventure wherein there was so much hazard. All this time the king, who never had these four strangers out of his thoughts, as often as he went a hunting, called upon them, and reproached them for not coming to his court.

They excused themselves, first, that they had not completed their equipage; and then, that their brother was absent: assuring him, that upon his return, they, after the leave he gave them, would pay their most humble respects to him.

The prince Chery, who was too much urged on by his passion, not to make all possible haste, some time after day break, found a handsome young man sit under a shady tree, reading a book he held in his hand; to whom he addressed himself in a civil manner; and said, "Give me leave to interrupt you, to ask if you know where I may find the singing-apple." The young man looking up and smiling, asked him if

he intended to obtain it. "Yes, replied the prince, if it is possible I will." "Ah! fir, added the stranger, you know not all the dangers! here is a book that speaks of them, and the very reading of it is enough to make one tremble." "No matter for that, said Chery, the danger is not capable of dismaying me; tell me only where I may find it." "This book, continued the man, says, in the deserts of Lybia, that we may hear it sing eight leagues off; and that the dragon, which guards it, has already devoured above five hundred thousand people." "I shall make one more," said the prince smiling; and then taking his leave, set forward for the deserts of Lybia. After several days journey, he listened if he could hear the apple, afflicting himself with the length of the way; when perceiving in the road a turtle almost dead; and seeing no one nigh that could have wounded it, he believed that it might belong to Venus; and that having escaped her court, the little archer, to try his bow and arrows had let fly at her; and taking pity on it, alighted off his horse, took it up, and wiped its bloody feathers, took out of his pocket a little golden box of an admirable ointment, and

and no sooner applied it to the wound of the poor turtle, but it opened its eyes, raised up its head, stretched out its wings, and then looking at the prince, said, "Good-morrow, Chery, you are destined to save my life, and I may perhaps do you no less signal services. You are come for the singing-apple, the enterprise is difficult, and worthy of you; for it is guarded by a terrible scaled dragon, with three heads and twelve feet." "Ah! my dear turtle, said the prince, how overjoyed am I to see you again, and at a time when your assistance is so necessary. Do not deny it me, my pretty creature, for I should die with grief, if I should return without the singing-apple; and since that I got the dancing-water by your means, I hope you will find out some expedient whereby I may succeed as well in this undertaking." "Follow me, answered the turtle, and I hope all will be well."

The prince let her go; and after following her all the day, arrived at a great mountain of sand, into which the turtle told him he must dig; which he accordingly did, sometimes with his hand, and sometimes with his sword. After some hours hard

working, he found a headpiece, breast plate, and, in short, a complete suit of armour for man and horse, all of glass. "Arm yourself, said the turtle, and fear not the dragon; for when he shall see himself in all these glasses, he will be so frightened, thinking his own resemblance, in so many mirrors, to be as many such monsters as himself, that he will run away." Chery approving this contrivance, armed himself, and taking the turtle in his hand, they travelled all that night, and at day-break heard a most ravishing melody; and the prince asking what it was, the turtle told him, she was persuaded that nothing but the singing-apple could be so agreeable, for that it performed all parts in musick, and seemed as if all manner of instruments were played upon, which made them still keep advancing towards it. The farther they advanced, the more charming the musick seemed; and whatever dread the prince might be in, he was sometimes so ravished, that he stopped almost insensible of any thing else: but the sight of the dragon, who appeared suddenly, soon recovered him out of this kind of lethargy. He had smelt the prince a great way off, and expected to devour him, as he

he had done by all the rest. He came jumping along, covering the ground as he came with a poisonous froth. Out of his infernal throat there issued fire and little dragons, which he used instead of darts, to throw into the eyes and ears of all the knights-errant that came to fetch away the singing-apple. But when he saw his own terrible figure, multiplied a thousand times, in the prince's glass-armour, he stopped; and looking hard upon him, bearing so many no less horrid monsters than himself about him, was frightened, and ran away. Chery perceiving the happy success of his armour, pursued him to the mouth of a deep cavern, which he closed up, to prevent his returning again. After that, searching about, he discovered, with admiration, the beautiful tree, which was all amber, except the apples, which were topazes; but that which he sought after with so much pains, and great danger, was a ruby crowned with a diamond. The prince, transported with the joy of having it in his power to bestow so great a treasure on his beloved Fair-Star, made haste to break off the bough; and proud of his good-fortune, mounted his horse again, but saw no more of the turtle,

who, when there was no further need of her assistance, was flown away. In short, the prince returned to his princess with the prize, who had never enjoyed one moment's repose since his absence: she continually reproached herself for her ambition of wit, dreading Chery's death far more than her own. No afflicting, tormenting thought escaped her imagination, when, in the middle of the night, she heard such ravishing musick, that she could not lie in bed, but got up, and went to the window to hear it more plainly, not knowing what to think of it. At last, it being moonlight, she discovered the prince; upon which she retired, seeing a gentleman, not knowing who it might be: when he stopped under her window, and the apple sung an air the beginning of which words were, or something like it, "Awake, you sleeping fair."

At this the curious princess presently looked out, and knowing her brother again, was ready to jump out of the window to him. She talked so loud, that the whole family were presently alarmed, and came and opened the doors; which Chery entered

ed with all imaginable haste, holding in his hand a branch of amber, with the wonderful fruit upon it: and as he had smelt on it often, his wit was so much increased, that nothing was comparable to it. Fair-Star ran to meet him with great precipitation, crying with joy, and saying, "Do you believe I thank you, dear brother? No, there's nothing that I do but buy too dear, when I expose you to fetch it." "And there are no dangers I would not hazard," answered he, "to give you the least satisfaction. Accept, Fair-Star, of this fruit, none deserves it so much as you." Bright-Sun, and his brother, came just then, and interrupted their conversation, and were glad to see their brother again, who gave them an account of his journey, which lasted till morning.

The wicked Feintisa having left the queen, after having acquainted her with her projects, was just retired home, and got to bed, but could not sleep, through her uneasiness, one wink. When she heard the sweet singing of the apple, and not doubting but that he had obtained it, she cried and bewailed her condition, scratching her face, and tearing off her hair. Her grief

was extremely great; for instead of doing the princes the mischief she projected, she did them all the service imaginable. As soon as it was day, she was too well informed of the prince's return, and upon that hurried away to the queen-mother: "Well, Feintifa, said that princess, do you bring me any good news, are they destroyed?" "No, madam, replied she, casting herself at her feet, but let not your majesty be impatient; I have a thousand ways yet left." "Ah wretch! said the queen, thou intendest to betray me, and therefore sparest them." Feintifa protested to the contrary: and when she had appeased her, returned home, to think of what was to be done next. She let some days pass without undertaking any thing; when being informed by her scouts, that the princess was walking in the forest alone, expecting her brothers, she went thither; and addressing herself to her, said, "Charming Star, I have been informed that you have got the singing-apple, and was overjoyed to hear of it; for I have so great an inclination for you, that I am interested in whatever tends to your advantage. And, continued she, I cannot forbear advising you to one thing more." "Ah, cried

cried the princess, getting from her, keep your advice to yourself, for though the benefits I receive be great, yet they make not amends for the trouble and uneasiness they have caused me." "Uneasiness is not so great an evil, answered she with a smile, there is a sweetness and tenderness sometimes in it." "Forbear, said Fair-Star, I tremble when I think on it." "Indeed, said the old woman, you are very much to be pitied, to be the most beautiful and wittiest lady in the world." "I desire once more, replied the princess, to be excused, I know too well the condition the absence of my brother reduced me to." "You must notwithstanding be told, said Feintisa, that you want the little green-bird, that tells every thing, by which you will be informed of your birth, and your good and ill-fortune; there is no particular thing he does not discover; and when the world shall say, that Fair-Star has the dancing-water and the singing-apple, and wants the little green-bird, they had as good say nothing."

After having, in this manner, uttered what she intended, she retired, leaving the princess melancholy and thoughtful, and sighing, as if there was something she desired:

ed: "This woman is in the right, said she, what am I the better for the dancing-water and finging-apple, if I know not who I am, who are my parents, and by what fatality my brothers and I were exposed to the fury of the waves? There must be something extraordinary in our births, that we should be abandoned in the manner we were, and receive so evident a protection from heaven. How great a pleasure would it be to me to know my father and mother, to love them if they be alive, and to honour their memory if dead?" Thereupon tears trickled down her cheeks, clear as drops of morning dew, distilling upon lilies and roses. Chery, who was always more impatient to see her again than the other two, made the most haste, after the sport was over, to return home: that day he was a foot, his bow hung negligently by his side, some arrows he held in his hand, and his hair was tied with a ribband behind him; and in this warlike dress he looked charmingly pleasing. When the princess saw him, she retired to a dark shady walk, that he might not perceive those characters of grief in her face. But nothing can escape a lover's eye; for the prince looking upon her, soon knew something was the matter.

matter. Whereupon he was disturbed, and desired her to tell him what it was; but she refusing with obstinacy, he turned one of his arrows against his breast, and said, "Since you love me not, Fair-Star, I have nought to do but die." By this means he, as I may say, extorted the secret from her; but on these conditions, that he should not with the hazard of his life seek to satisfy her desires: all which he promised. But as soon as she was retired to her chamber, and her brothers to theirs, he went into the stable again, and mounting his horse, set out without saying a word to any one.

C H A P. VII.

Prince Chery sets out on the dangerous Pursuit of the little Green Bird.

WHEN it was known the next morning, the whole family was in the utmost consternation. The king, who could not forget, sent to invite them again, and they returned the same excuse again of their brother's being absent, and that they could have

have no pleasure and satisfaction without him; that upon his return they would not fail to pay their devoirs. The princess was inconsolable; the water and apple could not charm her, for nothing was agreeable without Chery.

The prince wandered up and down, asking all he met where he might find the little green bird; but nobody could tell him, till he lit on an old man, who taking him home with him, took the pains to look over his books and a globe, which he had made the study of his life; and then told him it was in a frozen climate, on the point of a frightful rock, showing him all the roads to it. The prince, by way of return, presented him with a purse of jewels he had combed out of his hair: and taking leave of him, pursued his journey. To be short, one morning by sun-rise, he perceived the rock, which was very high and craggy, and on the top of it the bird talking like an oracle, telling most strange things. He thought he might catch it with little trouble, since it appeared to be very tame, hopping from one place to another. He alighted off his horse and climbed up without making any noise, promising himself and Fair-Star the most

most sensible pleasure; when, all on a sudden, the rock opened, and he fell as motionless as any statue into a large hall; so that he could neither bemoan nor complain of his deplorable adventure. There he found three hundred knights, who having made the same attempt as himself, were in the same condition, being only able to look at one another.

The time of his absence seemed so long to Fair-Star, that she fell extraordinary ill; and the physicians pronounced her to be devoured by deep melancholy. Her brothers, who loved her tenderly, would often tell her the cause of her illness; upon which she confessed, that she reproached herself night and day for Chery's departure; and that she was sure she should die if she heard no news of him. Bright-Sun, moved by her tears, resolved to go and seek his brother; and accordingly knowing where the bird was, set out, approached it with the same hopes, was swallowed up by the rock, and fell into the great hall, where the first object he fixed his eyes on was Chery; but could not speak to him. In the mean time Fair-Star grew better, hoping every minute to see her two brothers return; but being deceived therein,

therein, her grief renewed, and she complained incessantly, accusing herself for the disasters that befel her brothers: When Prince Felix, having no less compassion on her, and concern for his brothers, resolved to go and find them; and acquainted her therewith. She at first seemed to oppose it; but he replied, that it was just that he should expose himself for those who were so dear to him; and then set out, after taking his leave of the princess, whom he left a prey to the most piercing grief.

When Feintisa knew that the third prince was gone, her joy had no end, but away she ran to the queen, and promised her with more assurance than ever, to destroy this unfortunate family. Felix fared the same with Chery and Bright-Sun; he found the rock, saw the bird, and fell into the hall, where he knew the princes he sought, and saw them ranged in niches. They never slept, nor eat but remained in that sad condition, having only their thoughts at liberty. Fair-Star seeing none of her brothers return, was inconsolable, and reproached herself for staying so long after them; and without any longer hesitation ordered their servants to stay six months; and if neither she nor
her

her brothers returned in that time, to go and acquaint the corsair and his wife with their deaths. Then dressing herself in men's clothes, as most fitting to secure her from all insults in her journey. Feintisa, had the pleasure to see her go upon her Isabella-horse; and immediately after ran full of joy to the palace to regale the queen with the news. She only armed herself with an head-piece, the visor of which she never lifted up, because her beauty was so perfect she would not otherwise have passed for a man. She suffered very much by the rigour of the weather; for that country where the green-bird lived, in no season ever received the happy influence of the sun, but cold: nor nothing could dismay her. In her way she saw a turtle no less white nor cold than the snow it lay upon, which, notwithstanding her impatience of arriving at the rock, she could not see perish; but alighting off her horse, took it up, warmed it with her breath, and put it into her bosom, where it never stirred. Fair-Star thinking it dead, pulled it out, and looking sorrowfully upon it, said, "What shall I do, lovely turtle to save thy life?" To which the little creature made answer,

“One sweet kiss, Fair-Star, from your mouth, will finish what you have so charitably begun.” “Not only one, said the princess, but a thousand if need be:” and fell a kissing it. Upon which the dove replied, “I know you, notwithstanding your disguise, and must tell you, that you undertake a thing which will be impossible for you to effect without my assistance; but do as I advise you. When you come to the rock, instead of attempting to climb it, stay at the bottom, and sing the most melodious song you can think of; the green bird will hear you, and observe from whence the voice comes, then you must pretend to be asleep, and I will stay by you: When he sees me, he will come from the rock to peck me, and then you must take your advantage, and catch him.”

The princess overjoyed at this hope, arrived soon at the rock, where she found her brothers horses grazing, which sight renewed all her grief, and she sat down and cried bitterly, but the little green-bird said such fine comfortable things to those who were afflicted, that she dried up her tears, and sung so loud and charming, that the princes in the hall had the pleasure of hearing her,

her, which was the first moment they began to hope. The little Green-bird heard her also, and looked to see from whence the voice came, and perceiving the princess, who had pulled off her mask, that she might lie down to sleep with more ease, as also the turtle hopping by her, he came down to peck her, but had not pulled off three feathers before he was taken himself. "Ah! said he, what would you have with me? What have I done to engage you to come so far to make me miserable? Give me my liberty, I conjure you, and I will do whatever you desire in exchange." "Restore my brothers, said Fair-Star, whom, by their horses feeding here, I know thou detainest somewhere hereabouts." "I have a red feather, said he, under my left wing, pull it out, and touch the rock with it." The princess made haste to do what he had bid her; but at the same time saw such flashes of lightning, and heard such claps of thunder, together with the roaring of the wind, that she was very much frightened; but notwithstanding held the Green-bird fast, that he might not escape her: then touched the rock again the second and third time, at which last it split from the top to

the bottom, and she with an air of victory entered the hall, where the three were, with a great many others. She ran to Cherry, who knew her not in that dress, and in a helmet; for then the enchantment was not destroyed, insomuch that he could neither speak nor stir. The princess seeing that, asked the bird more questions; to which he made answer, that she must rub the eyes of all those she would free from the enchantment, with the same red feather; which good office she did to several kings and princes, as well as her three brothers: who in return for so great a benefit, fell down on their knees, and called her the deliverer of kings.

Fair-Star then perceiving that her brothers, deceived by her dress, did not know her, pulled off her helmet, and holding out her arms, embraced them a thousand times, if possible, and afterwards asked the other princes civilly who they were; every one told his own particular adventure, and offered to accompany her wherever she went: To which she answered, that though the laws of knighthood might give her some right over their liberty, she waved it, leaving them to pursue their own pleasures; and then

then retired with her brothers, that they might give each other a particular account of what had befallen them since their separation. The little Green-bird often interrupted them, to desire Fair-star to give him his liberty; upon which she looked for the dove to ask her opinion: But not finding her, told the bird he had cost her too much trouble and uneasiness to enjoy so little of her conquest. There upon they all four mounted their own horses, leaving the other kings, &c. to go a-foot, their equipage, &c. being all lost and dead, during the many years of their enchantment.

C H A P. VIII.

In which Virtue is rewarded, and Vice punished.

THE queen mother, eased of all the inquiet with which the return of the princes and princesses had burthened her, renewed her instances to the king to marry again; and importuned him so much, that he made choice of a princess, one of his relations. But as he must first disannul his

marriage with the queen Blondina, who had lived all that time at her mother's with the three whelps, the old queen sent a coach for her and them. She came according to her commands, and was dressed in black, with a long veil that reached down to her feet; in which apparel she appeared as beautiful as the morning-star: though she was become lean and pale by not sleeping nor eating, but just to sustain nature, and out of complaisance to her mother, who was pitied by all, the king relented so much, that he durst not cast his eyes on her; for he consented to this second match purely out of the hopes of heirs. The marriage day being appointed, the old queen, urged thereto by Rousetta, who always hated her unfortunate sister, would have the queen Blondina appear at the feast, which was to be very magnificent: and the king to show his grandeur to strangers, sent the first gentleman of his bedchamber to the princes and their sister to invite them to it.

The gentleman went accordingly, and knowing the extreme desire the king had to see them, finding them not at home, left one of his attendants to wait for them without any delay. The night before this banquet,

quet, Fair-Star and the three princes arrived, to whom the person that was left delivered his message, telling them withal the history of the king's life; how that he had married a young beautiful damsel, who had the misfortune to be delivered of three whelps; and that upon that account he had put her away, though he loved her tenderly: that he had lived fifteen years before he would hearken to any proposals of marriage; but being pressed thereto by the queen-mother and his ministers of state, he had determined to espouse a young princess of his court, to whose nuptials they were invited.

Fair-Star dressed herself in a rose-coloured velvet, bedecked on the robings with diamonds, her hair hanging on her shoulders in fine curls, but tied together with a bunch of ribbons, by means of which the gold chain on her neck appeared more visible; the star on her forehead shined with all imaginable lustre; and in short, she seemed too beautiful for a mortal. Her brothers came not far short of her; and Prince Chery had something that distinguished him most advantageously. They went all four into an ivory and ebony chariot, drawn by twelve white horses, their equipage every way suitable. The

king, overjoyed to see them, received them at the stair-head; the apple sung wonderfully fine, the water danced, and the Green-bird talked like an oracle. They all fell on their knees, till the king raised them up with his hand, which they kissed with all respect and affection. After that he embraced them, and said, "I am obliged to you, lovely strangers, for your company to-day; your presence gives me a sensible pleasure." Then he led them into a large hall, where there were several tables set out with all manner of rarities and dainties, and music playing all the time. Soon after came the queen-mother with her new daughter in-law that was to be, accompanied by Rousetta, and a great number of ladies, and with them the poor queen led by a brass chain about her neck, to which the three dogs were fastened; who, together with them, was carried to a great bowl of bones and offal meats that was set out by the old queen's command, in one part of the hall.

When Fair-Star and the princes saw this unhappy princess, tears came in their eyes; either because they were sensibly touched with the vicissitudes and changes of this world, or by instinct of nature. But how
outra-

outrageous were the old queen's thoughts at so unexpected a return, so contrary to her designs? She cast so furious a look at Feintifa, that she wished the earth would open, and swallow her up; so much did she dread her. The king presented the princess and her brothers to his mother, saying the most obliging things of them; and she, notwithstanding her inward hatred and concern, received them with a favourable compliment, and a smile; for at that time dissimulation was as much in vogue as now. No mirth was wanting during the feast, though the king was not very well pleased to see his wife eat with dogs, as the meanest of all creatures; but having resolved to show all manner of complaisance to his mother, she ordered every thing as she thought fit.

When the repast was over, the king, addressing himself to Fair-Star, said, "I hear you are possessed of three incomparable things, I wish you joy of them, and desire you to tell me how you got them." "Sir," replied she, "I shall obey your pleasure. I was told that the dancing water would make me handsome, and the singing-apple inspire those who had it with wit; which were the two reasons made me desirous of them. For

the little green-bird, who tells every thing, our fatal ignorance of our births made me covet him, since we were children abandoned by our parents." "To judge of your birth by your persons, replied the king, it must be illustrious; but tell me sincerely who you are." "Sir, said she, my brothers and myself deferred that enquiry till our return, and then we received the honour of an invitation to your wedding, and have brought these rarities to divert you." "I am very glad of it, said the king, therefore let us not defer so agreeable an entertainment." "What, said the queen-mother, in a passion, can you amuse yourself no better than with such idle stories, and such silly chits and their rarities; I am sorry your credulity should be so much abused, and that they should have the honour to sit at my table." Fair-Star and her brothers knew not how to behave themselves at this disobliging expression, but were confused and vexed to be affronted before so much company: but the king telling his mother that this proceeding of hers very much displeased him, desired them to take no notice of it, and held out his hand as a sign of his friendship. Fair-Star called for a glass-bason, and pouring the dancing-water into it;

it; which, by its skipping and jumping, sometimes forming waves like a rolling sea, and sometimes changing its colour, filled all the company with admiration, by its forcing the bason along the table to the king, cast out some drops into the first gentleman's of the king's bedchamber face; who being a man of good mien, but of a disagreeable face, though a man of merit, having but one eye, the water made him beautiful, and restored his eye again. The king, whose favourite he was, seemed as much pleased with this adventure, as the queen-mother was vexed to hear the applauses of the whole company. After that Fair-Star produced the ruby apple upon its branch of amber, which began as melodious a concert as if there had been a hundred musicians; which ravished the senses of the king and whole court; whose admiration increased when she showed the little green-bird in a golden cage, out of which she took him gently, and set him upon the apple, which out of respect left off singing, to give him time to speak: his feathers were so bright, that when the eyes were shut, they glistened, and were of all manner of shades of green. He addressed himself to the king,
and

and asked him what he pleased to know. "We want to be informed, replied the king, who this lady and three gentlemen are." "O king, answered the bird, with a plain and intelligible voice, she is thy own daughter, and two of these princes are thy sons; the third, whose name is Chery, is thy nephew." Thereupon, with an unparalleled eloquence, he told the whole story, without omitting the least circumstance.

The king melted into tears, and the afflicted queen leaving her dogs, came softly forwards, crying for joy; for she no longer disputed the truth of the story, when she saw all the tokens. The three princes rose up at the end thereof, cast themselves at the king's feet, embraced his knees, and kissed his hand: he, with open arms, clapped them to his heart; and at that time, there was nothing heard but sighs and cries of joy. When at last the king seeing his queen standing fearful by the wall-side in an humble posture, ran to her, and embraced her a thousand times: then took her by the hand, and made her sit down by him; but not before her children and she had embraced one another as often. Never was sight more tender and moving; they were all in tears, lifting up
their

their eyes and hands to heaven to return thanks. The king made the princess he was to marry a compliment, and withal, a present of jewels. But for the queen-mother, Rousetta, and Feintisa, they could expect nothing but the utmost resentment. The thunder of his anger began to grumble, when the generous queen, her children, and Chery, conjured him not to put himself into a passion, but to pass a more exemplary than severe sentence. The queen-mother he made a close prisoner for life in a strong castle, and Rousetta and Feintisa were cast into a deep nasty dungeon, there to remain all their days with the three dogs."

After these three wicked persons were carried away, the music began to play, and all joy and mirth went forward; but none came up to that of Chery's and Fair-Star's, who were as happy as they wished to be; for the king, sensible of his nephew's merit, completed the happiness of that day, by marrying him to his daughter. The prince, transported with joy, cast himself at his feet; and Fair-Star discovered no less satisfaction. But, not to forget the old princess; who had in a kind of solitude spent so many years, but to let her partake of the joy, the

the same fairy that had been so entertained by her, at the same moment went and told her all that happened at court, and asked her to go with her thither. The grateful princess went with her in her chariot of blue and gold, preceded by all manner of warlike instruments, and followed by five hundred body-guards, richly clothed; and by the way, the fairy told her the history of her grand-children, how she had never forsaken them, but had protected them under the shape of a syren and turtle, and all upon the account of the charitable reception she gave her. The good princess was every moment for kissing her hand, to show her acknowledgments, and could not think of expressions to declare her joy. When they arrived at court, the king received them with a thousand testimonies of friendship. The queen Blondina, and her children were glad to see the princess, and earnest to express their gratitude and obligations to that illustrious lady, whom the old princess told them was the kind turtle that guided them; who, to complete the king's satisfaction, told him, that his mother-in-law, whom he always took for a poor country woman, was a sovereign princess: which
was

was the only thing perhaps wanting to that monarch's happiness. And to conclude, the corsair and his wife were sent for, that they might receive a noble recompence, for the extraordinary education they bestowed on them.

THE
STORY *of the* PIGEON *and* DOVE.

CHAP. I.

Account of the Birth and Education of the
Princess CONSTANTIA.

THERE was formerly a king and queen, who lived in that strict union and love, that they were an example to all the families in their own kingdom, which was the kingdom of deserts; where the subjects lived together in that harmony, that they were the surprise of their neighbours. The queen had had several children, but could rear up but one; which was a daughter of such incomparable beauty, that if any thing could comfort her for the loss of her other children, it was the charms that appeared in this. The king and queen educated her as their only hope. But the felicity of this small family lasted not long: the king being one day a hunting upon a fiery starting horse, and some people being a shooting, the horse

was

was so frightened at the noise of a gun, that he ran away with the king and fell with him down a great precipice, where he died immediately.

This dismal news reduced the queen to the utmost extremity; she was too sensible of grief to moderate or resist it, and thought of nothing but settling her affairs, that she might die with some sort of quiet; and having a friend, who was called, the Sovereign Fairy, because of her authority over all kingdoms, and her great power, she wrote a letter to her with a dying hand, desiring her to come, that she might expire in her arms, and to make haste if she would find her alive, because she had something of consequence to say to her.

Though the fairy had at that time matters of great concern upon her hands, she left them all unfinished, and mounting upon her fiery camel, that went swifter than the sun, came to the queen, who waited for her with the utmost impatience: first, she acquainted her with several things relating to the government of the kingdom, desiring her to accept of it, and withal to take care of the little princess Constantia.

The Sovereign Fairy promised what she desired, and the queen having embraced her dear Constantia with all the tenderness of a loving mother, died in great tranquillity.

This fairy, who read with great ease whatever was foretold by the stars, saw plainly, that the princess was threatened with the fatal love of a giant, whose dominions lay nigh to the kingdom of Defarts; therefore she thought the best way to avoid him, was to remove her charge to a part the farthest off from that giant, where they might be in no likelihood of his disturbing their repose. Whereupon, she went one night into Constantia's chamber, and, without waking her, took her in her arms, and carried her on her fiery camel into a fertile country, where she might live free from ambition and trouble; it being a true representation of the valley of Tempe, where shepherds and shepherdeses lived in little huts of their own building. The fairy knowing, that if the princess lived to sixteen years of age, without seeing the giant, that she might return in triumph back to her own dominions, took all the care imaginable to conceal her from the eyes of all the world; and that she might not appear so beautiful,

beautiful, dressed her like a shepherdes, with her coifs, and hat hanging over her eyes; but that charming princess, like the sun, breaking out from a dark cloud, could not be so disguised, but that some of her charms must appear; and notwithstanding all the fairy's care, Constantia was every where mentioned as the chief work of the Gods, and the ravisher of all hearts. Besides, her beauty was not the only thing for which she was admired; the fairy had endowed her with a delicate voice, and the knowledge of all instruments, that she might be said even to excel Apollo and the Muses. In this solitude she lived without the least repining, for the fairy had acquainted her with the reasons of bringing her up in so obscure a manner; which, as she had a great share of wit and good sense, she relished extraordinary well: in short, she was the admiration of the fairy for her docility and aptness of apprehension. But as her presence, at that time, was absolutely necessary in the kingdom of Deserts, since the ministers she had appointed acted not according to their instructions, she was obliged to leave Constantia, enjoining her not to stir out till she returned.

The princess had a favourite ram, which having strayed away from her, she, contrary to the strict orders given her, left the house, and went in pursuit of it, when, passing by a wood, there came out of it a terrible giant, who opened a great sack and put her into it. The first thing she perceived was the wolf and the ram, which the giant had taken as he was hunting. "Alas! said the princess to the sheep, kissing it, thou must die with me, my dear Ruseon, the name of her ram, but that's but a small comfort; would it not have been much better for us to have staid at home?" This melancholy reflexion made her cry most bitterly; she sighed and sobbed, Ruseon bleated, and the wolf howled, which awakened a dog, a cock, a parrot, and a cat, that were fast asleep, and they all together made such a noise, that the giant tired therewith, thought once to kill them; but at last contented himself with only tying them up in the sack, and hanging it upon a tree while he went to fight a duel with another giant.

The princess, however, took out her scissors, and ripped up the sack, and let out her Ruseon, the dog, the cock, the cat, and parrot; and after them got out herself, leaving the
wolf

wolf behind. The night was very dark, and the princess a stranger to the place where she was, and knew not which way to go, being in the midst of a large forest, and not a star appeared in the heavens that might afford her the least light, and she always in fear of meeting the giant; notwithstanding all this, she went forwards, and had fell a thousand times, but that the animals she had set at liberty, out of gratitude, staid with her, and were very serviceable to her in her journey. The cat's glaring eyes served for a flambeau; the dog as a centinel, to give notice by his barking; the cock by his crowing, to frighten the lions; and the parrot, by his talking, secured her against thieves, by making them believe there were twenty people; and the ram by going just before, picked out her way, that she might not stumble.

C H A P. II.

CONSTANTIA'S Progress in the Passion of Love.

AT day-break she found herself by the side of a river, that watered a most agreeable meadow, and looking about, saw neither dog, cat, cock, or parrot, but only Rufon, who kept her company: and the princess being fatigued and weary, sat herself down on the banks, where the shade of some trees securing her from the heat of the sun, invited her to lie down to take a short sleep, while Rufon, who served for her guard, walked around her. She had not been long in a sound sleep, before Rufon bleated so loud, that he awakened her; but then how great was her astonishment, to observe at twenty paces off a young man behind some bushes; the beauty of his shape and face, the nobleness of his air, and the magnificence of his dress, equally surprised the princess, that she started up all on a sudden, with a resolution to be gone; but what secret charm detained her, I know not. She looked upon the stranger with as much concern as if he had been the giant; but

but her apprehensions proceeded from different causes; their looks and actions discovered too well the sentiments they entertained of each other, and they perhaps might have remained for some time before they had spoken, had not the prince heard the sounding of the horn, and the dogs approaching them. Perceiving she was surprized, he addressed the lovely shepherdes in the tenderest manner, and she answered with becoming decency and modesty; but, as the company was coming up, he advised her to take shelter in a neighbouring cottage; for he could not endure the thoughts of any one seeing her but himself. He took his leave of her with the utmost regret; but promised to recommend her to the queen as a shepherdes.

He soon found means to procure her this place; and, as he perceived himself passionately in love with her, he was glad at her being thus removed from court, where her beauty would undoubtedly procure him many rivals,

He avoided the sight of his shepherdes as much as possible, and followed his diversion of hunting and other sports; and whenever he saw any sheep, turned his head away,

as if they were so many vipers, infomuch that in a little time he was insensible of the wound he had received: when one day, it being the hottest of the dog-days, fatigued with severe hunting, and being alone by the river's side, he retired under some willows and osiers, which by the uniting their branches formed a pleasant shade, and invited him to sleep; when all on a sudden he was awakened by an heavenly voice, and agreeably surpris'd to hear these words:

Why, alas! have I then vow'd
To live all free from love,
Since it is the God's decree,
That he will me perjur'd prove.

How from such a killing wound
Shall I free each tender part,
Since Constantio is become
Master of my easy heart.

T'other day I saw him walk
To this solitary glade,
Wearied with the pleasing toil,
That invites men to its shade.

Nothing

Nothing so charming had I seen
To rob me of my rest;
'Twas then Love drew his bow,
And aim'd it at my breast.

The dart pierc'd in too deep,
So large a wound it made;
My passion burns up to a flame,
No cure is to be had.

His curiosity, at the hearing of his name mentioned, prevailing over the pleasure of listening to the fine singing, he rose up, and went to a little eminence, surrounded with trees to look about. He was no sooner at the top, but he perceived the fair Constantia at the foot thereof, sitting by the side of a brook, the precipitant fall whereof, seemed, by the agreeable noise it made, to agree with her voice. Her faithful sheep lay on the grass by her side, while she frequently patted him with her crook, and he in acknowledgment, looking her in the face, kissed her hand. He gazed on her in silent amazement, and envied her sheep the caresses they received. She rose from her seat, and, accidentally driving her flock by the

spot where the prince stood, accosted her, and begged to know to whom her song was addressed: "For, said he, you are in love." She blushed, and, turning from him, went away suddenly.

The prince being driven to despair, employed one of his courtiers, in the dress of a shepherd, to communicate his love to Constantia; but she, supposing herself to be only a shepherdess, and he a great prince, would not give ear to his words. She wished her ram Rufon to be her only companion, to whom she would frequently tell the tale of her love, though she knew he could not understand her, and he was the only witness of her tears.

The prince, however, found means to pay her a visit; but she was so fearful of being deceived, and no less fearful of disclosing her own passion for him, that she affected to treat him with coolness and indifference, which threw him into so dangerous an illness that his life was despaired of.

The physicians having given him over, one of the prince's favourites, to whom he had entrusted the secret of his passion, undertook to answer for the ability of the young shepherdess to cure him, by means
of

of a composition of herbs known only to herself. She was immediately sent for to court, where the sight of the lovely Constantia soon recovered the prince, to the amazement of the whole court. They were now frequently together, and, having mutually confessed their love for each other, they swore to an eternal friendship.

The queen, however, having by some accident discovered the passion of these two faithful lovers, was violently enraged with her son for falling in love with a simple shepherdess, and contrived an excuse for sending him on a visit to some neighbouring court, in order to separate them. The prince was no sooner gone, than the queen began to meditate in what manner she should dispose of Constantia, and soon came to a resolution. She privately ordered enquiry to be made what ships were in the port, and hearing there was one bound to a very distant quarter, she caused Constantia to be conveyed there by night, and sold as a slave. She then dressed up a wax-work figure, and caused it to be interred with funeral pomp, as the remains of the hapless Constantia; after which she sent her son the news of that terrible event.

He

He immediately left the court where he was, and returned home with incredible speed.

C H A P. III.

The prince goes in Pursuit of CONSTANTIA.

IT is not easy to conceive how great was his grief; but, after a little time, he began to suspect that the relation of his Constantia's death was only a contrivance of his mother. The vigilance of love soon found out the deception, and he determined to go in pursuit of the dear object of his heart. He accordingly went on board a ship, and sailed in quest of her, though but with little hopes of ever being able to find her. One night, coming to an anchor behind a large rock, he went on the shore as usual; but as they knew not the country, and the night was very dark, those that were along with him, would not venture any farther for fear of danger. The prince, who valued not his life to find out the object of his wishes, kept going forwards, often falling and getting

getting up again, till at last he heard a soft symphony that ravished his senses; and looking towards a furnace, saw the most beautiful child Fancy could ever represent, brighter than the fire he came out of. When he considered his charms, the bandage over his eyes, his bow and quiver by his side, he no longer doubted but that it was Cupid; who cried out to him, "Stay, Constantio, you burn with too pure a flame for me to refuse my assistance: I am called Virtuous Love; it was I that wounded you with Constantia, and defended her against the giant that persecuted her. The Sovereign Fairy is my intimate friend; we have engaged to protect her; but I must make a trial of your passion, before I discover where she is." "Command, Love, command what you think fit, cried the prince, I will not disobey thee." "Then throw yourself into this fire, replied the child, but remember, if you love not faithfully, you are lost." "I have no reason to fear that," said Constantio, and immediately threw himself into the furnace, where he lost all sense presently; he slept thirty hours, and when he awaked, found himself changed into a most beautiful pigeon, and instead of being in the terrible
furnace

furnace, on a nest of roses, jessamines, and honeysuckles. Never was any surprize greater than his, to see his rough feet, his skin stuck full of feathers of various colours, and his eyes, as he beheld them in a brook, as red as fire: he attempted several times to utter his complaints, but found he had lost the use of his speech, though he had recovered his senses. He looked upon this metamorphosis as the completest of all misfortunes; he flew to the top of a high mountain, and from thence cast himself down; but forgot, having not been long a pigeon, that his wings and feathers would keep him up: thereupon he resolved to unplume himself, and accordingly put this design in execution. As soon as he had quite stripped himself, he walked up to the top of a high rock, to attempt his destruction once more, where he was surprized by two young damsels, who came suddenly upon him; who, finding him so tame and familiar, they resolved to bring him up, and keep him alive; to which end the elder put him into her work-basket she had in her hand, and so they pursued their walk.

Some days after, one of these damsels said to the other, "Methinks our mistress
has

has a great deal of business upon her hands, since she is never from off her fiery camel, but goes night and day from one pole to the other.” “If you can be discreet, replied the other, I will tell you a secret she had entrusted me with; the princess Constantia, of whom she is so very fond, is persecuted by a giant that would marry her, and has put her in a tower; and she is doing some surprising things to prevent this marriage.” The prince listened to this conversation, and thought till then nothing could add to his troubles; but found, to his grief, he was much deceived; for we may judge by his passion, and by the unhappy circumstances he lay under, of being a pigeon, at a time when the princess stood in most need of his assistance, that his anguish of soul was great; his imagination, always ready to torment him, represented to him, that Constantia was secured in a dismal tower, and there exposed to the importunities and violences of a barbarous giant; and was always in apprehension, lest she, through fears, might consent to marry him; and then again, lest by refusing she should hazard her life, through the rage of an unsuccessful lover. One day the young maid, that
carried

carried him in her basket, having been abroad, and returning back with her companion to their mistress at the fairy's palace, found her walking in a shady walk of the garden, went and cast herself at her feet, and told her, that she had found a pigeon that was so tame and familiar, that her companion and she designed to keep it in their chamber; that if she liked it, it was at her service, it being very diverting. The fairy took the basket, opened it, and seeing the pigeon at the bottom, and knowing, who it was, for that metamorphosis was owing to her, fell into a serious and deep reflection, moralizing on the vicissitudes and changes of this life, and above all on those of Constantio. She caressed the pigeon; and he, for his part, neglected no little artifice to gain her attention, that she might give him some comfort in this melancholy adventure. The fairy carried him into her closet, and there said to him. "Prince, the miserable condition you are at this present in, makes me, that I cannot forbear owning and loving you for my beloved Constantia's sake, who, I can assure you, is no less indifferent than yourself; blame no body but me for this metamorphosis; I did it to try your passion, which is

is both pure and lasting; and will tend to your own honour." The pigeon bowed his head three times in acknowledgment, and listened attentively to what the fairy told him.

"The queen, your mother, said she, had no sooner received the money for the princess, but she sent her aboard with all imaginable violence; and the ship set sail for the Indies, where they were sure to make a considerable advantage of the precious jewel they carried with them. After having been some months at sea, a great storm arose, and the princess, oppressed with grief, and fatigued with the sea, was at the point of death; when they, to preserve her, put her into the first port they could make; but as they were disembarking, a great giant, followed by several others, came down upon them, and would see what they had in their vessel; where the first object he fixed his eyes on, was the young princess; and knowing her again, as well as she knew him, cried out, Ah! little runaway, the just and merciful Gods have put thee in my power again: do not you remember how I found you, and you cut my sack? But I shall be very much mistaken, if you serve

me so any more. And without any more words, took her away in his arms from the whole ship's crew, and carried her to his great tower, which is situated upon a high mountain, and built by enchanters, who neglected nothing to make it fine and curious. When the giant had the charming Constantia in his possession, he told her he would marry her, and make her the happiest woman in the world; that he would give her a year's time to consider on it; and if she did not then come to a resolution, he would marry her against her will, and then kill her.

“In short, the poor princess seeing no likelihood of any succours, and the year being expired all but one day, designs to throw herself from off the top of the tower. This, prince, is what she is reduced to, and the only remedy I know of, is for you to fly to her with a little ring, which, as soon as she shall put it on her finger, will change her into a dove, and so you may save yourselves together.” The pigeon was in the utmost impatience to be gone, and taking the ring, he arrived by break of day at the tower.

C H A P. IV.

Containing a very singular Conclusion.

HE perched upon an orange-tree with the ring in his mouth, and in extreme anguish of mind; when the princess came into the garden in a long white robe, and her face covered with a black veil embroidered with gold; which hung all upon her shoulders, the amorous pigeon could not have been certain that it was her, but by the nobleness of her shape, and her majestic air, which too plainly discovered who she was. But when she came and sat under the orange-tree, and lifted up a veil, he remained some time dazzled. “My regret and sad melancholy thoughts, cried she, are now useless; my afflicted heart has lived a whole year betwixt hope and fear; but now the fatal time is come; this day, some few hours hence, I must die; or marry the giant. Alas! is it possible that the sovereign fairy, and the prince Constantio, should thus abandon me? What have I done? But what need all these reflexions? I had better execute my noble design.” Hereupon she got on

the top of the tower to throw herself of; but as the least noise frightened her, and hearing the pigeon stir in the trees, she lifted up her eyes to see what it was; when he taking that opportunity, flew upon her shoulder, and put the ring in her breast, which she placed upon her finger, without knowing its effect; and was immediately changed into a dove, and flew away with her faithful pigeon.

Never was surprise equal to that of the giant's, who, after having seen his mistress metamorphosed into a dove, and traversing the open air, remained some time motionless; then he made most dreadful outcries and howlings that shook the neighbouring mountains, and with them ended his life. The charming princess flew after her guide; and when they had taken a long flight, they lit in a thick shady wood, rendered very agreeable by the grass and flowers that grew therein. Constantia knew not that the pigeon was her beloved prince, and he was grieved that he could not speak, to tell her; when suddenly he felt an invisible hand unloose his tongue, and said to the princess; "Charming dove, your heart hath not informed you, that you are with a pigeon who

who burns always with the flames your bright eyes first kindled." "My heart, replied she, has ever wished for this happiness, but never durst flatter itself: Alas! who could imagine it? I was at the very brink of destruction, and you came and snatched me out of the arms of death, or from a monster much more terrible." The prince, overjoyed to hear these words of his dove, and to find her as tender as his desires could wish, said whatever the most delicate and lively passion could inspire, and told her all that had happened since the sad moment of their separation. "If you love me with an equal flame, said he, I have one proposal to make, not to change our forms; we may burn, you a dove, and I a pigeon, with a passion as ardent as Constantio and Constantia; and I am persuaded, that being free from the cares of crowned heads, we may live only for each other in this delightful solitude." "Ah! cried the dove, how delicate and great is this design!" At that instant, Cupid descending from heaven, cried out, "I am your guide, a design so full of tenderness deserves my protection." "And mine too, said the Sovereign Fairy, who appeared all on a sudden, I come to

partake in your joy." The pigeon and dove were as much pleased as surprised, and put themselves under the care of the fairy. Cupid invited them to Paphos, where he told them his mother was worshipped, and doves admitted; but Constantia told him, they desired to have no commerce with men, but were happy they could enjoy a pleasant solitude.

END of the NINTH VOLUME.

GULLIVER'S LECTURES

VOL. X.

CONTAINING

LILLIPUTIAN FRAGMENTS;

OR,

WISDOM AND MIRTH UNITED.

VOL. X.

A

particular, you will find the most interesting
 and most valuable as far as the history of the
 country is concerned, and the most interesting
 to the people of the country, and the most
 interesting to the people of the country, and the
 most interesting to the people of the country, and the

GUTHRIE'S LECTURES

on the history of the country, and the
 most interesting to the people of the country, and the
 most interesting to the people of the country, and the

CONTAINING

WILLIAM L. GUTHRIE'S

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY

WISDOM AND MIRTH UNITED.

P R E F A C E.

I AM now entering on the preface to the last volume of my Lilliputian Library, in which I must take leave of all my little pupils, whether misses or masters; and doubt not, that, by this time, if they have properly attended to the matters contained in this *important* work, they have become great proficient in the most useful of all sciences, that of *Human Knowledge*.

After I had finished the nine preceding volumes, I found I had left on my hands a number of very curious articles, which I could not find room for in their proper places; and, as they were communi-

cated to me by some of the most capital little ones in Lilliput, I have inserted them without regard to order; hoping however, that they will not prove the less valuable or entertaining on that account.

P R E F A C E.

I am now entering on the preface to the first volume of my Lilliputian Library, in which I must take leave of all my little people, whether critics or masters; and doubt not, that by this time, if they have properly attended to the matters contained in this important work, they have become great proficient in the most useful of all sciences, that of Lilliputian Knowledge.

After I had finished the nine preceding volumes, I found I had left on my hands a number of very curious articles, which I could not find room for in their proper places; and, as they were commonly called

LILLIPUTIAN FRAGMENTS;

OR

WISDOM AND MIRTH UNITED.

GENERAL RULES *for* BEHAVIOUR.

FEAR God, honour the king, reverence your parents, submit to your superiors, and despise not your inferiors.

Pray daily, converse with the good, avoid the wicked, and attend to instruction.

At coming into company always bow, and remain uncovered, especially in presence of your parents or elders.

When you speak to your parents, begin with sir, or madam; never delay to do as they shall order or bid you, nor enter the room where they are, if strangers be there, till sent for.

Never quarrel or dispute with any one, especially your brothers or sisters, but be loving and obliging to all.

Never

Never come to table till washen and combed, nor meddle with any thing till helped, and whatever it be, content yourself therewith, and not find fault.

Feed yourself decently without greasing the table-cloth, your clothes, or fingers, as little as possible.

Make no noise in eating, nor eat greedily, neither spit, cough, or blow your nose at table, unless you cannot avoid it, then do it with as little noise as possible,

Lean not on the table or back of your chair, nor stare any one in the face.

Never drink or speak without emptying your mouth: and on quitting the room make a handsome bow or courtesy.

To look at one and whisper another at the same time is unmannerly, as it is to whisper at all in company.

To whomsoever you speak, in asking a question or returnig an answer, remember to use the proper title of respect, as sir, madam, my lord, my lady, &c.

Never attend to such as whisper, or speak in secret, nor correct your superiors though you know they are wrong; when any thing immodest is spoken in your hearing, seem
not

not to hear it; and beware of saying any thing that will hardly be believed.

Always give the wall to your elders and superiors, and leave to pass into any room or narrow passage, where only one can pass at a time, unless you are ordered to go before. And keep company with none but what are good, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Tell me with whom thou goest,
And I'll tell thee what thou doest.

These my dears are the rules; and now follows a letter in verse, from a celebrated poet to a young and noble lady.

My noble lovely little Peggy,
Let this, my first epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of ev'n
To lift your heart and hands to heav'n,
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do or say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

The STORY of FORTUNATUS.

THE island of Cyprus has long been renowned for many things, and particularly for giving birth to Fortunatus. He was the son of a wealthy merchant; but the family, by living too freely, were a length reduced. The young man imagining himself to be now but an incumbrance to his father, determined with himself to leave his home and seek his fortune. He had not travelled long before he lost his way in a wood; night came on, and he could not tell what to do. At midnight the wild beasts began to howl and roar about him, and for his security he was forced to get upon a tree. At the dawn of the day a bear made towards him, and was mounting up the tree, but Fortunatus made so gallant a defence with his sword, that he cut off one of the bears paws, so that it was impossible for him to keep his hold, and down he fell: But though Fortunatus rejoiced at the success of his adventure, new sorrows came now upon him; for though it was day-light, and he travelled on in tolerable safety, yet hunger and weariness overtook him:

But

But all of a sudden a lady, with a bandage upon her eyes, met him and accosted him; she held in her hand a purse, and offering it to him, told him her name was Fortune. And this purse, says she, which I give you, will never be empty; as often as you thrust your hand into it, you will be able to take out a handful of gold and silver. He thanked her, and was doubtless extremely glad of this most noble present.

Getting into the high road, he came to a great city, where he bought himself fine clothes, horses, and servants, and lived like a prince; for he never put his hand into his purse, but he always found money enough to pay for what he wanted. He now took a fancy to travel over the world. To this end he furnished himself with every thing proper for that purpose in the most splendid manner imaginable, and thus he went to all the princes courts in Europe. He came at last to the court of the Grand Turk at Constantinople, who paid him great respect, and showed him the rarities of his palace, which abounded with diamonds and rich things of all sorts. Last of all he drew him into a room, and said he could now show him the greatest curiosity in the world; Where is it?
said

said Fortunatus; for my part I see nothing here but an old hat. That is the very thing, said the Grand Turk. This, continued he, is a wishing hat, and I no sooner clap it on, but I am conveyed in a trice wherever I desire, let the distance be what it will, over hills, vallies, rivers, or oceans. Fortunatus was surpris'd at the account of this hat. Lord! thinks he to himself, could I but get that hat to my purse, what man alive would be so happy as I? Pray, said Fortunatus, is not this same hat heavier than ordinary hats? No, said the Grand Turk, put it upon your head and try. Fortunatus put it on, and presently wish'd himself at home in his own country, and in a moment flew out of the window, and left the Grand Turk in the utmost rage.

Who was then so happy as Fortunatus? If he wanted money, it was only putting his hand into his purse, and he always found enough for his purpose: If he wanted to be conveyed any where, it was only clapping on his wishing hat, and he was instantly there.

He now heard that the king of England had a beautiful daughter, and he determin'd to see her; so putting on his hat he wish'd himself

himself

himself at London, and presently found himself there. He went to court, and his clothes, which were all embroidered with gold and diamonds, were the admiration of all the ladies, and what added to their astonishment was, that he appeared every day in a different dress, but all equally fine. He soon found an opportunity to declare his love to the king's daughter. She told him she would return his love if he would tell her how he came by his great riches. He could not deny her, and told her the secret of his purse. She then promised to admit him the following night into her chamber; but in the mean time she had procured a purse to be made perfectly like his, and contrived a sleepy potion, which she mixed with the wine he drank with her, which caused him to fall fast asleep. During this sleep she changed purses with him. Fortunatus waking, was ignorant of all that happened; but taking his leave, and wanting to make the servants a handsome present, he put his hand into his purse, but was terribly disappointed, for he found nothing in it. Suspecting what had been done, he caught the princess in his arms, and wished himself in some solitary wilderness, with her alone

which immediately came to pass. The lady was sadly terrified and faint, both with her journey and with the horror of the wildness; but looking up and seeing some fruit on a tree, she begged of him to climb up and get her some. He, willing to oblige her, got up into the tree, but left his hat upon her head. As she sat musing, Oh! says she, that I was but once more at home with my dear father! The very instant she spoke this she was gone, and left poor Fortunatus deprived of both hat and purse.

Fortunatus descending from the tree, knew not what he should do. He sat down very pensive and melancholy: at length beginning to eat one of the apples the princess had desired him to gather, he found a pair of great horns sprouting from his head; but an old hermit meeting him, informed him, that if he would only eat some apples of another tree, which grew near the place, his horns would drop off. He did so, and it fell out as the hermit said. A sudden thought now came into his head, that he would carry some of both these sorts of apples to court, and so manage matters that one of them should be left in the chamber of the king's daughter. This plot he executed with

with success; and when the princess entered her apartment, and beheld a very fine apple lying on the table, she took and eat it; and immediately a pair of great horns sprung from her forehead. Help and advice was sent for from every quarter, but no physician was found able to remove these horns. Fortunatus now thought it was high time to play his game, and personating a physician, undertook the cure of the princess's strange disorder. The first thing he cast his eyes upon after entering the princess's chamber, was his old wishing hat; it hung there disregarded, and not a creature dreamt of the virtues of it. Now, thinks he, could I but be equally satisfied that she had the purse about her, I should know how to proceed. In order to try whether she had or no, he acquainted her that his fee came to a thousand pounds. She was contented to give it him. He then pulled out of his pocket an apple of the tree the hermit had showed him, and bid her eat it; which she had no sooner done, but her horns dropped off. Rejoiced at the doctor's success, she took out the purse to satisfy his demand; but Fortunatus espying his purse, clapped on his hat, and clasping her in his arms, wished himself at

B 2

home

home with her in the island of Cyprus; where when they arrived, he reproached her for her deceitful usage, and put her into a nunnery to spend the residue of her days. After this he began to think what vexation and trouble he had undergone by means of his hat and purse, and being thoroughly persuaded in his own mind, that riches were a burthen, and that enjoying our wishes is often the cause of much misery, he resolutely took both hat and purse and flung them into the fire, which soon consumed them; and ever after this he lived a quiet, happy, and contented life.

FLORIO *and* FLORELLA.

THERE was a country woman, who upon her intimacy with a fairy, desired her to come and assist at the birth of her daughter; when the fairy, taking the infant in her arms, said to the mother, make your choice; the child, if you have a mind, shall be very handsome, excel in wit even more than beauty, and be queen of a mighty empire, but withal unhappy; or if you had rather,

ther, she shall be an ordinary, ugly country creature, like yourself, but contented with her condition. The mother immediately chose wit and beauty for her daughter, at the hazard of any misfortunes.

As the child grew, new beauties opened daily in her face, till in a few years she surpassed all the rural lasses that the oldest people had ever seen, her turn of wit was genteel, polite, and insinuating; she was of a ready apprehension, and learned every thing so fast, as soon to excel her teachers. Every holiday she danced upon the green with a superior grace to any of her companions. Her voice was finer than any shepherd's pipe; and she made the songs which she used to sing. For some time she was not apprised of her own charms; till diverting herself with her playfellows on the green flowery borders of a fountain, she was surprised with the reflexion of her face. She observed how different her features and her complexion seemed from the rest of her companions, and admired herself greatly. The country flocking from day to day to obtain a sight of her, made her more sensible of her beauty. Her mother, who relied on the predictions of the fairy, began

already to treat her as a queen, and spoiled her by flattery. The young damsel would neither sow nor spin, nor look after the sheep: her whole amusement was to gather flowers to dress her hair with, to sing, and be in the shade.

The king of the country was a very powerful king, and he had but one son, whose name was Florio; for which reason his father was impatient to have him married. The young prince could never bear to hear the mentioning of any of the princesses of neighbouring nations, because a fairy had told him, that he should find a shepherdess more accomplished than all the princesses in the world. Therefore the king gave orders to assemble all the village nymphs of his realm, who were under the age of eighteen, to make choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an honour. In pursuance of the order, when they came to be seated, a vast number of virgins, whose beauty was not extraordinary, were refused admittance, and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpassed all others. These thirty virgins were ranged in a great hall, in the figure of a half moon, that the king and his son might have a distinct view of them

them together. Florella, our young heroine, appeared in the midst of her companions like a lily amongst marigolds; or as an orange tree in blossom shows amongst the mountain shrubs. The king immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his crown; and Florio thought himself happy in the possession of Florella. Our shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her country weeds, and accept of a habit richly embroidered with gold. In a few minutes she saw herself covered with diamonds and pearls, and a number of ladies were appointed to wait on her. Every one was attentive to prevent her desires before she spoke, and she was lodged within the palace in a magnificent apartment, where, instead of tapestry, there were large pannels of looking glasses from the floor to the ceiling, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her, wherever he cast his eyes. Florio in a few days quitted the chase, and all the bold exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be always with his mistress. The nuptials were concluded, and soon after the old king died. Thereupon Florella becom-

ing queen, all the councils and affairs of state were directed by her wisdom. The queen mother, whose name was Envy, grew jealous of her daughter-in-law: she was an artful, perverse, cruel woman; and age had so much aggravated her natural deformity, that she resembled one of the furies. The youth and beauty of Florella made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a creature. She likewise dreaded her wit and understanding, and gave herself up to all the rage of malice. "You want the soul of a prince, she would often say to her son, or you could not have married this mean creature. How can you be so abject as to make an idol of her? Then she is as haughty as if she had been brought up in the palace where she lives. You should have followed the example of the king your father, when you thought of taking a wife. He preferred me, because I was the daughter of a monarch equal to himself: Send away this insignificant shepherdess to her hamlet, and take to your bed and throne some young princess, whose birth is answerable to your own." Florio continued deaf to all the entreaties of his mother. But one morning Envy got a bil-
le:

let into her hands, which Florella had writ to the king; this she gave to a young courtier, who by her instructions showed it to the king, pretending to have received a letter from the queen with such marks of affection as were due only to his majesty. Florio blinded by jealousy, and the malignant insinuation of his mother, immediately ordered Florella to be imprisoned for life, in a high tower built upon a rock which stood in the sea. There she wept night and day, not knowing for what supposed crime she was so severely treated by the king, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no person but an old woman, to whom Envy had intrusted her, and whose business it was to insult her upon all occasions.

Now Florella called to mind the village, the cottage, the sweet privacy, and the rural pleasures she quitted. One day, as she sat in a pensive posture, overwhelmed with grief, and to herself accused the folly of her mother, who chose rather to have a beautiful unfortunate queen, than an ugly contented shepherdess; the old woman who was her tormentor, came to acquaint her, that the king had sent an executioner to take off

her head, and that she must prepare to die. Florella replied that she was ready to receive the stroke. Accordingly the executioner, sent by the king's order at the persuasion of Envy, appeared, with a drawn sabre in his hand, ready to perform his commission, when a woman stepped in, who said she came from the queen-mother, to speak a word or two in private with Florella before she was put to death. The old woman, imagining her to be one of the ladies of the court, suffered her to deliver her message: but it was the fairy who had foretold her misfortunes at her birth, and who had now assumed the likeness of one of Envy's attendants; she desired the company to retire a while, and then spoke thus to Florella in secret: "Are you willing to renounce that beauty which has proved so fatal? Are you willing to quit the title of queen, to be put in your former habit, and to return to your village?" Florella was transported at the offer; thereupon the fairy applied an enchanted mask to her face; her features instantly became deformed, all the symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this change it was impossible to know her; and she passed with-
out

out difficulty through the company who came to see her execution. In vain did they search the tower, Florella was not to be found. The news of this escape was soon brought to the king and Envy, who commanded diligent search to be made after her throughout the kingdom, but to no purpose.

The fairy at this time had restored Florella to her mother, who would never have been able to recollect her altered looks, had she not been let into the circumstance of her story. Our shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown creature in the village, where she tended sheep. She frequently heard people relate and lament over her adventures; songs were made upon them which drew tears from all eyes; she often took a pleasure in singing those songs with her companions, and would often weep with the rest. But still she thought herself happy with her little flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her acquaintance.

The EFFECT *of* GOOD-NATURE.

A FAIRY-TALE.

THERE was in my country a widow, who had two daughters: the eldest was just like her mother, cross, surly, and proud; but the youngest, a beautiful girl, was all meekness, complaisance, and good-nature. As people, however, are generally fond of their own likenesses, the mother despised this pretty young creature, and obliged her to drudge in the kitchen, whilst her favourite, the eldest, sat primmed up in the parlour, and was indulged in every thing.

As this little girl was obliged to do all the household work, it was her business, among other things, to go twice every day to a well, near two miles from the house, to draw water. One day, just as she was going to fill her pitcher, there came to her a poor woman, and begged that she would let her drink. "O! ah, goody, with all my heart, says she, and accordingly rinsed her pitcher, took some of the clearest water

water, and held it up to her mouth, that she might drink with the more ease; and, after the pitcher was returned, dropped her a fine curtesy, notwithstanding she was such a poor ragged woman, and asked if she would please to have any more? "No, I thank you, my pretty dear, said the woman; but since you are so good-natured, and behave with such good manners, I cannot help bestowing a blessing upon you; and from henceforth, whenever you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower, a jewel, or a piece of gold." For you must know this was a fairy all the while, who had only taken the form of a poor countrywoman, to see how this little girl would behave.

When she came home, her mother began to scold at her for staying so long; "Where have you been all this time, Hussy?" says she. "Dear mamma, says the girl, I beg your pardon for staying so long, for she never told a lie, but I met with"—and was going on with the story, when instantly flew out of her mouth two roses, two pinks, two pearls, two diamonds, and three pieces of gold. "Bless me, says her mother, quite astonished, what do I see! Roses, and pinks

pinks, and pearls, and diamonds, and gold, come out of the girl's mouth. How happens this, child?" The pretty creature told her mother the whole story, during which time there dropped from her mouth such a vast variety of flowers, pieces of gold, and precious stones, that the house was strewn from one end to the other. "Bless my eyes, cried the mother, I must send my child thither; Fanny, come hither, and see what drops from your sister's mouth when she speaks. Take the pitcher, and go you for some water, my dear, and obtain the same blessing." "Yes, I will warrant you, says the ill-bred minx, it would be a fine sight indeed to see me draw water." "You shall go, huffy, said the mother, and this minute." So away she went, but grumbled and growled all the way; and instead of the pitcher, took the best silver tankard in the house.

As soon as she arrived at the fountain, there came out of the wood just by, a lady dressed in the most splendid manner, and asked leave to drink. This was, you must know, the same fairy, who had now taken the air and dress of a princess, to see how far the girl's pride and ill-nature would carry her.

her. "Am I come hither, quoth the faucy slut, to serve you with water? Pray what do you take me for, a waiting-maid? I did not bring the silver tankard here for your ladyship, as I know of: but however you may drink if you will."

"You are not over and above mannerly, replied the fairy, without putting herself in a passion, and since you are surly and dis-obliging, whenever you speak a word hereafter, a snake or a toad shall fly out of your mouth." As soon as the mother saw her coming home, she cried out, "Well, daughter!" "Well, mother!" answered the pert huffy, and out of her mouth leaped two vipers and a toad. "O mercy, cried the mother, what do I see! All this is occasioned by the witch her sister; but she shall pay for it;" and immediately ran to beat her, but the poor child fled away, and hid herself in a forest that was in the neighbourhood,

The king's son being on his return from hunting, accidentally cast his eye on this fair virgin, and being enchanted with her graceful features, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried? She told him what had happened, and said her mama's

ma's rage was so great she was afraid to return home. The young prince seeing so many brilliant diamonds drop from her mouth, which were equalled in brightness by nothing but her eyes, promised her his royal protection; conducted her to his father's court, and having obtained his permission, married her the next day, and built for her a stately palace, the front of which was overlaid with pure gold, the floors paved with pearls, and the ceilings and walls bedecked with the richest diamonds. The turf in her garden bears a continual verdure, the most delicious fruits bow down their labouring branches to salute the enchanted eye, and the odoriferous never-fading flowers pay an eternal tribute to her virtue and goodness. In this state of happiness she suffers none to approach her but those who are esteemed for their piety, virtue, and good manners; and persons of every state and condition who come thus recommended, are admitted. She is blessed with a numerous offspring, who all inherit her amiable virtues, and every thing prospers in her house, and in the state. The prince, her husband, thinks himself blessed above all men in the world,

world, and she is the happiest woman upon earth.

But how different from this was the fate of her sister! She, by her pride and ill-nature at last rendered herself disagreeable even to her own mother, who being unable to bear with her intolerable temper, turned her off; and seeing herself thus despised and hated by all mankind, she retired into a wood to avoid being seen, and was there torn in pieces by a wolf.

AIRY *and* PRUDENCE.

THERE was an old man, whose name was Lenity, who had two children, a son, and a daughter. The name of the son was Airy, the daughter was called Prudence. It happened, that as these two were one day playing together, they found a looking-glass, which was in their mother's bed-chamber; and looking into it, they discovered that Airy was extremely handsome, but Prudence very deformed.

The boy was not a little proud of this: he immediately began to entertain a very

high opinion of himself, and to despise his sister. He was always talking of his own beauty, and putting Prudence in mind of her deformities. He would run to the glass every minute, and call upon his sister to observe how differently they appeared in it; in short, he omitted nothing which he thought might create a mortification to his sister, or improve the opinion, which he thought every body entertained of the comeliness of his person.

Prudence, grieved to find herself the constant subject of her brother's mirth, at length complained to her father of his behaviour. The old man, who had a tender affection for both, and was sorry to find there was any quarrel between his children, thought this was a proper occasion to bestow some good advice on them. After having kissed them both, "If, said he, Airy, you find, by looking into the glass, that nature has bestowed a handsome face upon you, I would have you by all means endeavour to render your inward accomplishments answerable to such an outside; let your actions be handsome as well as your person; and you, said he, my dear Prudence, if you cannot recommend yourself by your beauty, you may

may by your behaviour; the world will pardon the defects of your person, if they find you are not wanting in the perfections of the mind."

The PERSIAN SULTAN'S EXEMPLARY JUSTICE.

AS one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him, that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent, and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days, the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied him-
C 2 self

self to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approached it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in the house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask him, why he had ordered the flambeaus to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan,

sultan, being willing to gratify his host, answered him in this manner: Upon hearing the greatness of the offense which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality or compassion from doing justice to the criminal. Upon lighting the flambeau a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell on my knees, and gave thanks to God. As to my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment.

The transgressor here met with the punishment justly due to his demerits, for violating the chastity of the poor man's wife; but the justice of the sultan is deserving of the highest applause, who determined, we

see, not to spare even his own son, had he found him guilty of a crime of so black a dye: nor is his piety less to be admired, who, considering himself as God's viceregent on earth, was resolved to do justice even to the destruction of his own family; and, when his anxiety was at an end, offered up his heart to the Almighty for his deliverance.

The HISTORY of KING ALLGOOD.

THERE was a king, whose name was Allgood, feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects. He was wise, just, good, valiant; and deficient in no quality requisite in a great prince. A fairy came to him one day, and told him, that he would soon find himself plunged into great difficulties, if he did not make use of a ring, which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of the ring in the inside of his hand, he became invisible, and when he turned the diamond outwards, he became visible again. He was mightily pleased with the present, as soon as he grew sensible of the

the

the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any one of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward, and heard and saw all the secrets of the family without being perceived; when he mistrusted the design of any neighbouring potentate, he would make a long journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private councils, and learn every thing without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every intention to his prejudice, he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person, and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow. Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his ring; and he requested of the fairy the power of conveying himself in an instant from one country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready use of this ring. The fairy replied, "You ask too much; let me conjure you not to covet a power which, I foresee, will one day or other be the cause of your misery, though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me." The ling would not listen to her intreaties, but still urged his request. "Since then you will have it so, said she, I must necessarily

C 4

grant

grant you a favour of which you will dearly repent. Hereupon, she chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor, when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not discernable under his habit, and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the air, swifter than an eagle. When he had no further occasion for them, with a touch again they shrunk to a small size, so as to be concealed under his garments. By this project, Allgood was able to convey himself in a few minutes wherever he pleased. He knew every thing, and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence; for he would often retire into his closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, with strict orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible, he would enlarge his wings, and traverse vast countries. By this power he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But as he continually saw into the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place confidence in man; the more powerful he grew the less he

he

he was beloved; and he found that even they, to whom he had been most bountiful, had no gratitude nor affection towards him.

In this disconsolate condition he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman complete in beauty and all good qualities, willing to be his wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain; and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the most hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the courts where he found the ladies insincere, fond of admirers, and so enamoured of their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise into all the private families; he found one was of an inconstant volatile disposition, another cunning and artful, a third haughty, a fourth capricious; almost all vain, faithless, and full of idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved to carry his enquiries even to the lowest class of mankind; whereupon, he found the daughter of a poor labourer, fair as the brightest morning, but simple and ingenuous

in all her beauty, which she disregarded, and which in reality was the least of her perfections; for she had an understanding and virtue, which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youth in the neighbourhood were impatient to see her, and more impatient after they had seen her, to obtain her in marriage, not doubting of being completely happy with such a wife. King Allgood beheld her, and he loved her; he demanded her of her father, who was transported with the thoughts of his daughter's becoming a great queen. Clarinda, so she was called, went from her father's hut into a magnificent palace, where she was received by a numerous court; she was not dazzled, nor disconcerted at the sudden change. She preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue, and forgot not the place of her birth, when she was in the height of her glory. The king's affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arise to perfect happiness, neither was he really far from it; so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his queen. He often rendered himself invisible, to observe her, and to surprise her; but he never discovered any thing in her, that was not worthy of his admiration; so

so that now there was but a very small remainder of jealousy blended with his love.

The fairy, who had foretold the fatal consequences of his last request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her importunity troublesome; therefore, he gave orders that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the queen not to receive her visits for the future. The queen promised to obey his commands, but not without much unwillingness, because she loved this good fairy. It happened one day, when the king was upon a progress, that the fairy, desirous to instruct the queen in futurity, entered her apartment under the appearance of a young officer, and immediately declared in a whisper who she was; whereupon the queen embraced her with tenderness.

The king, who was there invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword, and pierced the queen, who fell, expiring in his arms. In that moment the fairy resumed her true shape; whereupon the king knew her, and was convinced of the queen's innocence. Then he would have killed himself: but the fairy withheld his hand, and strove to comfort

fort him: when the queen, breathing her last words, said, "Though I die by your hand, I die wholly yours."

Too late now Allgood cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the fairy, which proved his misery. He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he past in bitterness and grief, knowing no other consolation, but to weep perpetually over Clarinda's tomb.

The HISTORY *of* CLARINDA *and*
CLOE.

CLARINDA and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of good person and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies
both

both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened; that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is customary, in most countries in Europe, both for men and women, to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the playhouse by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was, burst upon the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms, and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the croud, but he set her down; and grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover: "How happy am I, says he, in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it." "My dear, dear Philander, says the lady, pulling off

off her mask, this is not a time for art: you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda. After a short pause, "Madam, says he, with the looks of a dead man, we are both mistaken;" and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, "Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?" Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander, was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck

neck with a tendernefs not to be expref-
fed, and amidst a thoufand fobs and fighs
told her his love and his dreadful miftake.
The ftage was now in flames, and the who-
le houfe full of fmoke: the entrance was
quite barred up with heaps of people, who
had fallen one upon another as they endea-
voured to get out; fwords were drawn,
fhrieks heard on all fides; and in fhort, no
poffibility of an efcape for Philander himfelf
had he been capable of making it without
his Chloe. But his mind was above fuch a
thought, and wholly employed in weeping,
condoling, and comforting. He catches
her in his arms. The fire furrounds them,
while — I cannot go on —

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this
would convince me, that there muft be an
hereafter; for who can believe that fo much
virtue could meet with fo great diftrefs with-
out a following reward. As for my part,
I am fo old fashioned as firmly to believe,
that all who perifh in fuch generous enter-
prifes, are relieved from the further exercife
of life; and Providence, which fees their
virtue confummate and manifef, takes them
to an immediate reward, in a being more
fuitable to the grandeur of their fpirits. What
else

else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? it was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old, "That the same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men on earth, make up their happiness in Elysium."

A DIALOGUE.

Between Master Billy, and his Tutor Mr. Aimwell.

A. PRAY, how do you like the company your papa introduced you to yesterday?

B. Oh! mighty well, Sir.

A. They are gentlemen and ladies of exceeding good sense; but did you observe how fond they were of Master Meanwell?

B. Yes, Sir, and I wonder at it; for he is no pretty boy, nor is his papa a rich man.

A. That is nothing to the purpose. Little boys and girls are not beloved for their beauty or riches, but for their *good nature, good manners, and good sense.*

B. Pray, sir, do you think he is a good-natured boy.

A. Yes, indeed; for he is never cross nor out of humour, but always chearful and ready to give an answer to any body that speaks to him. If you give him but an apple or an orange, he will part with any share of it to those that are with him, whether

they are strangers or playmates; for which reason he is greatly admired by all his acquaintance.

B. I should like to be taken notice of in this manner. But, pray, sir, is this good-nature, as you call it, and a readiness to run of an errand, or part with any thing, all that is necessary to make people love me?

A. No, you must also behave with good-manners, and do every thing with an easy genteel air; for it is the graceful behaviour that distinguishes pretty young gentlemen from ignorant boys who mind nothing but spinning of tops. You must also behave with becoming respect to all those who are older, and supposed to be wiser than yourself. When you are asked any question, you must not answer bluntly, yes, or no; but yes, or no, sir; yes, madam, or no, madam: and look full in the gentleman or lady's face, when you speak; for it is a mark of meanness to look shy; and that boy is always counted a booby, who hangs down his head and is ashamed to be seen. When you want any thing, you must not say, give me this, or I'll have that; but ask in this manner: Pray, sir, give me that apple; pray, madam, oblige me with that orange; or,

or, pray do me the favour of that nut, that plumb, that pear, &c.

B. Why, now I think on't, Master Meanwell always says so.

A. Yes, my dear boy; but Master Meanwell not only speaks in this pretty manner, but behaves as prettily also. When he enters the room, he adresses himself to the whole company with a graceful bow, and when he goes out, takes his leave with another bow.

At dinner he sits upright in his chair, and never asks for any thing, but receives what is given him with complaisance and thankfulness; and when he drinks, bows to the most considerable person at the table, and afterwards to all the rest of the company; and if at any time he is sent out of the room, he takes care to pull the door softly, so as not to give them any disturbance. In short, Master Meanwell comes when he is called, does as he is bid, and shuts the door after him, and by that means he has gained the good-will of every body. Then he takes off his hat to all the people he meets, and while he is talking to a gentleman or lady, holds it under his arm.

B. Why, sir, Master Dicky de Coverly don't do so.

A. That booby! No, he does nothing as he ought; but you are not to take example from such ill-bred naughty boys as he. Why, it was but the other day his father sent him with a message to Mr. Friendly, who, you know, is a polite gentleman, and he bolted into the parlour among all the company, without taking off his hat or paying his respects to any of them. With that Mr. Friendly asked him where his hat was? "*Why, on my head,*" quoth Dick, and walked off without any more ceremony. When he came home, his father asked how Mr. Friendly did: "Why rarely well, father," quoth Dick, "but only I doubt he is blind." "Blind! why dost think so?" says the father. "Why! because when I came into the parlour, quoth Dick, he asked me where my hat was? I told him upon my head; but thouf'n I told'n so, he wou'dn't believe me; and I am sure if a hadn't been blind, he might a feed'en plain enough." This story hath made both father and son the jest of the whole country; and as Sir Roger de Coverly was so great a man, every body is surpris-

surprised that his son and grandchild should turn out such blunderbuffes.

B. But, fir, you was saying just now, that *good sense* would make me agreeable to every body; pray, what do you mean by *good sense*?

A. Why, I mean *judgement* or *understanding*. A boy who is endowed with good sense, will do nothing but what is honest, just or right; and will distinguish between such things as are idle and trifling, and such as are of moment, and worth his knowing.

B. And pray, fir, what must I do to get this judgement or understanding? for this seems to me harder to learn than good manners.

A. When you meet with any thing you do not understand, you must enquire of those who are older and wiser than yourself: you must also read such books as are most likely to improve your mind; and lastly, how the better sort of people speak and behave; for by imitating other great men, you will become a great man yourself.

B. A *great man*! ah! that I shall like indeed. But then, fir, I must have a fine coach and horses, and money; for this good nature,

nature, good manners, and good sense, won't make me a great man, unless my papa gives me a great deal of money.

A. Your observation, my dear child, is not amiss, according to the idle notion the common people have of a great man. But you must know, a man cannot be truly great unless he be truly good. A rich man may be a miser, and not make use of his money; or a fool, and know not how to make use of it; and if a man has ever so many fine houses, coaches, or fine clothes, or servants, yet if he spends more than he is worth, and runs into debt with his tradesmen, without taking any care to pay them, he is so far from being a great man, that he is only a great knave, and deserves to be thrown into a jail, which is too often the consequence of living extravagantly.

B. If then neither riches nor fine clothes, nor a great number of servants, are signs of a great man, I should be glad to know who is a great man?

A. He only is a great man, who, by his prudence and good conduct gains the esteem and favour of all who know him. But if you want a living example of a great man,
or

or in other words a wise man, turn your eyes on Mr. Friendly. That gentleman has, by his generosity and good management, made all the people who live round about him, and yet his estate is not half so large as Sir Timothy Trifle's.

B. How must I do to be as great a man as Mr. Friendly?

A. You must, as I told you before, be very good, and keep company with none but those who are admired for their good behaviour. You must not only read the books I recommend to you, but you must remember the good precepts and morals that are contained in them. When you read the life of any good man, you must endeavour to copy after all those great qualities by which he became so famous. You must learn to write and read well, endeavour to get a habit of speaking with elegance and ease. But above all, you must love God, and be thankful to him for all the blessings he hath bestowed upon you, and never forget to offer up your prayers to him morning and evening, not for yourself only, but also in behalf of your friends, relations, and all mankind. You must take the part of the poor and distressed, relieve those who are in want, and

make peace between those who are at variance. You must also be employed in some business, so as to make yourself useful to the commonwealth; and be ashamed of doing nothing but what your conscience tells you is idle, wicked, or dishonest.

The **ADVICE of a FATHER to his CHILDREN.**

THIS instant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening, what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and pain; but labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of the diligent defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the

the king in his counsel? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house, and that hath said unto sloth, thou art mine enemy.

Boast not of thyself, for it will bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom, and from their failings correct thine own faults.

It behoveth thee, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side of the grave, is to enjoy from heaven understanding and health. These blessings, if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairst of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou shalt wonder that any but fools should be wrath.

Be grateful to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee. Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to her admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

Fear the Lord all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee, let Temperance restrain thee; let Justice guide thy hand; Benevolence warm thy heart; and Gratitude to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give happiness in thy present state; and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of God.

The BENEFITS *of* DISAPPOINTMENTS.

CHILDREN, let me advise you not to murmur at disappointments. Frequent occasions of discontent will unavoidably occur; but you must submit to be taught by your parents, to improve every circumstance that shall happen.

Mr.

Mr. Nelson had a family of three sons and four daughters: both he and Mrs. Nelson took great pains, not only to form their understandings, but to regulate their tempers, and to improve their hearts. They were instructed to cultivate the tenderest dispositions, not only towards each other, but to every person whatever. Every selfish inclination was carefully checked on its first appearance; and they were early taught, that by giving pleasure to others, they increased their own happiness.

To give some instances of their behaviour, will be an useful lesson to my little readers. A gentleman, who one day dined at Mr. Nelson's, and who took every opportunity to exercise the dispositions of children, made the following experiment on one of these little gentry. Mrs. Nelson had given an apple to her younger son: Mr. Felton, the gentleman above-mentioned, who sat next him, snatched it out of his hand. The child looked rather confused for a few moments; but soon recovering himself, "Indeed, sir, said he, you did not take the apple in a very pretty manner. If you had asked me for it, you should have had it with all my heart." — "I had a mind to try your temper,

Wil.

William, answered the gentleman, you are a good boy, I like you; and to be praised is a greater satisfaction than eating a sorry apple." — "The apple was a very good one, I believe, Sir; but you may have it, if you please." He then went to play. The gentleman putting his hand into his pocket, "Well, my boy, said he, as you have treated me so kindly, I will endeavour to be as civil to you. There is a fine peach for you." Master Nelson thanked him; and, calling his brothers and sisters about him, distributed the fruit into equal shares between them and himself.

Another time, when one of the young ladies was confined to her chamber by illness, Mrs. Nelson produced a box of curiosities, which were never taken out but when she was present. Miss Nelson was rejoiced at the sight of it, and, sitting down by her mamma, waited the opening of the box with great eagerness; when, just as the key was put in, a chariot drove up to the door with unexpected company. Mrs. Nelson was vexed at the interruption, and looking at her daughter, "I am sorry for your disappointment, my dear, said she, it is one to myself, that I cannot give you the intend-

ed

ed pleasure." — "My dear mama, answered she, how very good you are! I can see them another time, you know, when you are at leisure. I am sorry to lose your company too; but it cannot be avoided. My sister will be so kind as to come and read me a story." Mrs. Nelson kissed her, and left her with unwillingness.

Soon after Miss Nelson was recovered, her brothers were invited to go upon the water with a party on pleasure. They were very happy in the expectation: the morning appointed was very fine, and the two children in readiness to go, when, on the arrival of the gentlemen who were to accompany Mr. Nelson, they found two more than were expected, and that there would not be room for the brothers. Mr. Nelson was much concerned; he then proposed taking the elder only, but was unwilling to part them; and the elder, on knowing his intention, said, he had rather stay at home, unless his brother could go with him; to which his father agreed. A little cloud of melancholy overspread their countenances for a few minutes; but not the least appearance of sullenness or ill-nature.

About two hours after the gentlemen's departure, an unexpected storm arose; and, though its violence soon abated, yet a settled rain followed, to the entire destruction of the pleasure proposed in the voyage. Mrs. Nelson made use of this opportunity to read a lesson of instruction to her children. "How frequently, my loves, said she, will you experience, that the disappointment of your wishes is a real blessing!— You see, that had you gone, you would have had no pleasure; you would even have been in some danger, and your dear papa would have been more distressed on your account."—"I hope papa is in no danger, cried the elder boy, I should not mind being wet, if I could help papa." Mrs. Nelson caught the child in her arms, and could not forbear letting fall a tear. The gentlemen returned in safety the next day, but had an uncomfortable voyage, and rejoiced that the children had not been of the party, as they would have been alarmed for their safety. "Well, papa, said the younger boy, I was in hopes you would come to no hurt; for you know Mr. Selby's boat is called a pleasure boat, and that it would not have proved such, if any body had been lost in it."

This

This remark drew a smile from the company; and the praises the two boys received for their manner of supporting a disappointment, gave them more satisfaction than they could have enjoyed from the most pleasant voyage.

When any of the young Nelsons forgot themselves and transgressed their duty, it was their punishment to be excluded from the presence of their papa and mama, and their good brothers and sisters. As they felt the utmost filial and fraternal love they suffered greatly by this punishment; but it was very seldom that there was occasion to inflict it.

The children took it by turns to visit with their parents, and Miss Emely was dressed one afternoon to accompany her mama; when, being at play in the nursery, she saw her doll in her little sister's hands. She ran eagerly to take it from her; but little Lucy holding it, said, "nay, sister, you did not want it before; I will not hurt it; but you know Miss Clement broke mine, and I had a mind to nurse this a little while." Miss Emely, however, was not disposed to be good; she scuffled, and endeavoured to pull it away in this manner.

Miss

Miss Lucy, in playfulness, detained it, when the former, angry on being opposed, gave her sister a slap on the hand. Miss Lucy, unused to such treatment, shrieked and cried aloud.

Mrs. Nelson, who was in her own room, which was adjoining, instantly entered the nursery, and desired to know the cause of this confusion. All were silent, the nursery-maid had gone down just before the affair happened; Mrs. Nelson therefore addressed herself to her eldest daughter, and insisted on her telling the cause of Miss Lucy's tears. Miss Nelson was visibly unwilling to speak; but her mama's commands were not to be disputed: "I am sorry, madam, that I am obliged in truth to say, that my sister Emily has been to blame; but I dare say she is very sorry for her fault, and perhaps Lucy should not have taken it without leave." She then related all that had past, and concluded with saying, it was the first time she ever knew her sister do such a thing, and she dared to answer for her, that she would do so no more.

Mrs. Nelson stood for a few moments silent, "You are a very good girl, Susannah," said she at last, to be so concerned for your sister's

sister's fault. She is very naughty; go, continued she, go, Emily, and stand in that corner for an hour. Reflect on what you have done, and pray God to forgive, and enable you to be better. As you are not good enough to be my companion, it is Lucy's turn to visit with me; and remember, Emily, she loses the favour of her mother, who is unkind to her brothers and sisters." Mrs. Nelson then left the room, and Miss Lucy was dressed to attend her mama; but her little heart was divided between joy for being permitted to pay a visit, and grief for her sister's punishment. She went to her, and taking her hand, "indeed, Emily, said she, I am sorry I did not give up the doll, and I wish you had not been angry; I thought you had been only in jest till you hit me." Mrs. Nelson that instant called her, and she left her sisters with a smile dimpling her cheek, and a tear glistening in her eye.

As soon as the chariot drove from the door, Miss Nelson went to her sister, whom she found with her handkerchief up to her face, and sobbing most piteously. "Come, my dear Emily, do not cry any more, said
VOL. X. E she,

she, I find you are very sorry for your fault, and that was all mama desired; you will ask her's and Lucy's pardon, and all will be well again."

Miss Emily's pride had prevented her for some time from feeling a proper sense of her fault.

A false shame made her unwilling to own she had done wrong, and to ask pardon; but her sister Lucy's forgiving temper, and the kindness of Miss Nelson's expressions, convinced her of her offence. She could return no answer to her sister but sobs and tears, till fearing Miss Nelson should mistake her silence for obstinacy, "You are too good to me, sister, said she, I do not deserve your love; how kind poor Lucy was! how could I hit her, and I know I have vexed my dear mama too! and then Mrs. Graves will ask the reason why I did not go, and will hear that I am naughty, and she will not love me. I am a sad naughty girl, and I am very, very sorry for my fault."

"Well, my dear, you can do no more than be concerned for your fault, ask God's
pardon,

pardon, and he will receive you to his favour. I am going to take a little walk with Edward, and I will come to you again."

Whilst Miss Nelson was walking with her brother, a Miss Smyth, who was very intimate in the family came in, and finding no one in the parlour, ran up stairs. On seeing Miss Emily, well, my dear, said she, where is your mama, and where are your brothers and sisters?" Miss Emily hid her face, and fobbing, "O! Madam, cried she, pray do not take any notice of me; I am in disgrace, and you must not speak to a naughty girl." "I am sure you are very good now, answers the lady, but I will break through no rules. I shall tell your mama how prettily you have behaved, and dare say, I shall see you in favour again to-morrow."

Miss Nelson, after her walk, returned with impatience to her sister, and the clock striking as she entered, "Come, my dear said she, your time is out, and you have been so much concerned, that I am sure my mama will not be offended, if you now play with us." — "I thank you, sister, an-

swered Emily, but I am not good enough to play with you. I will sit down, and read some of the stories in Mrs. Teachum; those misses, especially Miss Jenny Peace, are good examples for me."

When Mrs. Nelson returned, her eldest daughter eagerly told her how well her sister had behaved, and Miss Emily made the most proper submissions to her mama and sister Lucy. She then insisted, that the latter should accept of her doll, which Miss Lucy with great sweetness declined; but Emily was so concerned at her refusal, that Mrs. Nelson desired her to take it. "Now, my Emily, said the fond parent, you are as dear to me as ever. You have been faulty, but your concern has been at least equal to your offence. Recover your spirits, for penitence restores us to the favour of heaven." The account Miss Smyth gave of Emily confirmed her mama's good opinion of her.

A strict conformity to reason and religion had been the foundation of their obedience in childhood; and these principles supported in them through every season and condition of life. One of the sons, by the carelessness

ness of his nurse, had received a considerable hurt, which, by her imprudent concealment, passed unnoticed, till the effects appeared in the alteration of his shape. Though his health suffered by this deformity, his disposition was not warped. He made use of the misfortune in his own person to guard his brothers and sisters against inattention to their carriage. "Look at me, he would sometimes say, when he saw any of them stooping or careless in their gait, would you wish to be distorted as I am? Mine is a misfortune. Be cautious, lest you suffer by your own fault. A personable figure is a great recommendation, and where it has pleased God to give a well made form, surely it is very faulty to injure it by our neglect."

This young gentleman was one day walking with another, when a rude boy, running past him, called out laughing, "My lord! my lord! what shall I give you for the bunch at your back?" Master Watson, the companion of Master Nelson was shocked. "You young knave, cried he, in the warmth of his resentment, I have a great mind to lay my stick upon your back!" "You

are very kind to me, said Master Nelson, but let him alone: he does not hurt me by this speech—Let him be merry—I only wish he had a more proper subject for his mirth.”

This young gentleman was of a very benevolent disposition: he and his eldest sisters took great delight in teaching poor children to read. Miss Nelson also taught several girls to work, and frequently gave them some of her own linen, out of which she instructed them to make necessaries for themselves. Mr. Nelson's was a family of love and happiness. The latter was interrupted by a misfortune which happened to the third son, an exceeding promising youth. A humour broke out at the corner of his mouth, which spread very fast. The father, being advised by eminent surgeons to have part of the bone of the cheek taken away, as the only means of saving his life, determined on having the operation performed. He informed the child of the design, telling him, that he hoped he would bear the pain like a good boy, as it was intended to prevent a still greater, and would soon be over. The poor child looked at him earnestly; he
saw

saw the grief and trouble his father laboured to conceal, and burst into tears: but soon recovering himself, "I will be cut, said he, I will submit to any thing you think ought to be done. I am sure papa and mama would not let me suffer any pain but what is for my good."

The father could not help weeping as he embraced him. However, he encouraged him to bear it with patience. The operation was performed, and the child, who was not ten years of age, behaved with uncommon resolution and patience. The effect was not conformable to their hopes. The disorder soon broke out again; it spread with greater rapidity, and the poor child was soon unable to receive sufficient sustenance.

As he lay languishing on his death-bed, his mother and sisters sat weeping by him. "Do not cry for me, mama, said he, do not cry for William, sister, I do suffer a great deal; but I hope my pains will soon be over. I am loth to leave you, and papa, and all my brothers and sisters, but I shall go to God Almighty, my best friend; and

then I shall never cry any more, but be for ever happy, and I shall meet you all again in heaven.

He was soon released from a state of exquisite suffering; and though the loss of so excellent a child increased for a while a heart-piercing affliction, yet the consideration of his excellence became in time a source of consolation.

In every circumstance they looked up to heaven with thankfulness or resignation; being convinced, that an all-wise and all-gracious Being could not mistake, nor withhold the means of securing the eternal happiness of his creatures.

ANDROCLES *and the* NUMIDIAN
LION.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape

escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia: as he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock; he went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn, which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off

again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being at length tired of his savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up to his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show for the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was also performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators expecting every

ry

ry moment that his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Africa. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis; hic est homo medicus leonis.*" This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

The

The grateful returns made by this animal to his benefactor, may serve as a lesson to many of the rational part of the creation; who, though they boast of advantages far superior to instinct, yet are too often found wanting in the exercise of gratitude for benefits received.

SULTAN MAHMOUD *and* his
VISIER.

THE Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and by his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The visier to this great sultan, whether an humourist, or an enthusiast, we are not informed, pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of
owls

owls upon a tree, that grew near an old wall upon a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know, says the sultan, what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, "Sir, says he, I have heard part of their conversation but dare not tell you what it was." The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. "You must know then, said then visier, that one of these owls has a son and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, instead of fifty I will give you five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages."

The

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and, from that time forward, consulted the good of his people.

Advice and reproof conveyed in this indirect manner, is not only the most safe, but the most effectual; for, as it seems to come without design, it betrays no superiority of judgement, nor disinclination to the person; who is left to make the application himself, and if accused, is accused by his own conscience. This was well known to the fabulists of old, who always conveyed their sentiments in this concealed and indirect manner.

The HISTORY *of the* MERCOLIANS.

THE Mercolians, a people who possessed an island in the Lilliputian seas, had, by their industry, trade, and commerce, acquired immense riches. By their shipping

ping they made the product of all nations their own, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring isles, and on the continent, were their slaves and dependents. Nothing, however, is so difficult to manage as too much wealth; and a state may be crushed under the weight of its own power, which was the fate of the Mercolians. They grew proud, insolent, and idle. The only use they made of their riches was to purchase them new-invented pleasures. They sunk in down beds, and grew effeminate; exercise, which strings the nerves, and preserves health, was a stranger to them; they turned day into night, and night into day, and wasted their most valuable and precious time in routs and riotous assemblies; but see at once the force of human folly, and the end of human grandeur! They made a law to naturalize the slaves and refuse of other nations; they took counsel of strangers; they chose their generals and officers from a foreign people, and were at last plundered and dispossessed of their property by their own dependents. Such was the fete of the Mercolians; and may this be a warning to all future states.

In

In this confusion, some of the best families left Mercolia, and took possession of an island uninhabited in the same seas, but were followed by their enemies, who drew up in battle array to destroy them. At this instant of time, when no prospect of safety remained, and every man expected his fate, Master Turvolo, a lad of about fourteen years, arose, and thus addressed himself to the Mercolians:—"Brethren, and you men of Mercolia! let not fear drive you to madness? you have lives, you have families, you have effects worth preserving, and the means is in your hands to do it. Let every man deliver to me his money, the only source and cause of his misfortune, and I will deliver you from these people, who, from being your slaves and dependents, are now become your lords and dictators." He then took a large heap of money, which he divided into three hundred bags; untied, and distributed those bags to the same number of men, to each man his bag; and placed them behind those of his friends, who were armed; and when the pursuers came upon them, those men, as they were directed, scattered the money upon the ground, which di-
verted

verted the soldiers from their duty, and set them to fighting among themselves; and the Mercolians stood at a distance and beheld them destroying one another, till such time as their forces were sufficiently weakened, and then they turned upon them and overthrew them with great slaughter. After this Master Turvolo was placed at the head of the people, and made their king; and, in order to establish in them virtuous and good principles, he erected two temples, one whereof was called the temple of Fame, and built on the top of a high hill, fortified round with a strong wall and deep ditch; and the other was placed in the middle of the road, leading to that on the hill, so that there was no coming to the other temple, but through it; and this was called the temple of Virtue. The first portal of this temple was dignified with this inscription, namely, *The road to the Temple of Fame is through the Temple of Virtue.* And after passing through a spacious court, a beautiful portico presented itself, on which was written, in azure and gold, the following letters: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all*
VOL. X. F thy

thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself.

In the temple of Fame were registered the names of all those who were good men, whether ploughmen, tradesmen, or whatever else; for worth and honour are confined to no particular class of people, and seals were given them at the public expence, as a testimony of their esteem; but to those who were lazy, indolent, and did nothing for the service of the community, no seals were given, nor were they suffered to enter the temple. And if at any time those who had procured that honour degenerated, that mark of esteem was taken from them, and a badge of infamy placed on their backs, which they were obliged to wear, or abandon their friends and country. Nor did either honour or infamy descend from the father to the son, for every man was to win his own laurels, and be accountable for his own actions *only*. Besides this, as the ill-use of money had corrupted the morals of the people, rendered them effeminate, and overthrown them before, he obliged all the inhabitants every four years to bring their money into the public treasury, from

X. which

which an equal distribution was again made, to each person his share; and those who had multiplied their stock by honest means, had the thanks of the community, and some marks of royal favour from the king.

Thus did little king Turvolo raise a ruined state, and make a miserable people happy; for in a few years peace reigned in every breast, and plenty smiled in every valley; they had no ambition but of excelling in virtue, and no contentions, but who should be most religious and most just. Locks, bolts, and bars, they had no occasion for, since thieves there were none, nor did they need any of the dreadful instruments of war:—*For every man loved the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, and his neighbour as himself.*

The AMERICAN MERCHANT.

A Merchant, who settled in the West-Indies, meeting with good success, in a few years acquired a handsome fortune, and two children, a boy and a girl; the son,

whose name was John, was about four years old, and Molly a year younger. Seeing himself in so happy circumstances he resolved to go over to old England and spend there the remainder of his days. Accordingly he went with his whole family aboard a ship, but when they were about half-way on their passage, a dreadful storm arose, and the pilot said they were in imminent danger of being lost; on hearing this, the merchant took a large plank, and fastened his wife and two children to it, but before he had time to fix himself to the same, the ship struck on a rock, and split to pieces. The plank with the wife and two children kept the sea like a little boat, and the wind carried them to an island. The mother untied the cords with which they were fastened, and went up into the country, in hopes of discovering some houses, but she soon perceived that the island was uninhabited: she now began to be apprehensive that herself and her children must perish for hunger; but advancing farther into the island, she found several trees laden with fruit, and a number of birds nests with eggs in them; there being no probability of their ever getting off
the

the island, she was resolved to submit to the Divine Will, and do her best for the education of her children. She very fortunately had in her pocket a bible, by which she taught them to read, and instructed them in the knowledge of their Maker. At the end of two years the poor mother fell sick, and being aware she could not long survive, she called her children to her, and told them she was at the point of death, and must soon leave them, but bid them remember that they were not left alone, and God would see all; they must not forget to pray to him every night and morning, and must never quarrel nor fight, but live in love and amity with one another. The children observed punctually the directions they received from their dying mother; no day passed without putting up their morning and evening prayers to God, and they read their book over so often, that they had it by heart. Jacky and Molly had now been eleven years on this island: as they were one day sitting on the sea shore, they observed several black men coming towards them in a boat. The blacks were surprised to see these children of a different colour from

themselves; they furrounded them and spoke to them, but Jacky and Molly understood nothing of their language; at length four black men showed them their boat, and desired them by signs to step in. Molly at first was afraid, but by the persuasion of her brother, went into the boat; which carried them into an island not far off, inhabited by savages, who all received them very kindly. The king could not keep his eyes off Molly, and often put his hand to his breast to let her know he loved her: Molly and Jacky soon learned their language, and understood that they were at war with the people of some neighbouring islands, and that they eat their prisoners. The king was now resolved instantly to make Molly his queen, who told her brother she had rather die than marry him, because she thought him a very wicked man, for instead of forgiving his enemies, as their book instructed them, he put his prisoners to death, and devoured them. The savages were so exasperated at Molly's refusal to marry their king, that they tied her and her brother to piles of wood, and were preparing to set fire to them, when they heard that a great number

number of their enemies were come ashore. They all ran to fight the invaders, and being overcome, the victorious enemy cut the chains of the victims destined to the flames, and carried them to their islands, where they became slaves to the king of the country. Those savages were also frequently engaged in wars, and like their neighbours, devoured their prisoners. On a certain occasion they took a great number; and among the rest was a white man; the savages finding him very lean, determined to fatten him for their eating. He was kept chained in a hut, and Molly was charged with the care of bringing him food. The white man, who was surprised at the sight of a woman of the same colour as himself, was much more so when he heard her speak his own language, and pray to the same God. He asked her, who taught her to speak English, and instructed her in the knowledge of God? She replied, she did not know before the name of the language she spoke; that her mother spoke it and taught it her; that she had learned much about God out of a book which her mother gave her, and prayed to him daily. The white man then

asked to see the book, on opening which, and finding on the first leaf, "This book belongs to John Maurice;" he broke out in the following words: "Ah! my dear children! have I found you once more! Come and embrace your poor father, and give me some account of your mother." Jacky and Molly were so overjoyed at seeing their father again, that it was some time before they could speak: at last, says Jacky, "My heart tells me you are my father, though I cannot conceive how it is possible, for my mother told me you went to the bottom of the sea. It is true, says the man, I actually fell into the sea, but catching hold of a plank, I came ashore upon an island, and concluded you were lost." Jacky then gave a particular account of all he could remember; the white man was much afflicted, when he heard that his poor wife was dead; "and, alas! says he, what avails it, my dear children, that we have met again, if in a few days I am to be slaughtered and devoured." But Molly desired him to leave that to her, for she had thought of an infallible means to save his life. She then left her father, and went and threw herself

herself at the king's feet, telling him, she had one request to make, which she hoped he would not deny; the king promised her he would not. She then told him, that the white man was Jacky's and her father; and as he had determined that he should be eaten, her request was that she might suffer in his stead. The king was so moved with Molly's dutiful affection for her father, that he not only promised her own and her father's life, but told her he expected a ship soon which came with white men, and they should have his leave to depart. Molly returned the king her most grateful thanks for his kind compassion, and ran immediately to her father to acquaint him with the good news. The ship mentioned by the black king arriving a few days afterwards, they all went on board, and returned safe to England, where they spent their days in great happiness, often reflecting with wonder on the mysterious and wise providence of God, who only permitted the daughter to be a slave, as a means to save her father's life.

An ADVENTURE of MASTER TOM-
MY TRUSTY.

MISS Biddy Johnson was a pretty girl, and learned her book very well, but she was too fond of herself. Her beauty made her proud and disobedient to her parents, and, by not taking their advice, and doing as they bid her, she had almost lost her life.

As she was their only child, her papa and mama were remarkably fond of her, and thought nothing too good for her either to eat, or drink, or wear. She was always dressed as fine as a little lady, but her papa and mamma ordered her never to go out but in their company, or with their consent; however she did not mind what they said, but, whenever she had any thing new on, away she ran to show it her playmates. Pride makes us do many silly things. One day, when her new coat and stays were brought home, she got her maid, who was a silly girl, to put her bobs in her ears, and away she ran, forsooth, without any body with her, to see Miss Fanny

Fanny Tinsel. Miss Fanny was as proud a little girl as any in London; she hated every body that was finer than herself; and because Miss Biddy was dressed out so, she would not play with her: upon which Miss Biddy huffed, and left her. As she was going home, she missed her way; and, travelling over Londonbridge, she got as far as St. George's church, and there sat down upon a step, and cried. A woman, who was just by, came up to her, and gave her an orange, and asked her whose little girl she was. "I am," answered she, Miss Biddy Johnson and I have lost my way." "Oh," says the woman, you are Mr. Johnson's little girl, are you? My husband is looking after you, to carry you home to your papa and mama; and here, says she, beckoning to a man that stood by, do you carry this little miss home, and I will go along with you;" so they took her up, and Miss Biddy did not cry, because she thought they came from her papa and mama. When they got out of town, she knew that was not the way home, and began to cry: but the man stuffed a nasty rag into her mouth, and tied a black crape hat-band over that, to prevent her

her making a noise, and then gave her to the woman, who carried her under her cloak. They conveyed her in this manner over the fields to Norwood, and there stripped her of her clothes, and were going to kill her. Master Tommy Trusty, as it was a holiday, happened to be in the wood a nutting, and hearing a child cry, made up towards the noise, and looking through a bush, he saw Miss Biddy, and the man with a large knife in his hand, just going to murder her. Master Trusty was a little boy of very good sense, and great courage, and of a good-natured merciful disposition. He was willing to save Miss Biddy, but how to do it was the question: "I am alone, says he, reasoning with himself, but they do not know it. I have innocency and God Almighty on my side, and these wretches have only the devil and guilt on theirs; which will naturally make them afraid; for their consciences will fly in their faces. I will make a noise, says he; so, just as the villain was about to murder Miss Biddy, he called out, "Here they are! here they are! and going to kill her!" He then popped a whip he had in his hand, which made the thieves

thieves conclude that they were pursued by men on horseback, and they ran away as fast as possible, leaving Miss Biddy's clothes behind them. Master Trusty watched them out of the wood, and then returned to Miss Biddy, whom he found with her hands tied, and crying sadly; but as soon as she saw him, she jumped for joy. Master Tommy untied her hands, and, putting on her clothes, he found that one of her ear-rings and bobs were wanting; but she did not mind that, for, says she, "I will never be proud any more, but go home to my papa and mama, and do every thing they bid me, and be a very good girl." Master Tommy went with her. It was night when they came home, and her papa and mama, thinking she was lost, were ready to devour her with kisses. They presented to Master Trusty a fine library of books, and a pretty little horse, as a reward for his courage, and the care he had taken of their daughter; and he has now the satisfaction of having preserved the life of one of his play-fellows, and of being carested and esteemed by Mr. Johnson, and all who have heard this story. Miss Biddy, from being a proud naughty girl

girl, is become exceedingly dutiful to her parents, obliging to all her play mates, and charitable to the poor: she now despises fine clothes, and says, "that virtue and good-nature are the best ornaments a young lady can wear."

The HISTORY of MR. ASHFIELD.

MR. SYLVANUS ASHFIELD was born in the county of Durham; at the age of twenty-one he became possessed of an easy fortune, and thought immediately of settling in the world. He married a lady of equal rank and fortune with himself, by whom he was blessed with three children; he was extremely fond of his little offspring, and whenever they were assembled around his knees, he thought himself happier than a king. He had a good library, and when he was not with his wife and children, his time was spent in study. Though he had a general taste for all sorts of books, his inclination chiefly directed him to the poets, and particularly those of
the

the dramatic kind. He had a strong passion for Shakespeare's tragedies; he read them over and over without ceasing; and sometimes he thought how happy the people in London must be, who had opportunities of going to the playhouses, where these excellent pieces were exhibited. This notion which occurred frequently to his mind, grew up to a most violent desire. He might indeed have taken a journey to London as no body could have hindered him; but whenever he considered the matter seriously, reason opposed so absurd an excursion, and he was conscious that all his friends would blame him for taking a journey of upwards two hundred miles, merely for the pleasure of seeing a play. He continued two whole years in this distressed condition; and became melancholy and pensive.

Just at this time, however, he received a letter from town, with an account; that an aunt of his was dead there, who had appointed him her sole executor. It was therefore now become absolutely necessary that he should come up to London, to settle her affairs. All his friends were surpris-
ed

ed at the joy which he expressed on hearing this news, as he always had been esteemed a disinterested person. He was really uneasy that they began to think him covetous, but he could not bring himself to declare the true cause of his satisfaction. A French author observes very judiciously, that we are more jealous of the opinion others form of our understanding, than we are with respect to what they think of our morals, and we choose rather to be thought immoral than ridiculous, or of a weak capacity. At least he then acted upon this principle: He left all the world at liberty to think as they pleased, and his whole care was in hastening every thing for his departure. He scarce allowed Mrs. Ashfield time to put up a few shirts in a cloak bag; and though he had the tenderest love for his family, the tears they shed when he took horse were by him totally disregarded; his mind was wholly agitated by the pleasures he hoped to find in the exhibition of a play. When he alighted at the inn, the first question he asked was, at what o'clock they opened the play-house? and he was answered, about five. As the time drew nearer his impatience increased.

creased. When he came to the play-house-door it was exactly four o'clock. He was enraged at the porter, and believed he delayed opening the door for the purpose. However, it was set open at last, and in he rushed. He surveyed with eagerness the place he had so long and so often wished to see; and at last seated himself. Mean while the company crowded in, and seemed to share with him in impatience; some by bawling; others by thumping their sticks upon the floor, and some by whistling. At last the long-wished for moment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and, what do you think? — A man of an enormous size comes in and seats himself just before our hero, and almost obstructed a sight of the stage. This inconvenience however he remedied by leaning on one side, till his back was almost broken. The actors at last appeared, and for a time he seemed to have lost his faculties.

He only came to himself again at the close of the first act. He then began to consider the pleasure he had received by this novelty; it was really great, but far from answering his expectations. This disappointment occasioned a disgust; however,

he was still determined to examine the play, and to remark its defects; so that at last he found fault with the author, the players, the decorations, and even thought that every particular fell short of that perfection to which they might have been carried to make the whole complete.

The farce, which was a pantomime, was still more disagreeable, being in itself extremely indecent and immoral. The exhibition at last was at an end, and he returned to the inn very pensive and discontent. While he was in this melancholy mood, he made the following pertinent reflections.

My case, said he to himself, is very common. A young lady at fourteen or fifteen, hears of what I may call the grand play or comedy of the world; she longs to be seen at this public spectacle, and endeavours to hasten the long desired hour; at length she appears at assemblies. What forecast! what care is had to be in a proper place to see and be seen in a manner the most likely to sooth and flatter her vanity! but when she has succeeded, and that she is fixed to her content, in comes a taller person,

person, that is, a lady of greater beauty, a finer shape, more wit, and possessed of talents which she wants; she seizes and fixes every eye in the company, and eclipses the young person that thought herself so happy, and who, in order to catch a side glance, and some share in the admiration of the spectators, is forced to be upon the rack, and in the most uneasy posture, where this rival shines with superior endowments. — Tho' the constraint is greatly troublesome, she keeps up her heart, and bears her present situation with the prospect of the pleasure she hopes to find in this meeting. How great is her surprise, and how affecting her concern to see, that the pleasure does not answer her expectation; she is frustrated, she does not meet with half, no not a quarter of that satisfaction she proposed to herself; she grieves, she begins to loath the world, that requires so much and returns so little, but the disgust fails too often of bringing a love of retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the incidents of life; the perfidiousness of indifferent persons, and the ingratitude of those who were thought friends.

One is deceived on all sides, obliged to take a share in the trouble of this person, and to suffer the unjust proceedings of that other; this is not all. This comedy, or universal pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very scandalous; what is heard and what is seen disposes generally to evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord dreads being sullied with this filth; he must be ever on his guard, always resisting, and engaged in an endless struggle. Here the eyes and the ears must be constantly shut; the tongue must be almost under a perpetual restraint. What a pity! In fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is old age, comes on. What remains, but that very little pleasure, great uneasiness, unprofitable desires, and tormenting remorses? Happy those, who like myself, disgusted with the first representation, take a handsome resolution, and follow my example.

**END of the TENTH and LAST
VOLUME.**



Johnson, Richard

The Lilliputian Library Or Gullivers Museum In Ten Volumes Containing
Lectures On Morality, Historical Pieces, Interesting Fables, Divesting
Tales, Miraculous Voyages, Surprising Adventures, Remarkable Lives,
Poetical Pieces, Comical Jokes, Usefull Letters. The whole forming A
Bd.: 6/10

Berlin (1782)

L.eleg.m. 490-6/10

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10576425-5

VD18 80318711-001